Cariboo NORTHERN B. C. Digest

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The Bulkley River at Telkwa, British Columbia - This spot is a noted Salmon fishing centre.

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Editorial

The Changing Scene

Now that final results are available in the recent by-elections an analysis of the vote in Cariboo proves rather interesting reading.

The total number of votes on the Voters' List increased from 3,508 to 4,924, or a percentage increase of 40.36.

Total votes polled were 3,516, or 71.425% of the qualified voters. A very satisfactory result considering the weather.

In 1945 the Coalition polled 57.6% of votes polled
In 1948 the Coalition polled 54.5% of votes polled
In 1945 the C. C. F. polled 42.3% of votes polled
In 1948 the C. C. F. polled 42.1% of votes polled
Final majority for the Coalition was 436
In 1945 the Coalition majority 311

The Coalition majority was, therefore, in exactly the same proportion as to the increase in the number of votes.

This shows that the Coalition held its own in the by-election and it is fair to assume that if the Opposition cannot improve its position in the future with greater speed than the past it can never hope to dislodge the Coalition.

The most serious criticism the Coalition met in the campaign was with regard to their Forest policy. It was alleged that the operation of this policy was creating a hardship on the small operator. As there are some 60 small operators in the vicinity of Quesnel, it would seem fair to conclude the assurances given by the Ministers that these fears were not justified, and if cases of hardship indicated the necessity of the ameliorating of existing conditions these would receive careful consideration.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory result of these by-elections to the Coalition, it is a matter of conjecture what might have transpired had the Government disclosed during the campaign the information which the Premier submitted to the country a few days after the convening of the Legislature.

It must have been rather embarrassing to the Premier to be obliged to disclose the fact that our supposed accumulated surplus of some 15 millions no longer existed.

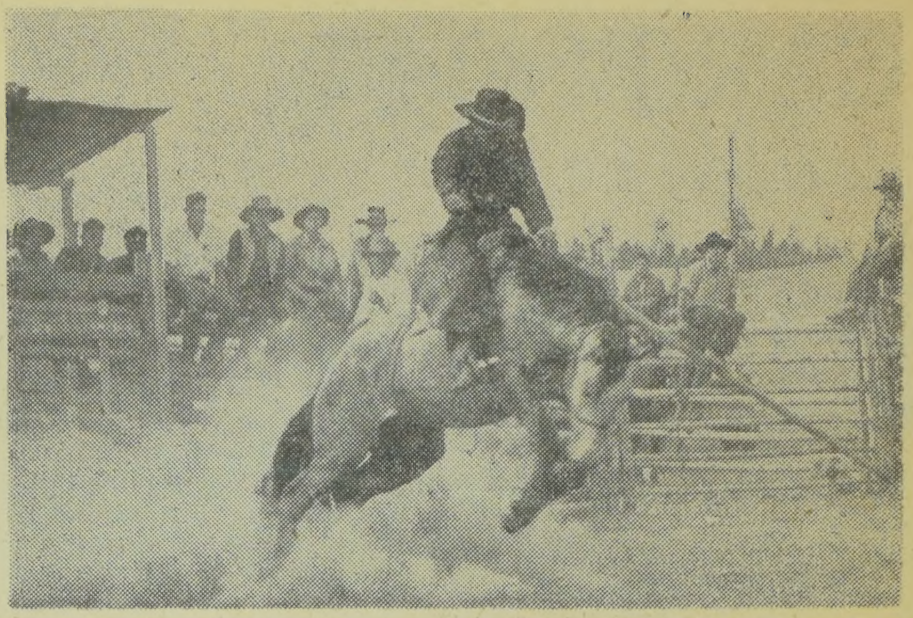
This rather surprising admission indicates the reason for the happy inspiration of the late Premier, when at the Liberal Convention, he was so happy to indicate that he would take Johnson by the hand and recommend him to the Lieutenant-Governor as his successor in office. As he would no longer be able to report an accumulated surplus in the forthcoming Budget, he was quite happy to have his successor divulge this rather surprising bit of news.

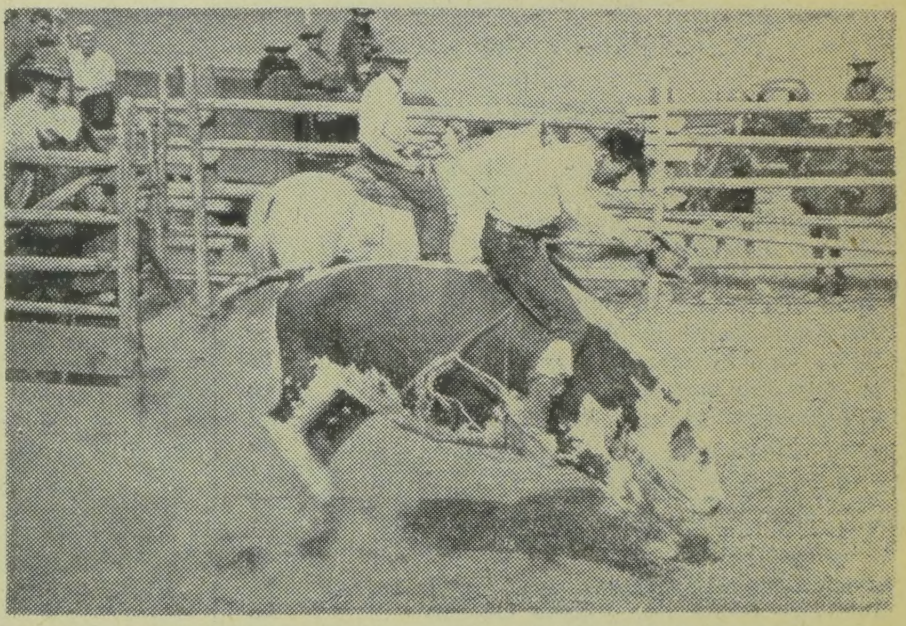
The announcement that John Hart will still continue his negotiations with Ottawa for some satisfactory solution of our P. G. E. problem does not indicate much hope for an aggressive policy in this respect, and suggests to me that the sooner Premier

concluded on page 57

Stampede Time!

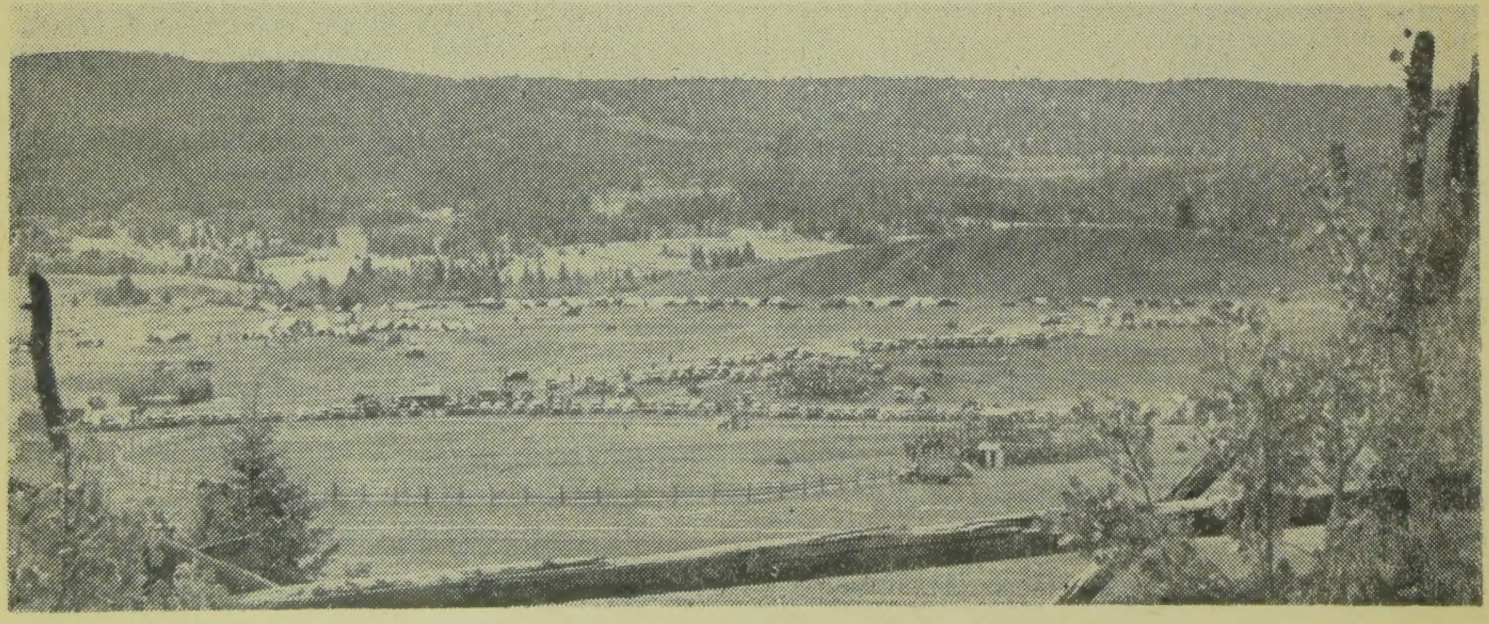
In Cariboo

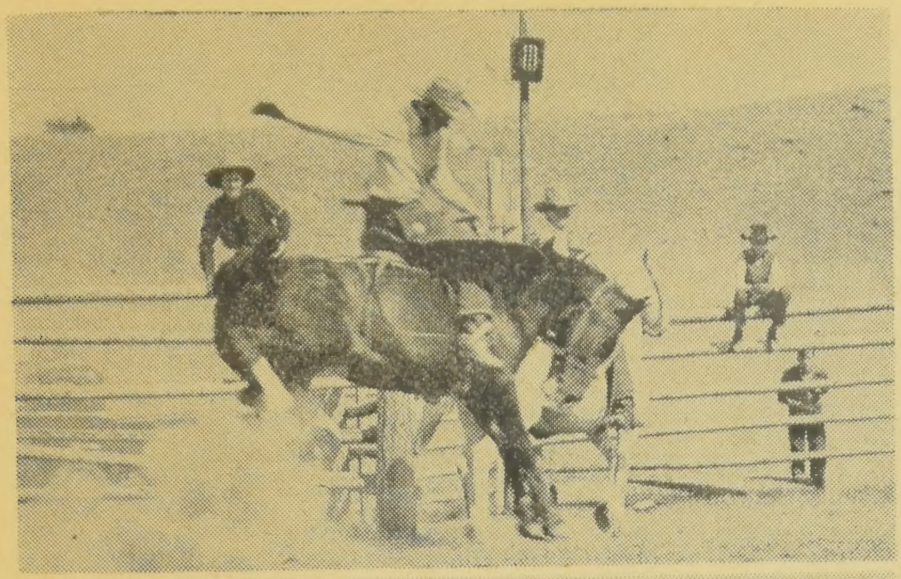


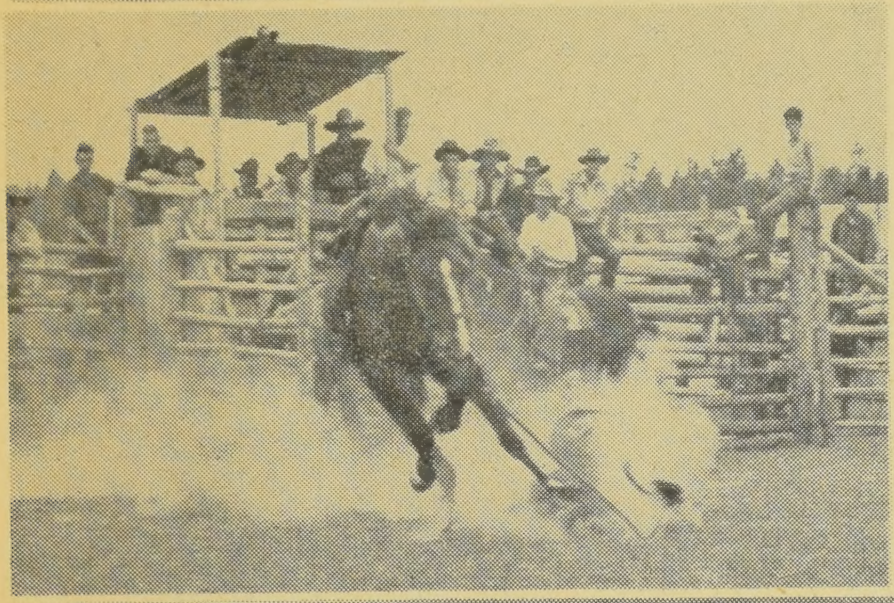


On June 7th and 8th of 1947, Williams Lake held a stampede — the first since before the war. An estimated 3,000 people came from all over Cariboo and Central B.C. to take part in the many contests and to witness the event.

Accommodation facilities of the town were strained to the utmost limits, and beyond. Hundreds of people camped out in typical cow hand style. At night the rich glow from scores of campfires dotted the open meadowlands surrounding the town, and the strains of guitars accompanied by voices pouring out their souls in some plaintive cowboy melody drifting across the valley would be periodically shattered by the sound of pounding hoofs and wild cries







of "whopee-ee" as sheer animal spirits (aided by liberal doses of fire water) prompted some to express themselves in more energetic action.

Friends from distant parts, who hadn't seen each other in years met and exchanged experiences and yarns, and gathered together for two days of good clean fun nad dancing in the evenings.

The 1948 Stampede is to be bigger and better than ever. The show will be held on June 10th and 11th. Prizes will be bigger, and there will be more of them. $3,000.0 is to be handed out to those who prove to be Cariboo's top-flight riders. Preparations are under way to handle a record breaking crowd, and with dances scheduled for each of the two nights it will be one of the gala events of the (Cariboo) year.

On these pages are shown some photos of last years events. From the top down — left hand page:

"Maxine Mac", Indian rider is caught by the camera in the classical pose which all artists try to catch when depicting bronc-busters.

Riding a wild, bucking steer is no picnic. Note how intent the rider is on his job.

Stampede grounds situated on the rolling meadowlands to the southwest of the town at Williams Lake, B.C. Note the tents.

Right hand page

"Look gang, one hand," could be what the rider is thinking, but we doubt if he said it — he's concentrating pretty hard on the job of sticking on the horse's back.

This is how they look when they 'bite the dust'. (Louie Bates being thrown).

Alex Paxton, singling out the steer he hopes to be able to ride.

Photos by Blackwell's Studios Williams Lake, B.C.

An Appeal For The Scientific Method

by James Hatter

James Hatter, Game Biologist, Dept. of Zoology, University of B. C.
Vancouver, British Columbia

As a biologist, it is with some reluctance that I begin this article —knowing that the centuries old scientific method of proof before conclusion is not understood by all readers of this magazine. There is hesitation also because of an all too prevalent habit of lay critics to seize upon isolated phrases and incomplete statements which are in themselves absurd and unscientific, but when knitted into the remainder of the manuscript may have an important place and bearing upon the subject matter.

In a seminar some few weeks ago we ardently discussed the great gap that lies between the findings of the scientist and the knowledge possessed by the public of those findings. We all realized that we are incapable of writing for the lay reader—that there was a gap to be filled by a staff of men trained in both science and journalism.

When a research worker is met by a newspaper reporter (that is, when he hasn't seen the reporter first) he may tremble at the thought of how he can say in fifteen lines what it took him one hundred pages to say in a thesis. This is somewhat of the position I am in as a biologist at present working on a rational basis of conservation for an animal known to us as the American Moose.

Unfortunately, it seems as though there are alarmist writers in our midst, persons who are ready to take up the pen and attempt to use it as a double-barrelled shotgun, each pellet a sales slip with which to convince the reading public that we must act without stopping to investigate, reason and solve our problems in a cool, unmoved and objective manner. Of the myriads of seeds annually deposited on the earth by the flowering plants some, just some, begin to grow and develop to maturity. Likewise it is upon the ground of fertile reasoning that I hope a few of my remarks will fall.

While I am acquiring facts from numerous sections of the interior, others, among them argumentative and unconvincing writers like Mr. Eric Collier are solving the moose problem for their vicinity, perhaps. It is easy to guess at the solution of a problem, easy to neglect the time consuming task of obtaining fact after fact so necessary to provide the basis for a scientific conclusion. Let us not become confused by the use of the words science or scientific—they are simple words referring only to truth and the search for that truth. Let me give you examples of unscientific and scientific statements.

Unscientific statement:(unreasonable, at present lacking in proof) —The game of British Columbia cannot withstand such heavy hunting.

Scientific statement: (reasonable, qualified)—The game of British Columbia is being hunted to an increasing degree and we should make all efforts to determine if this increased hunting pressure is proving harmful in those districts most heavily hunted, by taking into consideration carrying capacity of the winter range, sex ratios, success ratios and the other means which the game manager has at his disposal.

How many of you understand the principles of carrying capacity, success and sex ratios? It is, I admit, much easier to grasp the unscientific statment which is simple, easily understood—but is it true? How do you know—you must have the data (facts) to demonstrate this. Just because thirteen hundred or so moose are killed by transient hunters each year doesn't prove the former statement. Did you know that the little country of Norway has a known, and I say known, because they must have poachers too, harvest of over one thousand moose a year and have maintained this for over forty years? Yes, and they kill cows, calves and bulls alike. Just as many cow moose as bulls are killed. But even this isn't proof that we are not overshooting our moose—there are other factors to consider and one cannot, unfortunately, offer the above statement as to what kill we can expect on a sustained yield basis in British Columbia. We are to begin with unfamiliar with the habitat conditions in Norway, they probably differ greatly from those in B.C.

Nova Scotia has had a greater recorded moose kill than British Columbia but recently they have closed the season because so many of the animals have an unknown disease and are dying and the species decreasing. There are no wolves in Nova Scotia and perhaps you will say—there is the reason why this Province had so many moose—no wolves! Let's keep in a scientific frame of mind though. Let's omit the predator question from Nova Scotia which leaves us with possible excess hunting, disease and lack of winter feed. If there has been excess hunting why, in the presumably thinned out population is there disease and a large number of moose dying from wood ticks just as we have here in British Columbia? Let's go a little further in this reasoning of ours and draw upon a few established facts so that we can reach out still further. We know that animals which are undernourished may be more parasitized and diseased than healthly, well-fed animals. So, we must consider the winter feed situation. Here, however, we leave our **unsolved** problem because the winter food conditions in Nova Scotia are at the present time apparently unknown but are however, under investigation. If you have followed this simple example then you have reasoned along scientific lines. You have acquired a basis for seasonable statements, you have gone from one possibility to another having known facts at your disposal. These facts were lack of wolves, diseased moose, malnutrition contributing to disease and parasitism, and about consistent annual yield, which latter I failed to mention.

Field observations here in Central B.C. have occupied to date over ten months and over 10,000 miles have been travelled by automobile, boat and foot. In the past two years, the writer has had correspondence with Game Departments and individuals who have worked

Fig. 17. False Box Pachistima myrsinites is being hard-pressed for survival on the Wistaria winter range. The dead stems above indicate a once luxurious evergreen growth nearly two feet in height. (July 1946)

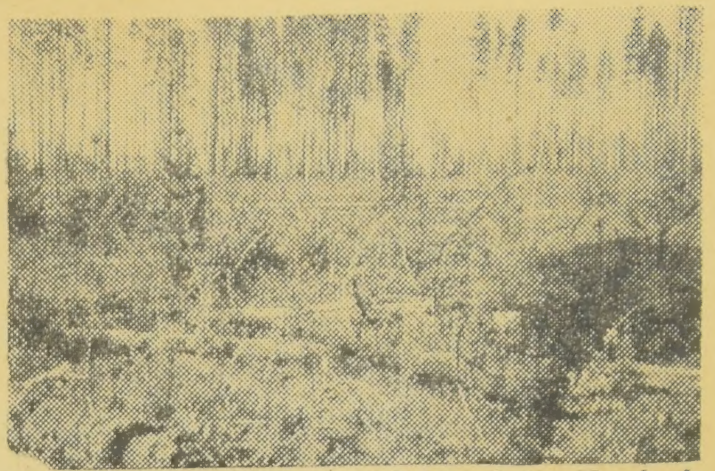


Fig. 25. South fork burn at Bridge Lake. Hundreds of moose have been taken from this vicinity in the past eight years. Nevertheless, overbrowsing is rapidly killing the willow that grew up after the burn. Note the young Jack pines that will in time cover the area and render it totally useless as a winter feeding ground. (August 1946)

with moose in Alaska, Michigan, Montana, Minnesota and Idaho and is presently exchanging facts with biologists in Ontario and Nova Scotia who also are working on moose. Nearly every province in Canada has it's moose problems—certain of these are doing something about it and others are not. Requests for information have been sent out to biologists in other countries, to Dr. Lauri Siivonen in Finland, Olstod in Norway and I have received publications from Dr. Constantin Flerov in Leningrad.

Science is international, you know, no matter how distant, one research worker has something of value and can help another.

In the scientific world few pretentious persons exist because anyone who is made to realize through a university education what **little** he knows, is pretty well starved out of ever assuming himself the authority on but only a few subjects. Some untrained or unobservant persons may profess to know the solution to difficult problems, but theirs is only a guess as good as yours.

A fact is a truth. A theory is a belief for which there is inadequate proof. The statement "British Columbia's wild life is endangered by over hunting and predation" is a theory—we do not have the proof. Some of you might think you have the proof but set down your facts on a piece of paper one by one and see how extensive they are. Are they sufficient to prove the above theory? If they are, let us have them and you will receive credit.

With reference to what has been published in earlier issues of this magazine, it seems as though one of the obstacles I am encountering indirectly in the moose investigation here in B.C. is the challenging criticism received in print from people who are apparently authorities. I do not mind this criticism in the least but I do object to unscientific statements, to the appeal to the public with information that is so sadly lacking in detail and the seemingly biased interpretation of these scant data.

It is unfortunate that such critics cannot focus their attention more upon precise factual information. It is also pertinent to note that profuse writing may be used to get across ideas or convince one of the writer's skill. It may be used to substitute for dry, uninteresting factual information. It was back in the first year college English that we were taught to analyse writing and sort out the spruce needles from the baloney. I'll admit that musical phrases and lavish writing sound very nice but unfortunately rhythm and poetry won't serve to set down facts.

The main emphasis in the moose study is now placed on winter range conditions. In the past two summers and this winter, I have found that area after area is no longer suitable as moose wintering grounds. In portions of the Quesnel area, the overbrowsed, beaten down character of the once high capacity winter range distinctly portrays a food shortage. Those big fires that opened up the country years ago created a lot of feed. Now, however, thick forests of Jack Pine have taken over many of these old burns; the willows, birch, aspen and dogwood which were not killed by excessive browsing ten or less years ago have grown so far out of reach that moose no longer can reach the food they bear. There are acres upon acres of dead and overutilized moose browse at Quesnel. It appears to extend all the way to Batnuni Lake some 150 miles to the west. The condition is prevalent up the Quesnel River and the Bowron Lake winter grounds are almost completely devoid of winter moose food in amounts of any consequence. Upland browse at Ootsa Lake is in a sad condition. Out around Punchaw Lake and the Blackwater there remains very little winter browse—just thick stands of young Jack Pine cover the burns where once the great feed grounds covered thousands of square miles.

In one of the few better feeding grounds at Bridge Lake, a small burn of but a few acres, eighty percent of the small willow clumps were, by measurement, found to be browsed. Many of the bushes were found dead and pollard from overuse.

At Horsefly and at numerous points in the Bonaparte Drainage there are acres of dead and overbrowsed winter moose feed. Reports from the Criss Creek area tell of severe overbrowsing.

Last winter over sixty moose were found dead in the vicinity of Williams Lake, Lac La Hache and Horsefly. I examined carcasses of moose that fell, covered with wood ticks, never to get up again. Some of these animals died in areas where the food consisted of Jack Pine, aspen and grass. The aspen was out of reach, the grass was covered with crusted snow and moose cannot live on Jack Pine. These observations strongly suggest starvation in company with para-

continued on page 48-A

An Application of FIGURES

to the Forest Management License Plan

by A. SAHONOVITCH

One of the most insidious bits of legislation ever enacted in B.C. is that which allows for the granting of "Forest Management Licenses". Under the pretext of being the means whereby the forest industry of B. C. is to be placed on a 'perpetual yield' basis, the measure was voted in and a pretty story of "sustained-yield timber production" was passed along for the consumption of a gullible public.

Actually, a perusal af the Act reveals the fact that Forest Management Licenses WILL NOT put B.C's.' Forest Industry on a sustained yield basis.. . . Nor will it put ONE HALF of B.C's. timber resources on that basis. . . Nay, nor even a QUARTER of them.

Coupled with pertinent figures and facts, a perusal of the act reveals the following facts:- No legislation enacted in B.C. in recent years has limited the FREEDOM of the people to as great an extent. . . No legislation in recent years has gone so far in depriving the people of so large a portion of their rightful heritage. . . No legislation has gone so far in aiding and abetting the creation of a MONOPOLY. . . . No legislation passed in recent years will deprive the provincial treasury of so many MILLIONS of dollars . . . And lastly, no legislation in recent years has so shaken the people's faith in Democracy, as has this legislation which will give us Forest Management Licenses — and along with them, the virtual strangulation of Free and Private Enterprise in British Columbia's lumbering industry.

The above statements are made only after a thorough study of the available facts.

It is with reluctance that we undertake to criticize this latest scheme by which our government is setting out to (mis)manage the people's forests, but criticize it we MUST. . . For we feel that it is high time that the people of this province be presented with an honest and unbiased interpretation of all the facts available, and given a proper understanding of ALL the implications involved. The public is entitled to MORE than just the rosy-hued one sided story, MINUS FIGURES, which our government has chosen to make public — a story calculated to lull the general public into a false sense of security in regard to what is about to happen to THEIR forest resources.

There is a reason for everything. And there is an excellent reason why FIGURES are noticeably absent in our government official's hazy but beautific picture of this 'sustained yield' forest plan. For were the figures involved made public the average man would be able to see at a glance that the proposed plan is detrimental to every citizen of B.C. except the handful who are to receive those licenses. . . . **It is the purpose of this article to acquaint the public with some of those figures and with some of the more pertinent facts involved.**

The SLOAN COMMISSION

The ammendments to the Forestry Act which permit the issuance of F.M. Licenses is our government's answer to the report (and to the recommendations) submitted by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into B. C's Forest Industry, headed by Chief Justice Gordon P. Sloan. The Royal (Sloan) Commission was appointed to investigate the B. C. lumbering industry, and the means whereby it might be placed on a sustained yield basis, because of public fear that mature timber resources were being depleted far more rapidly than the new second growth was coming in to replace it.

In order to fully understand the new plan, then, it is necessary to look at some of the facts brought to light by the Sloan Commission, to whit, that.

(1) For 75 years British Columbians have been logging their forests with virtually no thought to future reserves; no thought to reforestation on any comprehensive plan; no thought to selective logging; no thought to putting the industry on a sustained yield basis.

(2) To date not less than two million acres have been logged off and lie denuded, or have only a scrubby second-growth, and thousands of acres are being added annually to swell this total.

(3) At the present rate of cutting, there is but 75 years supply of timber in sight. . . . providing we cut at a rate not exceeding 3½ billion feet per year.

(4) The forest resources of this province are such that if a FULL reforestation program were embarked upon and carried out, we could, with selective logging, cut 3½ billion feet per year INDEFINITELY. (1947 cut was 4 billion feet)

RECOMMENDATIONS

On the basis of the above, and other, findings, the commission made over fifty recommendations to our government. The essence of some of these recommendations

is that:

(1) Though we British Columbians have NEVER, in the past, paid to have the logged over areas reforested on a comprehensive province-wide scale; have NEVER logged 'selectively' nor on a sustained yield basis, we MUST face the facts and accept reforestation, and selective logging on a sustained yield basis throughout the province as a **vital necessity** if we are to continue as a major timber producing province.

(2) Even if a 100 per cent reforestation program, and selective logging on a sustained yield basis is embarked upon, annual cut MUST be limited to 3½ billion feet per year, and that overcutt during an emergency, such as war, should be followed by a decreased cut, so that the long term average does not exceed 3½ billion feet. (I repeat, the 1947 cut was 4 billion feet. The 1948 cut will in all probability be larger.)

THE ACT ITSELF

Our government's answer to the above recommendations was to ignore the recommendation for placing a limit on production and pass the legislation which will give us Forest Management Licenses.... which are a hollow mockery of good democratic government. The plan falls ridiculously short of the recommendations on the one hand, and on the other hand is so serious in what it empowers our government to do that every thinking citizen should rise up and demand the repeal of the ammendments before the first license is issued....

Briefly, the ammendments, passed in 1947, provide:- That the government (Department of Lands and Forests) may enter into negotiations whereby certain areas consisting of thousands or hundreds of thousands of acres of Crown Timber Lands (containing billions of feet of timber - and owned by the people of this province) shall, for an annual rental of ONE CENT per acre, be given over to private industry, big or small, to log, on a 'sustained yield basis' IN PERPETUITY, and that the decision as to who shall, or who shall NOT receive such a license, shall rest with one person, the Minister of Lands.

To illustrate how complete will be the control of the license holder over the area given to him under management license, we quote section 12 of the ammendments: "After a Forest Management License has been given, all Crown Lands within the license area shall be withdrawn from sale, settlement and occupancy under the "Land Act" and "Taxation Act", and no Crown Lands in the license area shall be sold, leased or otherwise disposed of, or be located or settled upon, and no person shall use or occupy any part of such lands except under provision of this part of the regulations." ..... Citizens of B. C., Is it your wish that hundreds of thousands of acres of PUBLIC timber lands... YOUR timber lands...be given away in this fashion?...Were you ever asked what YOUR opinion might be in this matter of signing away so great a portion of our natural forest wealth for the EXCLUSIVE use of the few who are to receive licences?

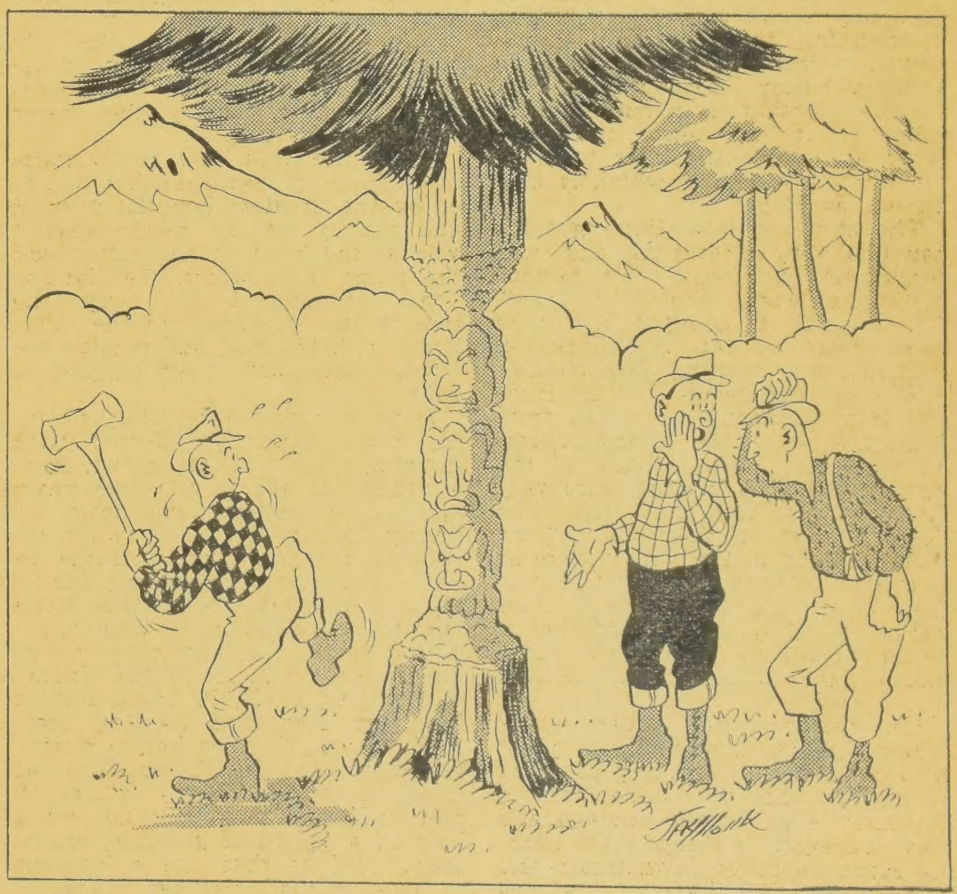
THEORY

Their plan is based on the ASSUMPTION that if we give to an individual or company, sufficient timber for not less than 100 years operation, and along with the timber, COMPLETE control of the land involved, we can DEMAND, in return for this monopoly, that the licence holder conduct his operations on a "sustained yield basis".

Should the plan prove successful from the government's point of view, the licence holder shall retain the licenced area not for a mere hundred years, but 'IN PERPETUITY.'

Thus will our government avoid ITS responsibility... the responsibilty for which it was elected... the responsibility of ITSELF embarking on a province wide reforestation program, designed not

Continued on page 49



"We had better not say anything, everyone has a different method of falling a tree."

HOPE, B. C. To Celebrate 100th Anniversary

by J. C. Vipond

Hope, British Columbia

Hope, at the Big Bend of the Mighty Fraser, where the Valley ends and the Canyon begins, is celebrating during 1948 along with Yale, the 100th Anniversary of the founding of a Hudson Bay Fort.

Simon Fraser in 1808 made the first trip down the Fraser River and 40 years later, it was decided to build a Fort at Yale. Yale was chosen as the site as it was the head of navigation on the Fraser River and the point from which portages had to be made to all points farther north.

The officials of the Hudson Bay Company however were not long in deciding that the site at the mouth of the Coquihalla River was a much better location for a Fort for the distribution of supplies and collection of furs, hence it was decided a few months later to move the Fort to that site which is now known as Hope.

The story of how Hope got it's name is very interesting and concerns one of Hope's most famous mountain peaks "The Holy Cross". The Holy Cross along with Eureka Peak make up Mt. Issolillock, an Indian name meaning Two Heads.

When it was decided by the Hudson Bay Company to move from Yale, the factor, Mr. Allard informed the local Yale Indians of the instructions. The Indians were very proud of the fact that "they had the whiteman in their village", no other Indians in the valley were so fortunate. The possibility of losing their new friends was not to their liking and they told Allard that if he attempted to move they would murder the whole camp. Allard was scared

He decided that orders were orders and he must move so plans were made to move during the dark of night. This was done without the knowledge of the Indians and they managed to escape. On nearing Hope, 14 miles downstream and as they rounded the corner at the mouth of the Coquihalla, the sun was just rising and its early morning rays were illuminating the snow cross on Mt. Issilillock directly south and ahead of them.

Allard and his staff were devout Roman Catholics and immediately after landing, they offered up prayers of thanks for a safe deliverance and with hope of better success in the new location, they named it "Hope".

That was 100 years ago and since that time, Hope has seen many changes. Yale, during the 100 years, has gone through one of the most romantic periods ever recorded in Western History, the Fraser Canyon Gold Rush.

While the Gold Rush really started at Hope, it was Yale that was to enjoy the greatest benefits from it and mainly for the reason that it was at the head of navigation and the point from which the Cariboo Trail commenced to carry the miners and supplies into the fabulously rich Cariboo, and receive the miners back with their cargoes of gold.

Hope is today a bustling, booming town seriously affected with growing pains. It has grown from a village of 400 people five years ago to an enterprising town of nearly 2500 today. The two main reasons for the large increase in population are the Logging industry and highway construction. Hope is today the location of, what is reported to be, the largest truck logging operation in the World. Trucks carrying up to 50,000 board feet of logs per load and hauling their loads up to 55 miles before dumping them into the Fraser River at Hope, trucks that have bunks 16 feet wide and make a mile and a half on a gallon of gasoline, truckloads of logs that are equivalent to five railroad flat car loads.

There are ten sawmills in the Skagit valley, south of Hope and seven others in and around Hope with a total production of around 200,000 FBM daily.

A small furniture plant is starting production soon and another furniture manufacturer from Switzerland will start operations this spring.

The famous Hope-Princeton Highway is rapidly nearing completion and when finished will be the finest highway in Western Canada.

Most of the Hope end of the contract is finished and will be paved this summer. The construction company, Emil Anderson Construction Company, will put double shifts on this spring and summer and endeavour to rush completion of the No. 1 highway priority job. This highway is being built on Dominion Standards and will have a minimum visibility of 300 feet on all grades and tangents.

Official opening is expected on the complete highway about July 1st, 1949.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Yale and Hope, the Yale-Hope Centennial Association was formed last summer. It is composed of representatives of all organizations in Yale and Hope and it will endeavour to put on various celebrations during the summer depicting the history of the two pioneer towns.

The first event will be held in collaboration with the Lions Club's usual 24th of May celebration. Yale will put on a gala event on July First and the two towns will hold various events during the last week of August and concluding on Labor Day.

Special attractions of various kinds will be included in the events including bands from coast cities and special visitors will be invited. It is expected that at least ten thousand visitors will be welcomed

FOREST MANAGEMENT LICENCES

A REPRINT OF THE TEXT OF A RADIO ADDRESS BY THE HON. E. T. KENNEY, MINISTER OF LANDS AND FORESTS, DEALING WITH THE NEW 'FOREST MANAGEMENT LICENSE' PLAN.

Good Evening,

I welcome the opportunity of speaking to you again on a subect which I sincerely believe is of paramount importance to each and every citizen of our Province. Everyone is inclined, I know, to over-estimate the importance to the country of his own job, business or profession. Therefore, I will not say that Lands and Forests are the most important Departments of Government nor that, in case of mismanagement of Lands and Forests, we all would starve or the Province would be bankrupt.

Nevertheless, I hope you all will agree that lands and forests are highly important; that they merit some of our best thought and administrative ability; and that they demand long-term management policies and orderly development designed to give us increasing returns, as opposed to ever-diminishing returns. The very nature of these resources demands long-term planning and management to ensure increasing returns. Lack of these elements has already tended to turn a perpetual source of livelihood into a waning asset.

Settlement and land use call for large expenditures of money on roads, bridges, schools, rural electrification, and other conveniences and amenities of the present day, which few of the provinces, if any, can afford to complete at once. We have had too many examples of haphazard settlement and this has resulted, in the past, in developmental costs beyond the means of our sparsely populated province. These costs have been underwritten, in no small measure, by proceeds from the liquidation of our virgin forest resource. There can be no great quarrel with this method of opening up a pioneer country, for the timber stands had, in the main, reached maturity and the only way in which the forest soil could again be put to work was by harvesting the current crop to make way for a new one. The fault lay, however, in our failure to ensure that regeneration did take place and to realize that a forest crop does not grow to maturity in one year — as does an agricultural crop—nor in ten years —as does an orchard crop—but requires sixty, seventy, and even a hundred years or more to reach a stage of maximum yield-per-annum. Assuming the particular forest crop we desire takes one hundred years to grow, we must have "one hundred crops" under cultivation all the time. We must take into consideration the fact that some soils (or sites) will grow timber faster than others.

If we are to cut the same amount every year, we must have the acreage of each year's cutting and planting adjusted to the quality of the soil. Otherwise we will have:

1. Feast and famine — a big crop one year and a small crop the next; or
2. A steady crop or income for a period of years at the expense of the next period.

Under circumstances like these, that are imposed by nature, we cannot enjoy the maximum forest income without long-term planning.

It was such consideration as these that lead to the appointment, in 1944, of the Royal Commission on Forestry and lead the Commission, in its report to the Government early in 1946, to recommend long-term planning, or sustained yield forestry practice.

The Government has adopted the recommendations of the Commission and is progressively preparing and passing legislation to implement its findings.

By reason of the Commission's hearings and this legislation, forestry is very much to the fore, and I propose to confine myself to this subject as one of the most timely. Of the Commission's fifty-eight recommendations, three were beyond the jurisdiction of the Province. As typical of these, I would cite the Commission's opinion that the Dominion should contribute largely to the cost of forest protection.

Two were for reference to the Courts and are now under review of the Courts. Of the remaining fifty-three, action has already been taken on no less than thirty and the remainder are under progressive review.

Amongst those on which action has been taken are the following:

1. The Government's contribution to the Forest Protection Fund has been increased from $650,000 in 1945 to $1,250,000 in 1947. A further substantial increase is planned for this year, and it is proposed to continue increases until an adequate sum is provided.
2. Stumpage and royalty has been reduced on salvage materials to serve as an incentive to operators to utilize the timber on an area to the fullest degree.
3. Provision has been made for the grading of hemlock.
4. Royalty has been combined with stumpage in the case of timber sales.
5. A Ranger School has been established for the development and training of field staff.

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to Hope and Yale during the summer events.

There are over 20 tourist camps with over 250 cabins in and around Hope and these are being extended as quickly as possible to handle the large numbers of visitors that are expected.

Hope has always attracted tourists and visitors. It is always cool and quite often breezy. The mountain scenery is a great attraction to the visitors and the fishing and hunting are famous.

The Rotary Club is contemplating the building of a swimming pool for Hope this summer and the Lions Club intend to construct three tennis courts in the Public Square for the residents and visitors.

Even though Hope has more merchantable timber on it's townsite than any other town in the country, there is a movement on to plant even more trees. Boulevarding and planting of ornamental trees will be carried on and beautification of the waterfront, which was started last summer, will be completed this summer. Hope's motto of "SAVE THE TREES AND KEEP HOPE BEAUTIFUL, HOPE IS PROUD OF IT'S TREES", could well be copied by other towns.

6. The slash disposal provisions of the Act have been revised and.
7. Sustained yield management by operating companies has been enabled through the medium of Forest Management Licences introduced into the Statutes at the last session of the Legislature (1947).

Other important measures as recommended by the Commission are proposed for the forthcoming session in 1948.

The central theme of the Commission Report was the introduction of sustained yield management. Sustained yield management means the management of forest lands and stands to produce an annual crop, in the greatest quantity and the best quality possible for the purpose for which the crop is intended, as opposed to the liquidation of such timber as we may find on the ground without thought or consideration for the future or the needs of generations to come.

The principle of sustained yield was already incorporated in the "Forest Act" in the case of Crown lands, through the medium of Forest Reserves, i.e., lands determined after examination to be best adapted to forest use and reserved as such for management by the Government.

Our forest lands have been under progressive examination for thirty years, and have been reserved to the extent of 53 forests, totalling 31,134 square miles. This work is being actively continued, but the system in vogue heretofore does not work. The principles involved are:

(a) Reserve the forest.
(b) Protect it from fire and other destructive agencies.
(c) Keep all its acres productive.
(d) Determine what cut it will stand.
(e) Confine cut to this annual increment.
(f) Sell the product at open competition to the highest bidder.

It does not work satisfactorily because:

(a) Adequate management would call for a civil service staff, in the Forest Service, out of all proportion to our population and the pioneer stage of our forest industries.
(b) Industry has tended to cluster regionally. It has overcut within its reach or died, and industry cannot easily be given a death sentence in this country with what appears to be plenty of timber in sight.
(c) Enough timber was owned privately and being operated on a liquidation basis to destroy the Government's chance of balancing cut by the regulation of Crown lands only. Many regions are being overcut even if no Crown timber were sold.
(d) Industry could not practise conservative cutting on a short-term licence, which must be part and parcel of the competitive sale system.
(e) Industry could not afford to reach back into the more remote and less valuable areas on short-term sale contracts. "Short" in this case means anything less than one rotation, say one hundred years. The operator himself cannot profit by investments he may make in roads, protection, reforestation, and other measures he may take in the interest of a second crop, in any less time.

Thirty years' experience demonstrated, therefore, that the problem the Government faced—if it was to attempt to implement the policy of sustained yield and short of taking over the logging industry itself—was to devise some system whereby the operator would be induced to practise good management on his forest lands that they might produce their maximum crop year after year, permanently, with no disastrous succession of fat and lean years or of famine. The device that was evolved after much study was the Forest Management Licence provided for by legislation passed at the 1947 Session.

Since that time, Forest Management Licences have been the subject of much misinformed criticism.

This whole subject of forest history and administration is too big to cover in detail in a short address. Forest Management Licences involve all the fundamentals of scientific forestry practice and sustained forest yield. A full discussion would take a course of lectures, but I can refer briefly to a few of the principles involved.

A Forest Management Licence is an area of forest land reserved to the exclusive use of the licensee on the condition that it will be managed for sustained annual yield and that that yield will be cut and marketed.

Licences to cut, in which the licensee has exclusive right to the use of the land and timber, are nothing new in British Columbia. They have been given since Crown Colony days.

At the present time there are more than four million acres—pulp licences, timber licences, timber berths, etc.—but not Management Licences—held in these exclusive-right licences, and more than two and one-half million of these acres are in what might be termed perpetual leases (at least the licensee can hold them as long as he pays his annual fees and there is any timber on them), but there is no forestry being practised on them. The annual carrying charges are too high to hold the land for the growing of a new crop and they are subject to cancellation when the standing mature timber is removed. The licensee has no security of tenure that will permit him to **grow** timber,—and he **did not** get his licence by competitive purchase.

Under the licensing systems of the past fifty or sixty years, there are companies in British Columbia that now hold more timber and timber lands in long-term, practically-perpetual, licences than they would need to provide for the requirements of their plants, perpetually, under rational forest management, or under the Management Licence system.

There is nothing new in the **long-term** licence system. The **new** features incorporated in the Forest Management Licence are:

1. The timber and acres in a Management Licence shall not be more than enough to provide the requirements of the manufacturing plant.
2. The lands must be kept always productive and under crop.
3. The average annual cut over any period of ten years shall equal the productive capacity. If it is less, the licensee pays for it anyway. If it is more, he pays a penalty and his licence is liable to cancellation.
4. The licensee pays to the Government in the form of stumpage the full value of the timber taken when that timber is cut. Annual carrying charges are reduced to a minimum (one cent an acre).

Under a Management Licence the operator **is able to practise forestry,** and it is to his advantage to practise forestry, because there are no accumulating annual carrying charges that will eat up the value of the crop before it is ready to harvest.

He is able to plan improvements, such as roads and camps, a long time in advance, thereby reducing materially the cost of such improvements per thousand feet of product.

He is able to depreciate the cost of improvements over a long term of years.

He is able to maintain improvements in anticipation of harvesting future crops.

He is able to plant denuded areas,

continued on page 64-B

Streamlining An Old Industry

by H. GILES

It has been charged that Western farmers are "in and outers", buying and raising livestock when prices are high and selling as soon as prices drop ,a policy that acts like a boomerang by forcing prices still higher and flooding the market on the break, causing unduly low prices.

Unfortunately there is a lot of truth in the charge, although there will be found in every section of the country, men, who by staying with mixed farming, are the real backbone of their dis tricts. It would be foolish to claim that all sections of Western Canada are suitable for mixed farming, but where conditions are suitable, it should be the basis for a stable agriculture.

Those who have tried it know that mixed farming is a steady job at which there is not much opportunity for getting rich very quickly, but there is the assurance of a safer income even if prices do get low.

In mixed farming as in other businesses there have always been specialists. Some specialize in purebred cattle, some in hogs, some in grasses or seed grains.

One of these specialists is Ted (J.E.) Hawley of Progre, B.C., whose activities are concentrated on raising hogs to order, and whose farm is known throughout the Peace River Block as the "Pig Hatchery". Coming from Ontario nearly twenty years ago he spent a few years looking over the possibilities, and fifteen years ago purchased his present farm with the intention of raising weanling hogs on a mass-production basis.

The depression was hitting the country some hard blows at the time, but Ted got a few dairy cattle for immediate cash returns and also a couple of good brood sows. Livestock and grain prices were the lowest ever recorded here during these years, but he added to his sows as finances per mitted and today he has two hundred brood sows and raises nearly four thousand pigs annually. While this entails work, his methods, devised through a lifetime of handling hogs, eliminates a great deal of it. The patented farrowing pens of his own design are about as safe as it is humanly possible to make them, and his farrowing loss is infinitesmal. These pens are built nar-

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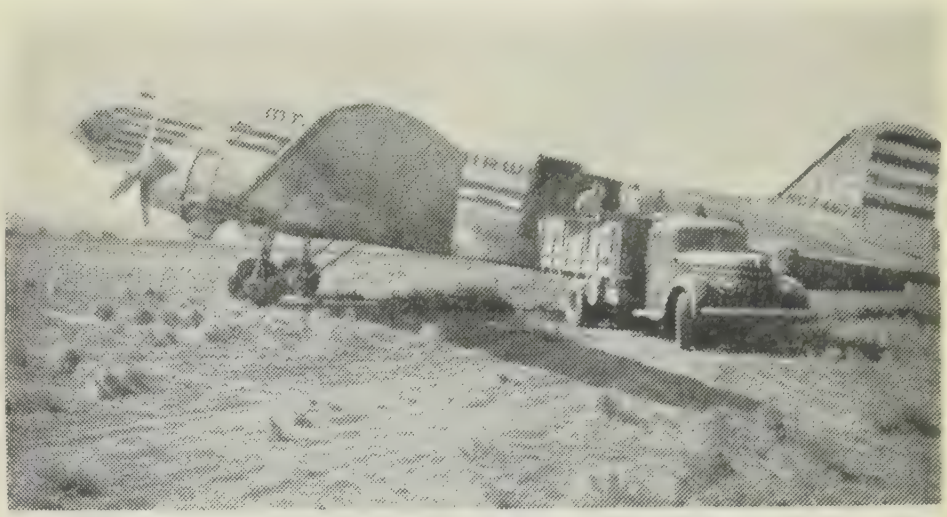

A truckload of pigs from the "Pig Hatchery" being transferred to the plane which landed them all safe and sound in Alaska.

Plenty of shade from the hot sun is provided at the "Hatchery".

Early Days At The Fort

by J. D. SMEDLEY

DURING my stay at Fort St James last summer, I made it a point to renew acquaintance with Chief Louis B. Prince who had given me shelter during my trip down river, the year before. He has many Canadian and American friends who like myself are attracted by his intelligence, excellent memory, and natural dignity of manner. When time permitted I visited at his little house on the hill overlooking the outlet of the lake where he receives visitors. He speaks French as well as Engl ish.

Being a devote Catholic he attends Church regularly, dressed in his best and often wearing the medal sent him by King George V during his visit to Canada.

The Chief remembers happenings of a long time ago that will be lost when he and other old timers pass on if not recorded now. So I took notes of our conversations as set forth below.

EARLY DAYS AT THE FORT. as told by Chief Louis B. Prince, of Fort St James B. C.

I was born at my father's traping lodge on the Stuart River in the year 1864. My father Chief Simio, known as "le Prince" was son of Chief Kwa whose grave is to be seen at the outlet of the lake. Before Kwa died he used to dream of the salmon which ran up the river and formed the main source of food for the Indians who numbered 3000 at that time. There are only 700 now.

My peopie have always placed great importance on dreams and will not disturb sleepers on this account. If a man has a strange dream he tells his friends about it and they try to interpret it for good or evil.

When Kwa died his wish was to be buried at a point from which the salmon run could be viewed. A large rattle was made of hollowed wood with a stone inside and placed in the grave so that Kwa could warn the people of the run when it came, and at which time the river was filled with thousands of fish. Some old Indians claim to have heard the rattle.

My wifes name was Louise and was of the Carrier Indians from Stony Creek. They speak a different language from my people, but many words are the same, and we can understand one another. We had nine children, but only three are now alive. My sons Leno and Selman and my daughter Lizette, who is a nurse at the. Prince Rupert hospital. She was educated at Lejacque School and writes English fluently. My little grandaughter is named Lillian.

When my father Chief Simio- from whom our family take the name of Prince-, died, a meeting was called and brother Joe and myself were elected first and second Chiefs. I was then thirty five years old. After the election the announcement was made in church by the Bishop. The name of the Hudsons Bay boss at the Fort at that time was Alexander.

Our duties were to look after the people, also to settle disputes. There was trouble all the time, mostly over trapping and women, but nothing serious such as murder. After my brother died of pneumonia I was the only Chief. Later I was appoinetd Government Chief but gave it up as there was too much work and too little pay. Besides my duties I had to make a living by trapping, and also as a carpenter;and

The grandchildren of Chief Kwah.

I also built boats. I like handling horses and broke in many wild ones.

I remember Peter Ogden when I was a small boy, he was a good man. Also I remember Gavin Hamilton.

The Hudson Bay bosses were high-toned They travelled in fancy toboggans with four good dogs. Each dog had fine harness with four to six bells and made a great noise as they went. These bosses treated their servants very rough,and the servants had to take it and could not quit. If they did there would be no place for them to go, as the country was rough and unsettled (by whites.)

In the early days the Fort had palisades made of poles 6 & 7 inches in diameter and about 7 feet high placed on end and a big gate which was closed at night. There were three or four white men, and thirty servants composed of French Canadians, Crees and Blackfoot Indians from the East. They were armed with flint lock guns. The language spoken at the Fort was Cree and French.

The Servants lived in long buildings divided into 6 or 7 rooms. Each had a room to himself and family. There was a chimney built of clay and stones in the dividing walls with an open fireplace for heat and cooking. There were no stoves in those days. The windows were covered with moose skins to let in the light, later on cotton cloth was used. There were lots of dogs at the Fort, each man having four or five of his own, but no chickens were kept. The principal food for the establishment was dried salmon but no flour or bread. For meat there was bear, beaver, muskrat, lynx and rabbit, all of which were very plentiful and supplied much of the food for the Indians then as now. Lynx was considered a delicacy. **There were no moose in the country at that time.** The white man's grub was very poor. There was no wheat flour but a little Russian barley was grown and ground into flour in a hand mill. They also had dried fish and bear meat, salted ducks and geese, and rabbit. A few potatoes and turnips were the only vegetables. Thousands of dried salmon were imported from Babine Lake, and moose tallow from around Hudson Hope. Also moose skins for moccasins (there were no shoes) and moose sinews to make thread for sewing. The servants each received a weekly ration of twelve large salmon and eight pounds of moose tallow. The Com pany kept a trapper specially to snare rabbits for the community. His catch was 30 to 40 every night.

Little Mexican Joe told me "I feed my dog damn sight better than Hudson Bay feed their men, Oh! very hard times long ago."

Prices for fur were as follows: Large beaver $2.00, Lynx $1.50 and ten muskrats for .75 cents.

At first the Company sold flint and steel to make fire. Later "sah-qunn" (sun fire) a small tin box with a lens in the lid which ignited tinder; and later matches.

My people smoked Knic-knic leaves mixed with pigtail twist tobacco which was very strong' and which sold at .75 cents a skein.

My father told me that the staff at the Fort used to leave about the 1st of June every year by canoe and go to Fort Alexandria on the Fraser River, from there they took horses to a small Fort called Vancouver and picked up supplies that came from England by ship. I used to go with them and my father down the Stuart, Nechako, and Fraser Rivers to Quesnel and Fort Alexandria where we traded fur for flour and other things. I was about eight years old when I made my first trip. Duning one of these trips George Simpson arrived at the Fort with twelve men from the Peace River and found only two servants in charge. He asked for the key of the store and when it was opened there were no provisions except a few dried fish roe. He then asked if there were any cattle? But there were only two oxen used for work. So he told the servants to kill the fattest, but they were afraid and did not want to do it, and said the Boss would punish them when he got back. Simpson said, "Who do you call Boss? I am Boss of all." So they killed the ox and ate it up.

In the early days my people had only spruce and birch bark canoes, and a few rafts on the lake but the Hudson Bay brought great big birch bark canoes eighteen feet long. Later Ogden hired carpenters from the coast to come and build wooden boats 25 feet long and 6 feet wide, which still are called 'long boats'. They are very well designed for freighting on the lakes and rivers and for going up the rapids. Outboard motors are now used to drive them. Two schooners were built ,one for Babine and the other for Stuart Lake. Each 60 feet long with ten foot beam. They had two masts and three sails and a large anchor. The first Captain was named Charlie, a Swede, son-in-law to Ogden, and a crew of four men.

Freight of all kinds came from Hazelton through Babine Lake, was portaged on pack-horse across to Stuart Lake and sailed

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Most stories about hunting are titled, Mad Devil of the Rockies, Old Three Foot, or the Man Eater of Timbuctoo. I am going to tell you about my best hunting trip. Fun every minute, enough work to have muscles replace fat, and the attainment of a life's ambition.

My brother, Joe D. Dill, lives at the end of the Northern Alberta Railroad, in Dawson Creek, British Columbia and where the Alaska Hi-Way starts. He is an undertaker; an excellent hunter, good shot, and the following story will prove that this claim is more than brotherly esteem. This summer he and his family drove to Nebraska and while here asked—"If guides and pack horses become what I call reasonable this fall, would you be interested in a sheep and grizzly hunt?" You already know my answer. When his wire arrived stating that arrangements had been made, I could hardly wait.

Arrived in Dawson Creek on schedule. A good friend living there gathered us together early in September, drove 140 miles over tough roads to Hudson Hope, B.C. —almost the jumping off place, to

A fine ram taken by Joe D. Dill of Dawson Creek, B.C. and George W. Dill of Omaha, Nebr. Above, "Slim Garbitt", Cree Scotch guide, and a good one, and Geo. W. Dill.

meet our Indian guides and pack train. We stopped at a small, very clean hotel and the party was up early next morning, down on the bank of the Peace River to watch the pack train swim across. The nine horses swam for about 300 yards and came in strong. Watching these horses climb the bank gave us our first thrill for they were strong sturdy anmials and looked good to us. They were fat and full of life. To the cache we trailed and by early noon panniers were packed, saddles fitted and with Slim—(Cree-Scotch) in the lead and with Fred—(Cree-French) in the rear we were off. The big trip was on.

We headed north to make the 25 day trip into the mountains. To the Graham River, on to the Halfway River, up to Cypress Creek to the Laurier Pass, through it and up to the head of Horn Creek, back to the Pass, over to Robb Lake, back to the Pass again, over the hills south to the Graham River again, then on to the Peace River and down to Hudson Hope. A trip of about 300 miles. The first few days were long, but as we became accustomed to the saddles it was great fun.

The day before we reached the Laurier Pass, we killed two fine mountain rams, one Blue and the other a Stoney, with horns measuring 36 and 37 inches. We were happy. We began to hope for a grizzly but our hunt was assured as Rainbow and Bull trout were plentiful and Franklin Grouse were had for the looking. I'll never understand why a Grouse will sit perfectly still and let you shoot its head off. But they do.

Over the Laurier Pass we went. On to Horn Creek with the guides hunting hard every afternoon with the same report. "Too many wolves, wolf tracks even on the tops of the mountains." In one flock we found 4 lambs with 17 ewes. The words "No rams here, move in the morning," became a familiar phrase.

Back to the Laurier Pass and on to Robb Lake. We started early for it was to be a long hard day. It proved to be **the great** day. We

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British Columbia, This is YOUR Game!

by Eric Collier

A truck wheels into the village of Williams Lake coming from the direction of the Chilcotin Country. Leisurely it rolls along Railway Avenue and in equally leisurely fashion turns up Oliver Street. And stacked like cordwood upon the back of that truck for all to behold who care to look are sixteen buck mule deer and sundry other game carcasses. A local Game Warden gloomily watches the spectacle from his office window, shakes his head and asks, "How much longer?"

Across the Fraser River yonder in the Chilcotin one hundred non resident hunters are scouring the highways and the byways each with but a single word hanging on the lip, with but a single thought pulsing through the mind; **GAME.** A settler, eyeing the procession from the door way of his log house, wrinkles his forehead and mutters uneasily, "How much longer?"

Southward down the Cariboo road they go; cars with trailers behind, pickups, commercial trucks. Upon some the pillage is decked in tiers, upon others there is but a single moose head. A few are empty. Southward down those anfractuous miles of the Cariboo Road they go and a question mark forms wreath like in the billowing dust left by each: How much longer?

Up there in Tweedsmuir Park, yonder by Rainbow Pass, a bitch wolf flexes her muscles for the leap then hurls her one hundred and twenty odd pounds of destruction at the hind quarters of a staggering, winded cow moose. and the snow capped escarpment of the mountain ranges stare broodily off toward the salt chuck as if they too are asking, "How much longer?"

And the wind, soughing dismally through the roof of the evergreen forests lifts up and amplifies the refrain: How much longer can the game resources of British Columbia survive in the face of the intense commercialization and neglect to which they are at present being subjected?

The word "commercialization" is employed without any reservation. Any standard dictionary has this to say of the substantive Commerce: "pertaining to trade or traffic." There is no other interpretation. Neither is there necessity to thumb the pages of Thesaurus in order to meliorate that synonym.

Item: "One Bridge Lake camp employing some five or six guides reported taking twenty four bull moose up to October 24 (1947)" I think the word "commercialization" is in order. In approximately twenty days of an open season this single Game Purveyor peddled off twenty four bull moose. British Columbia, those were your moose.

Across in the State of Washington a farmer sizes up one of his two year old steers. Worth

"Guides reported bringing out kills ranging up to 35 and 40 bulls." (Quote: Inspector Robertson, B.C. Game Dept.) British Columbia, at the rate of one moose calf per year, it would take the above cow 40 YEARS to reproduce those animals which one guide peddled in from 30 to 60 days of operation in one year.

three hundred dollars on the hoof, that steer. Up there in Canada, British Columbia has cheaper meat for sale-- and it is not beef either. So up into British Columbia goes the farmer. He avoids the long established guides who still in their superstitious ignorance, believe that a bull moose or mountain sheep is a thing of definite value and should not be bargained for after the manner of a five and ten cent sale and picks up an individual who had never before taken out a guides licence and perhaps will never take one out again. Six days later that farmer is back in Washington with a bull moose that cost him perhaps one third the value of his two year old steer. Your Bull moose, British Columbia.

Might I, British Columbia, analize this transaction a trifle more thoroughly. The B. C. Game Commission issued the licences-- they had no other course apparently but to issue them. The guide in question was a Chilcotin Indian picked up by the farmer in the State of Washington. The non resident in question hunted I believe for two days. I believe I am right in stating no horses were used and little if any food or equipment purchased in local stores. The guide might have received twenty or thirty dollars (and possibly a guggle of whisky) as his pieces of silver. The B. C. Game Commission rang seventy dollars up in its till- - - but what did you get out of the deal? You lost one bull moose that you can ill afford to loose.

In a recent article in the Cariboo Digest I had this to say- - - "I think the majority of us would like to see this new money (tourist trade) entering the Province each Fall." No single sentence in this article is written in retraction of that statement. I believe if we used our wild life assets conservatively, selling within rea son and, above all other things, put back into those assets a generous portion of that revenue we take from them- - - - AND PUT THEM BACK IN A MANNER WHICH WILL DO THE MOST GOOD- - then non-resident hunting and fishing can continue to yield lucrative dividends each year and yet leave us with sufficient game for our own needs. However, I have lived in the wilderness for twenty five years and have taken out a guides licence each year for fifteen of those years. And of one thing I am convinced: If the present Comedy of Errors which we presume to call Game Conservation be allowed to continue: if the present drunken expenditure of our Big Game is not speedily checked then all that any of us will have left for the morrow is the head ache.

The disorder of the Russian rout at Tannenburg was a march past compared to the farrago of what I would term the licenced guide racket existant in British Columbia to-day. An individual living in Okanagan is issued a guides licence, picks up a truck load of American hunters, transports them up into Chilcotin and automatically sets himself up in the business of Big Game Purveyor. The fact that this individual has not, never had nor probably never will have one cent of his money invested in the Chilcotin has no bearing on the case whatsoever. When issueing him with a guides licence the B. C. Game Commission either knew not- - or cared less- - that some districts of the Chilcotin, which, five years ago, harboured goodly numbers of moose- are now al most denuded of those moose. That on one mountain range alone where, nine years ago, I counted one hundred twenty seven mountain sheep in thirty days of hunting, to-day, you will have difficulty finding a single ewe so seriously have their numbers been decimented by predators and excessive hunting.

The Game Commission seem to give little consideration to the fact that Cariboo and Chilcotin are already overloaded and top heavy with their own local guides; and that some of those guides are finding it increasingly difficult to procure game for their own customers. Neither do they seem cognizant of the fact that in certain parts of the Chilcotin the Indians are themselves beginning ot find it no easy chore to kill a bull moose for their own camps so heavy has been the moose destruction in the last five years.

My own line of reasoning might be out of date with the times but I believe there are today more than enough settlers resident in Chilcotin- - - men who have hacked out their own roads into the backwoods, invested the sweat of their blood in the actual soil of that country of which they are a part, sufficient to take care of such guiding pursuits as the Game resources of the Chilcotin will stand up under. The Game Commission display neither the ethics of justice nor sound judgement when they allow a total outsider to drive up into any district and begin exploiting that districts game for the benefit of his own pocket.

Your game British Columbia. How much longer can it survive in the face of the enormous odds which threaten its every flank?

With gloomy vision a Game Warden watches that truck moving up Oliver Street. How much longer? A small town newspaper carries a blazing torch on its front page: "THIS CAN'T LAST!" Only a small town newspaper, yes, but its Editor has lived in Cariboo for thirty five years and his pen is inked from the well of experience. But an old man in Prince George finds two simple words that can perhaps best adequately sum up the case. Grey and shrivelled with the weight of years is he, yet he remembers the day when the rivers and the lakes splashed to the thump of a beaver's tail, when the alpine

meadows at timber line were checker-boarded by the sunken paths of the Caribou herds. "It's wicked!" And Churchill himself, casting for adjectives at a moment when the destiny of all mankind was being weighed in the balance, could not have expressed it more eloquently. It's wicked, British Columbia, this certain crucifixion of your wild life.

The winter of 1946 -- 47 was one of the severest on game the Province has experienced for many a long year (in Cariboo anyway.) Deep snows combined with excessive cold weather drove the animals off many of their customary winter ranges and herded them together in valleys where the feed supply for all was insufficint and where they were easy prey for wolves and coyotes that are usually around to take full advantage of such a situation. Then, in March, that sanguinivorous little insect the tick took a hand in the gruesome business. I believe in some portions of the Province sixty per cent of the moose died from this single cause. I might add that fifteen of those were also observed by two perfectly reliable witnesses. I have heard other trappers and outfitters speak of like experiences and I know their word to be true.

Your bull moose, British Columbia. (the horns have been shed) Can his numbers survive in the face of the bitter commercialization and indifferent neglect to which your Game Commissioners are allowing him to be subjcted?

None of us can attempt to form an estimate as to how many moose died in the winter and spring of '47 but their number ran into the hundreds. Were the B. C. Game Commission aware of this? That I do not know. But mentioned as being witness to one of the gentlemen recently some of the dead moose was, I believe, Chairman on the Big Forest and Wild Life Protective Game Committee, Interior Fish, Associations and I would imagine he laid heavy stress upon this very serious moose mortality during the Convention at Salmon Arm last spring.

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With what results? **More guide licences were issued ,more non residents were allowed into the Province last fall than at any time in the annals of British Columbia's Big Game!** And by midnight December 15th **One thousand three hundred and fifty eight Bull Moose had been checked through the Cache Creek checking station.** An increase of over one hundred bulls to the figures of 1946. (I believe my figures are correct.)

I think British Columbia, that it will perhaps be another year or two before you thoroughly grasp the full significance of those figures.

Already, up there in Cariboo, the weepings and wailings and gnashing of teeth have begun to make themselves audible. And the lament is not pleasing to the ear. An Interior Newspaper can, I believe, award itself the honour of having coined that insidious phrase, "B. C. Coast Meat Hunters." One which we in Cariboo hear much of these days. I hardly think it generous to the hunters from the Lower Mainland and the Island to use this term as a means of seperating them from the brethern in the United States. Because seventy five per cent of the Americans who hunt in British Columbia to-day are themselves only interested in the meat and do not give one pistareen about the trophy. And of that number sixty five per cent will be honest enough to tell you so.

Once upon a time they wanted the meat and a decent trophy to go with it. Once upon a time they were prepared to spend at least two weeks in order to get a decent trophy. I know one gentleman in Seattle who hunted in British Columbia for three years before he finally pulled his sights on a moose good enough. Not a rich man, either. But today, the first bull over a yearling that sprouts a few inches of horn is killed. There is no pride, or interest, in the head, it is pure ly a case of something for the locker. Meat of all kinds across the "Line" is terribly scarce, and British Columbia has a perpetual supply of wild meat. Harsh every intelligent person either words, I concede, but true as here or in the United States of America reading them will admit.

The writer has more than a handful of hunting friends south of the border and these gentlemen have always-- when out with me at least-- proved themselves to be sportsmen and conservationists in every meaning of the word. Nevertheless I have to agree that if the case be argued before a jury these "B. C. Coast Meat Hunters" or whatsoever other handle you like to know them by, have a far greater right to British Columbia's game than have our friends in the U. S. A. A concrete fact which every guide in Cariboo-- the Province for that matter-- might just as well recognize. The non resident does not foot the bill for our roads, schools, bridges, and public buldings etc, etc.

Granted, from a purely monetary viewpoint, the B. C. hunters do not leave with us the cash that the non residents do. Granted, some of them tear our fences down leave our gates open, make

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use of our cabins without asking for the privilege. Granted some of them think a bottle of dam' poor Scotch is the passport to any man's soul (and very often it is) However, mankind has ever enjoyed dynastic right to judge the qualities of a multitude on the conduct of a few. All B. C. hunters are not Scrooges--. I know because I've hunted with them.

It is folly for any single portoin of the Province to attempt to discriminate against its fellow sportsmen in another part of the Province. (I am not thinking in terms of commercial guiding now, that is a different matter) When Vancouver Island takes the floor as it did at Harrison last spring and bellows, "We don't want you Lower Mainland hunters over on the Island!" If a Vernon or Penticton sportsman argues, "We don't want Vancouverites killing our pheasants!" and when a member of the Cariboo Game and Forest Protective Association laments, "Hunters from other parts of the Province are leaving our game to spoil in the bush!" Then the sum total of all this squabbling can but add up to calamitous disaster for that very thing which is the subject of the squabble: British Columbia's Wild Life.

Let the men from Vancouver Island, from the Lower Mainland, Vernon, Kamloops, Penticton, Williams Lake, Quesnel, Prince George, Ootsa Lake, Francois Lake, Hudsons Hope: from the mighty waters of the Peace, the Parsnip and the Finlay--- from the unchartered wastes of the Cassiar-- let every mother's son of them stand up as one body and speak with one single voice. Abandon for all time these raucous battle cries of Qui Peut and instead give tongue to the gentler but more substantial music of All for One and One for All.

For long weary years-- too long-- resolution upon resolution has been presented to the B. C. Game Commissioners, a good many of which, if observed and put into effect, would prove of far reaching benefit to those wild life assets about which we are all so bitterly wrangling to-day. We would have saved ourselves time, money and energy had we either refrained from wording those resolutions in the first place or, having done so, tossed them into our own waste paper baskets.

Yes, let all those men stand up and let one of their number sponsor yet another resolution--- there'll be plenty of seconders-- "This is our game, our children's and our grandchildren's. And by the living God that made us we're going to have more to say about it's disposition!"

Sauve Qui Peut! Every man for himself and ultimate bankruptcy for all. Have you, British Columbia, any moral or other right to allow such bankruptcy to come to pass?

A youngster with ink stains on his fingers and bread crumbs around his mouth aims his popgun at some Never-Never Land animal etched in childish fantasia over on the wall. Your son, British Columbia. Has not that child every right to ask that we bequeath to him at least a remnant of that game which we, in our time, have so criminally abused? The mountains, the forests, the lakes and the rivers cannot be removed; and there should be---nay, there must be-- game in them long after you and I and the incumbent Game Commission have severally gone back to that dust from which we came.

In the hotchpotched complexity that is making such a farce of the phrase "Wild Life Conservation" in British Columbia today, but one single factor emerges dogmatic: get in on the pay off whilst there's money in the till. With big splash and small fry jostling one another at the

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tellers cage.

Writing in the Provincial Game Report for 1945, Inspector Robertson, I-C C Game Division, has this to say: "The number of moose taken by resident and non resident hunters in transit along the Cariboo highway was at time of a spectacular nature. In the conservation of our big game resources we must think of to-morrow, and our gauge for that, must of necessity be the ever increasing number of resident and non resident hunters appearing here. Over crowding of both **Guides and Non Residents was noticeable."**

At the time of that writing Five hundred and thirteen Registered Guides were operating in the **Entire Province.** Just two years later **670 Guides licences had been vended in C Game Division alone!** Were those extra licences sold to conform with the supply of available game (without seriously hazarding the future supplies of that game) or were they sold in order to enrich the Finance Ministers General Revenue? If the latter be so, Mr. Anscombe, then every one of those dollars is tainted with blood. And by accepting them you are rendering that Democratic Government of which you are a Minister a wound which will, some day, start to gangrene.

Further, in the same annual report, Inspector Robertson writes, "Guides brought out kills ranging from two moose **to as high as thirty five and forty animals to each guide!!"** Save the marks. When the B. C. Game Commission allow any single outfitter to sell off forty bull moose - - - ah Z guides he employs for the puryes, no matter how many A to pose - - - in one season of operation then the Governmental Department of which they are the heads is not dedicated to wild life conservation; it is dedicated to a policy that could only be duplicated in a Chicago Slaughter plant.

"British Columbia, over-commercialization (excessive guiding) and predation drags your Big Game to its Certain calvary.

If it be true that the big game resources of the Province are destined for near extermination (and I think it can, unless speedy action be taken to anticipate such a disaster) then there can be but two fundimental reasons as to why this should come to pass: Predation and over-commercialization. (Excessive Guiding pursuits)

Item: James Hatter, Student Zoologist, University of British Columbia - - - "Practically everyone contacted had something to say about wolves and most of it bad. The true picture is being clouded by **hatred, superstition folklore and ignorance."** Unquote.

At this moment, Mr Editor, I am forced to snub my pen for a few seconds. Otherwise, it will take the bit between its teeth and I shall have lost all control over its output.

continued on page 94

Fred J. Green

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Last Voyage of B. C's Largest Canoe

by E.-M. COTTON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the first days of September, 1911, Mr. E. M. Cotton, well-known native son of New Westminster, and his brother, Walter, set out to join their father, who was in charge of a Government survey party at Stuart Lake. They travelled first from Vancouver to Prince Rupert in the steamer *Prince George*. Then, after an exciting trip up the Skeena River to Hazelton in a stern-wheeler, they proceeded overland to Babine Lake. Down this they paddled to Babine Portage, which they crossed to Stuart Lake, their destination. Six weeks later it was time to start for home, and it was on this return journey that the events here chronicled occurred.

The approach of cold weather early in November warned us that it was time to break camp and head down river for "Outside" or run the risk of being frozen in where we were for the winter. The camp's only means of travel was an old river scow, which unfortunately was not large enough to carry us all with safety. We decided that eight, including myself, would remain behind and try to find some other means of getting away before the freeze-up came. Failing that, we would spend the winter in Fort St. James.

We did our best to locate a boat but could find none large enough to carry eight men and equipment. We had almost given up when we heard about a large Indian dug-out canoe near Fort St. James. We were told that this canoe would more than fill our needs, in size at least.

It was certainly large enough! In fact it was believed to be the largest ever built in British Columbia—55½ feet long, and 4 feet wide. It was of the dug-out type, hewn from a single huge log. Strangely enough, it was made of cottonwood instead of the usual cedar. It had been used several years by the Hudson's Bay Company as a freighter on Takla Lake. It was very ancient and almost paper thin in places. We realized that we were taking our lives in our hands to venture into those ice-filled rivers in such a craft. But beggars can't be choosers, and we felt that we had no alternative. We either had to take our chances with the river or stay where we were for the winter. Of the two, we preferred the river. We took the precaution, however, of hiring Jimmy Alexander, an Indian guide, with the reputation of being the best fast-water canoeman in the country, to act as our pilot.

Including Alexander, there were nine members in our little party. They were: Harry Reid, the expedition's cook; Bill Wright; Glen Pluver; a chap named Anderson; my brother, W. H. Cotton; myself; and two whose names I cannot recall. At the present time Harry Reid lives in New Westminster, Glen Pluver in Clayburn, and my brother in Smithers, where he is government engineer. I have lost track of the others.

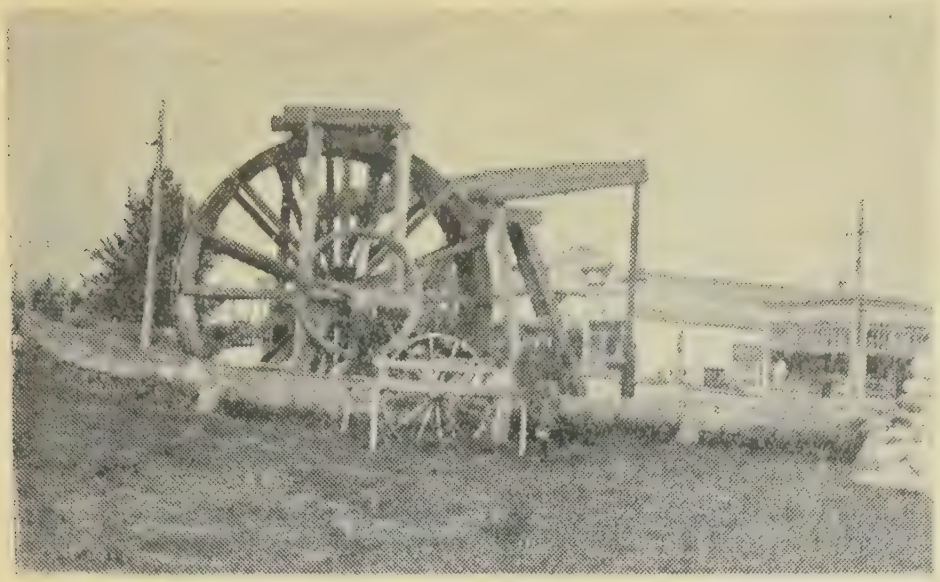
We must have been a memorable sight that cold December morning as we left for Fort St. James in our odd craft, propelled by six large oars, three on each side, steered by a huge 15-foot sweep at the stern (the canoe was too large for paddles), jammed with equipment, and with smoke pouring from the full-sized camp stove that we had erected on a platform at the rear. We must have looked like something left over from the flood.

For all its unsightliness, that stove certainly proved a comfort. It rained and snowed most of the time, and as we had no covering over the canoe we felt the cold bitterly. We travelled without stopping all day, and camped on shore at night. At intervals during the long cold day the men would leave their places at the oars and make their way back to the stove, where Harry Reid always had a steaming pot of soup or tea ready. This, followed by a comforting smoke by the fire, soon had us ready for another turn at the oars.

We had little or no trouble until we neared the Fraser River at Fort George. There we ran into large quantities of pancake ice which kept rubbing through the soft cottonwood of the canoe, forcing us to go ashore and find spruce gum to patch the leaks. The canoe was old and thin, and while in the ice area we were forced to stop for repairs five or six times a day. In sub-zero weather this was anything but a pleasant task.

Arriving at Fort George Canyon, we found it completely frozen over and the ice piled so high that we were forced to go ashore and carry, or rather slide, our huge canoe along the river bank to open water.

After leaving Fort George, where we stopped for supplies, we had clear sailing until we reached dangerous Cottonwood Canyon. Here the water is exceedingly swift and



foams and churns through the narrow rocky canyon at a great rate. Even the light and easily-handled river canoes seldom tried to run this tricky and extremely dangerous canyon, and we knew that to attempt it in our clumsy 55-footer was out of the question. We went ashore, and Jimmy Alexander went on ahead to size up the possibilities of portaging our equipment along the river bank. After some time, he came back to report that it would be impossible to carry the canoe on the shore, as the banks along the canyon were too steep, and covered with several feet of snow. That left us no alternative. We must run the canyon, 55-footer or no.

This decided, we wasted no time in starting lest we lose our nerve, for we needed steady nerves for the task ahead. With our hearts in our mouths we started, and it seemed that we had no sooner left the shore before we felt the rush of the canyon. We gained momentum like a falling stone. Faster and faster, cutting through the angry waters like a narrow, our bow sent showers of spray over the feverishly straining oarsmen, whose oars seemed to barely touch the rushing waters.

Had it not been for Jimmy Alexander we never would have made it. He did a wonderful job of steering our clumsy craft through the dangerous maze of huge rocks. Time and again, by what seemed only inches, we missed great jagged rocks which would have torn gaping holes in the sides of the canoe, and in an instant consigned us to swift, certain death in the icy waters.

The swift manoeuvering almost cost the life of Harry Reid, our cook. A sudden lunge of the canoe caused a section of the stovepipe to fall overboard. Harry made a wild grab for it, and was saved from falling overboard by Jimmy Alexander, who pulled him to safety by the seat of his trousers. After what seemed a lifetime, we finally got through. That ride was the fastest and most thrilling I ever had. It is great to look back upon. But never again!

After that, pancake ice was our only trouble. We made good progress, and at nightfall on the sixth day camped just a few miles from Quesnel, and were off to an early start the next morning. As we approached Quesnel we were surprised to see a large crowd lining the river bank awaiting our arrival. We were at a loss to explain the unexpected welcome until Mr. Collins, of the Hudson's Bay store, explained. We had been sighted as we rounded the bend of the river about three miles above Quesnel by Mr. Allison, a druggist. The odd appearance of our craft, with the smoke pouring from our stove, aroused great curiosity as to just what was the queer type of ship approaching. Soon the whole village gathered to witness the arrival of the mysterious craft. We must have been a great sight at that, nine woefully tired and unshaven men in a giant six-oared, stove-cluttered canoe.

We soon had the canoe unloaded on the bank and having enjoyed the open-handed hospitality of the good people of Quesnel, we continued our journey homeward, leaving the river and travelling overland. We were sorry to leave our great canoe behind. It had served us faithfully and carried us through dangerous waters to safety. After we had gone the people of Quesnel erected a shelter over the canoe, and I believe it is still there, on view to all who wish to see this giant 55½-footer, reputed to be the largest canoe ever built in British Columbia.

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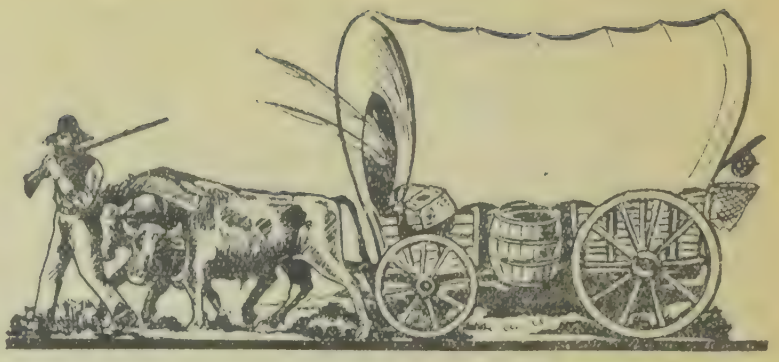
Cottonwood Picture

by EMELENE THOMAS



A continuation of Mrs. Thomas' interesting account of early days at Cottonwood House - one of Cariboo's historic stopping places.

The sun, rising to herald New Years Day of 1871, sees the Cariboo steadying down to a more measured pace. It picks out the figures of Mr. Boyd and Angus McPhail, off to an early start for Williams Creek with a load of hay. The sleigh slips easily over the packed snow, the horse's sides steaming as they pull the bulky load. A quick trip is accomplished, then home to the friendly warmth of the house, and the mild excitement of opening the ledger to begin the record of a new year. Times are slack compared to earlier years, and entries consequently fewer, a record of the Creek trip, a subscription to Giscome Portage, a few purchases. Many mickles however, make a muckle, and so there is a steady enough flow of business to build up the picture without dull intermissions.

Undeterred by mid - winter snow and cold Mrs. Boyd, whose presence is indicated for the first time, makes a trip to Quesnelle, leaving the menfolk to shift for themselves. The monotony of the day broken by a brief call from Dutch George, in for a drink of hot punch and a warm at the stove. There is also the matter of an investment in lottery tickets, the amount carefully entered in the book.

What with lowered freight rates lessening the price of supplies and a recession of the boom tide, charges are down, bed and breakfast now costing only $1.50. The last "bed and breakfast" customer for the month is Mr. Sylvester, driver for the Omineca Express. Throughout February business remains quiet, with customers scattered. Ah Fong, who has replaced the jolly Ah Fatt in the kitchen, falls ill, so Mrs. Boyd takes over until a substitute can be procured, drawing her just wages when she turns the work over to Che Kim.

The warmth of March starts talk of spring even though the land is still snowbound. Joining in the talk around the heater is Mr. Oppenheimer, puffing on a cigar as he talks. Another fragrant cigar dwindles to ash, then off to bed, for he must be away early next morning. His departure is delayed a bit by the arrival of Dr. Chip, with whom he has a few words before setting out, leaving the good Dr. to fill his place at the family board.

In the kitchen Che Kim meanwhile welcomes two friends, and as they are short of cash he pays for their meal. A few days later he gathers his belongings, hangs up the white apron, collects his wages, and bids the house goodbye, the recovered Ah Fong resuming his regular place.

With the advent of April the road begins to break up, causing delay to travellers, and it is almost midnight of the 3rd when Mr Freeman wheels up with the Barnard's Express. He is cold and hungry, but the comfort of patrons is a matter of pride at Cottonwood, and he is soon sitting down to a hot, cheering meal.

A three-day trip to Van Winkle and the Creek yields satisfactory results. For a companion Mr. Boyd takes along his dog, "meat for the dog" being one of the expenses incurred. Man and dog get back just in time to greet Mssrs. Gerow and Johnson, who have the mail contract and whose arrival is therefore an event of interest.

Gradually the snow disappears from the road, until from Quesnelle to Cottonwood one can drive on the bare earth. From there on, though, a sleigh is still necessary, so Mr. Lyel, arranges to hire one, leaving three of his horses for a rest and a good feed of sweet hay. Just as he pulls out, another sleigh, this one from Stanley, sweeps in, bringing the mail and 98 lbs. of prime beef from Van Volkenburgs. A jingle of bells announces the arrival of a third, driven by Indian Johnny in quest of hay.

Horses are a valuable part of the life of the Cariboo, and must be well cared for. They get sick, as well as humans, and need treatment, the prescribed medicine in one case being "whisky and pepper for sick horse" by which it doubtless benefited, as there is no more mention of its ailment.

The hardy miners who have been wintering at the coast are

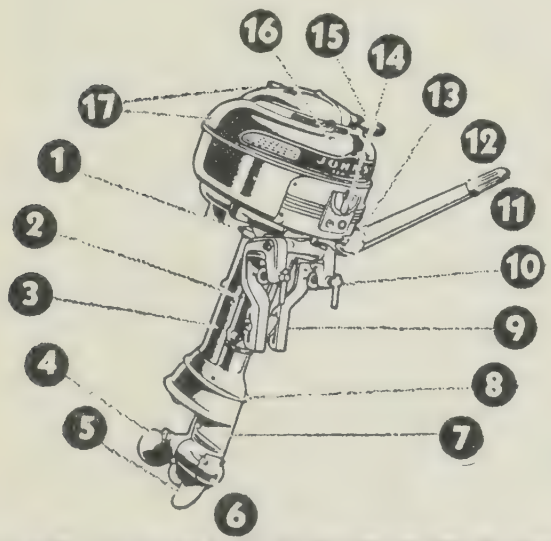
drifting back, though this year many of the men who broke their journey at Cottonwood year after year are missing for the big rush to Omineca is on, and hot on the trail of the reputed new find, they have left the road at Quesnelle, crossing the Fraser at that point to take the trail to Fort St. James. Still there are enough of the old faces to make the spring influx seem familiar, and enough strange ones to supply new interest.

At the beginning of April there was the annual ordering of seeds, at the end there are magazine subscriptions to be made out, one for the Illustrated London News, and a second for Leslie's Lady's Magazine, for Mrs. Boyd likes to keep abreast of the fashions. The subscriptions attended to, Mr. Boyd gives his attention to the terms of a contract between himself and the firm of Gerow and Johnson pertaining to the care of the mail horses by the month while they are stationed at Cottonwood. Shortly after Mr. Sabin , who has been boarding at the house, pays his account on this last day of the month, and so all is in good order and ready for May and the enjoyment of the almost summerlike weather. The sun shines strongly, and the birds chirp and call as they follow the plough. For two days coats are off as everyone basks in the sun's rays, but on the third the skies cloud over, a chill settles down, and the snow falls, and falls, as if winter were still in command. When at last it ceases and blue patches begin to show between the clouds Mr. Boyd steps out, carefully measures the snow, and returns to report a depth of six inches of the stuff. It does not last long though, but it makes a slushy mess of the road, about which Ah Sin and Ah Fong chatter volubly in the kitchen as Ah Sin stows his scant purchases in his packsack.

At Cottonwood a dry airy store house is available to those who need storage space for their grain, and in it Calvin Boyle busily piles Middlings and 7350 lbs. of flour, the brand of the latter, three crosses, carefully recorded in the ledger, for others will be utilizing the storehouse, and there must be no argument as to whose goods are whose.

At the store meanwhile John Peebles, the blacksmith for the

1948 Johnson Sea-Horses are here!



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Lightning Ditch Co. is credited with ten dollars, and a few minutes later Mr. Boyd closes the ledger, sets it away and picking up his bag, sets out for Quesnelle, taking along $600.00 with which to pay sundry bills.

Along the roadside the new grass is fresh and green, delicious fodder for the herd of anmals that amble slowly past the house, munching placidly as they wander by. These are some of Mr. Steele's fine milk cows, strayed far from their home pasture up the valley. A few hours later quick hoof beats sound outside the house, the rider dismounts, and hurries in to ask how long it is since the traunts passed. Being told the cattle are well ahead, and as darkness is approaching, Steele's man puts up for the night, to continue the chase the following morning.

A luxurious array of wild flowers brighten the wayside, Indian paintbrushes, daisies, columbine, and the never-failing dandelions. Through the June day rides Paddy Ohare, astride his mule, and leading a mare, branded with a Z on shoulder and hip. He turns in at the gate, leaving the mare to be ranched for a month, then urges the mule out on to the road and clip clops away up the road. Life at the ranch and the stopping-place is a peaceful one this June, shoes to be repaired, ducks bought and turned in with the chickens, all the little transactions that make up the general scheme of things. Judge Ball driving up from Lytton, pays a short call, a small account with him is settled, and Mr. Landringham sends down a letter to be posted to his wife, postage fifty cents.

From the road a cloud of dust rises, and through it trot fitfully a herd of sheep, the herdsman veering from side to side to round up the laggards. Needing the usual staples of sugar, bacon, tea, and yeast powder, he strolls into the cool clean store, leaving his wooly charges nibbling daintily at the wayside grass.

Week after week the scattered procession continues, J.H. Turner with his pack of drygoods, Dr. Chip, Dr. Bell, and Mr. Boyd him self, taking the road to Van Winkle in search of extra hands for the harvest.

Early in August an unusual entry is made in the book, recording the sale of a car at Van Winkle, but what kind of a car or whose it was is not told.

Though fortunes are made in the Cariboo it is comparatively few who are so fortunate, many on the other hand, just barely get along. But in spite of this, accounts are always paid (in all the years recorded in the books there are only two accurrences where bills are left unsettled) as in the case of - - -, who comes in to pay the last $23.00 still owing. Mr. Boyd knows the man has had a hard time scraping the money together, and as a gesture of appreciation promptly hands back twenty as a present to this conscientious customer.

This year gold dust is valued at $17.00 an ounce; an accumulated amount is carefully sealed up, and turned over to Mr. Hitchcock-the assayer, to be paid to the manager of the H. B. post at Williams Creek. Next there is another letter from Mr Landringham to be attended to. It is destined for Omineca, calling for postage of $1.50, a dismayingly high rate, but it can't be helped.

Though the mining population has decreased considerably, there are still many Chinamen in the Cariboo, working in various capacities. They are not referred to as Chinese, as they are today, but as "China", Ah Yuing for instance being listed as a China Interpreter and Ly Doo as a China Doctor.

Time moves on, bringing new faces, new names. Among these is Steve Tingley, a name to become well known in British Columbia, as from ordinary stage-driver he rises step by step un-

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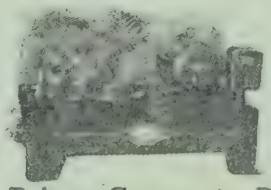
Sales &  *Service*

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til he finally reaches the top, becoming sole owner of the express line, by that time known as the B. C. Express. To-day, however, he is yet but a driver for Barnard's Express, and with Mr. Barnard himself strides into the stopping-place, where a bountiful supper is laid. Fragrant cigars further relax them, then they clamber aboard again and rattle off on the business of the day.

The first days of autumn are slow lazy ones, with the old dog dozing outside the door. A once familiar voice rouses him, and he rises to bark a greeting to an old friend in the person of Ah Fatt, who in old days handed out such meaty bones. Ah Fatt, poor fellow has fallen into a slough of financial troubles, so parts reluctantly with his cherished "patent-lever silver watch No. 20845, maker Wm. Cooper & Co. Liverpool". To augment the money received from the sale of the watch, Mr. Boyd obliges him with a private loan, Ah Fatt beaming his thanks as he promises to repay it, which he does a few months later when his financial state has bettered.

September, and the Broseau brothers in from the creek, Antoine to say good-bye to the Carbioo, for he is going to try his luck elsewhere, but Dick to stay on, assuming 'Toine's account. It is time again to pay the Licquor and Trading License which is fixed at $35.00. The family needs new shoes, too, and hair coombs, the stove pipe needs repairing, and a new vice is required. A shipment of berries arrives from Quesnelle, and soon a pleasant bustle goes on in the kitchen as canning gets under way.

The partnership of Heath and Boyd, always an amiciable one, is at last dissolved, Mr. Heath selling out his interest for a cash settlement, leaving Mr. Boyd in complet possession, marking another milestone in the history of the House.

continued on page 88

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DUCK HUNTING ....Cariboo Style

by 'CARIBOO KING'

Sandy Solmonson grinned knowingly at yours truly as he opened the breach of an old two-trigger, two-barrel, twice borrowed blunderbuss that was almost as ancient as the hill. He had stopped to gas up his truck and exchange pleasantries of the day with the gas station attendant.

"Have you shotgun I could borrow?" said Sandy, during the ebb of their conversation. "I'm going to try for a few ducks."

"Sure," answered the attendant. He jerked a thumb behind his back. "A fellow left one here the other day. It's standing in the corner." Sandy picked up the relic and walked out, profusely expressing his surprise and thanks. Such occurences are not uncommon in the Cariboo.

"I'll return it in a few day's time," he said. He did. But what transpired during one of those days of "the few day's time" will comprise my story concerning our duck hunt -Cariboo style.

"We"ll ease our rifles in alongside of our shotguns," grinned Sandy. "This hunt is supposed to be a duck hunt but we'll not be too orthodox- like fishermen! On the contrary, we'll maybe mix the bag and return home with a moose or a bear. Hope so." We did mix the bag, but we did not return home with a moose or a bear. We didn't return home at all, almost -no kidding!

Br-r-r-r-r! Clang! Clang! Five o'clock in the morning! My wife says that a man will get up at any hour of the night, if hunting or fishing is the object, but try to get him up for any other purpose! He's as hard to rouse as a hibernating bear and just as grouchy, she says. Be that as it may, and I agree; nevertheless, yours truly rolled out of bed as free as a lark and almost as happy. Boy, we were going hunting- Cariboo style!

I dived into an old shirt, yanking on a pair of old pants almost simultaneously. It is surprising that a man can dress with such alacrity when preparing himself for a hunt. And I might add that no native son of Cariboo, or adopted son for that matter, will ever be found with fancy hunting gear and dress. You'll find him dressed in an old pair of pants, with a shirt fitting the occasion and an old hat to match. His knife and gun will not be the latest models, but he knows how to hunt his game and fill the larder with meat. This past season we were hunting moose near West Lake, and we bumped into a big-game guide. From his appearance one would never know he were a guide, but what that man couldn't do with a gun isn't worth mentioning.

"Where are we going to hunt today?' I said , as Sandy loaded my guns and grub into the cab of his truck.'

"Don't know,' he replied. "We-'ll start out and see where we end up.' He grinned.

"I hope it isn't in the local hoosegow," I said, eyeing our dilapitated apparel and the arsenal of destruction we were carrying.

Again Sandy grinned as he gunned the engine of his truck and turned west along the road toward Vanderhoof. We passed the old airport, the mist-enshrouded, moon-tinted cemetary and hit the open road. About six miles out of town Sandy stopped the truck and we awaited the dawn of a new day. When it was light enough to see the sights of our guns, we proceeded toward our unknown destination.

I"ll never know hew far from town we stopped. Sandy suddenly pulled the truck to one side of the road and stopped. In reply to my question he said that there was a slough about half a mile from the road on the left. He had decided to look it over. We did. I picked up my 30-30 rifle and Sandy decided upon the two trigger, two-barrel, twice - borrowed blunderbuss, which almost proved to be our

undoing.

No deer, bear or moose stirred the thicket of second - growth evergreens as we tramped downward toward the slough. But as we neared the pond we heard a familiar sound. Quack! Quack! Quack!

"Ducks!" said Sandy, jerking out a couple of shells and loading the double gun. "I hope this old relic holds together." Cautiously we sneaked forward. I sat down behind the last clump of evergreens, while Sandy continued the stalk. Slowly he crept toward the pond, taking cover behind bush, clump of weeds and grass that he could find, which were few and far between. The ducks had seen him. They were becoming restless, stirring uneasily on the pond.

Sandy stood to his feet as the ducks lifted. Bang! Bang! The old double gun bucked and kicked, digging deep, as it were, into Sandy's shoulder. One duck lay dead, two others were crippled. Bang! Again the double-gun roared. One cripple folded up, but the other one, by this time, was at the far side of the pond.

"Oh, my shoulder!" groaned Sandy, holding one hand to the sore point. "You take this bone-breaker and get that wounded duck on the far side of the pond." I did. I ran around the pond, and went into action, receiving the full benefit of the kick-back. What a wallop! No kidding!

Having come together again to enthuse over our good fortune, Sandy and I decided to retrieve the spoils of our labors- three nice ducks. But we were soon to discover that we had a job on our hands. Between the solid shore and the water's edge, there was a stretch of the nicest, ooziest mud you've ever seen. It looked solid. Sandy stepped out trustfully and went down below his ankles. He jumped back to solid ground with alacrity. Then the fun began. We decided to build a bridge from solid ground to the water's edge. What a job! We dragged dead downfalls out of the woods; we built a bridge of poles to the first duck and retrieved it within half an hour. The second duck was a poser. We worked and slaved, building our bridge with many a groan and backache. Man what a job! Then I slipped and went in up to my knees in the mud and scum of the duck pond. What a mess! And Sandy, while creeping out to the end of the pole-bridge, lost his balance and went in to keep me company, so he said. But the third duck was harder to retrieve than the first two. It had stuck on the bottom in the shallow pond, and we had to build our bridge out into the pond. By the time we were through building it, we were covered with mud from head to feet. Our shoes and socks were soaked and our pants, too. But we made it; that is, Sandy did. Yes, when he arrived at the end of the pole-bridge, he was carrying a fifteen foot sapling with which to retrieve the duck, but he almost lost his balance; and he drove one end of the sapling ten feet into the mud of the pond! A man would have gone down in that stuff like a cannon ball.

"Do you like roses or carnations?" I said standing upon firm footing on the shore. "If you go down in that stuff, you're sunk." But he made it. He retrieved the last duck. We looked at my watch. It had taken us over three hours to retrieve three ducks!

At that we made better progress than the P. G. E. And we had risked our necks, too. What

R. M. BLAIR

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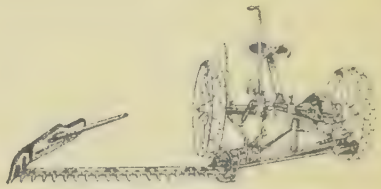

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Suddenly, Sandy cried out. He gave a yank at his wrist. A huge blood-sucker had fastened itself upon him. The pond was lousy with the creatures. "Lets get out of here," he said. "Something drastic is bound to happen if we don't."

When we arrived at the truck, we took off our shoes and socks; we hung our socks inside the hood of the truck and climbed into the cab, Sandy driving with bare feet and my dogs encased in nothing but oversize overshoes. We were hunting, duck hunting, Cariboo style! But this method had it's drawbacks. We drove a mile or two, then we turned toward the Nechako River.

"I think we'll cross the river on the ferry," Sandy said.

" What!" I replied. "Are we going to cross over in this condition? Remember my standing in the community!"

"Good for your pride," said Sandy, grinning. "You fellows need taking down a peg or two."

What could I say? I had to admit that he was right. Then it happened. We were driving along slowly when a white streak crossed the road ahead of the truck. We were turning around a bend in the road and visibility wasn't any too good. Sandy jammed on the brakes. I opened the door and lit out running- almost! Did you ever try to run in oversize overshoes with nothing inside but your bare feet? Try it!

On the other side of the truck, Sandy landed on his bare feet. Wow! The gravel road wasn't conducive to ease and comfort. He had to grab his boots and yank them on. Then we lit out down the road. The deer was standing in the woods waiting for us- a doe deer! "Ugh!" grunted Sandy. "This trip is a bird hunt, not a deer hunt."

"Sure," I replied, easing my 30-30 out of sight: "We're hunting birds, not deer." And the doe saucily moved away through the forest.

The ferry crossing wasn't too bad. We made good time, but we didn't see game of anykind until we were near the Ried Lake district. Another duck pond! This one had a small boat on it, however, and it had a good location, with solid shore lines and little mud. Ducks! Mallards! Sandy crept down through the willows and alders. He fired. He got one. I retrieved it with the aid of the boat; that is I tried to do so but the duck was winged and not dead. It dove under water and came up among the reeds; we had lost our duck.

"He came up over there," I said, pointing to an object in a south-westerly direction, which is hardly a direction at all. Sandy fired. The object failed to budge. We pulled the boat over to our "duck." It was and still is a piece of sod sticking up out of the lake.

"Fine duck hunter, you are," said Sandy. "Don't you know the difference between part of the lake bottom and a mallard duck? We've lost our duck this time."

"We were better than three hours retrieving the last three ducks," I said "According to the law of averages we should get this one in one hour's time or a little more."

"I'm not interested in the law of averages," replied Sandy, "for that matter I'm not interested in any law right now but the law of gravity and on which spot of said law is our duck!" I grinned. Sandy grinned, too. Sandy poled. I poled, too. And the boat covered the most likely hiding places where our duck could have vanished. We didn't find a trace of it.

Suddenly, we heard a distant roar. In our desire to retrieve our feathered friend, we had not noticed the ominous, black cloud that was swiftly spreading over the sky. Down came the hailstones, and we were caught out on the lake in an open boat. Hailstones, we discovered, bounce as readily off a persons' head and back as they do off of earth or rock, only the effect is different. We reached the bank and scrambled up into the shelter of the evergreens. We had made it, but we were that much the worse for wear- no kidding!

After the storm was over I decided to walk up the lakeshore and see what was what.

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Sandy poled out in the boat. A sudden flapping near my feet, an object moving toward the waters' edge, and I automatically jerked up the rifle.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!" shouted Sandy. "Don't shoot with the rifle. You'll blow the duck to pieces, besides its against the law to shoot migratory birds with a rifle."

"I thought you weren't interested in any law but the law of gravity," I replied. "Don't worry, I'm not going to shoot. The duck took me by surprise, and I'm a little "trigger-happy" after carrying this 30-30 around all day on a duck hunt." Sandy grinned. I chased the duck on shore and he chased it on water, but the duck could go under water and we weren't equipped for diving. But the duck came up once too often, and Sandy got it with the pole. One whack was sufficient. We retrieved our duck. I looked at my watch. The law of averages had worked out again. It had taken us just over one hour to retrieve our fourth duck, from the time Sandy had fired at the mallard.

"Let's hunt back up the road," he said, "where we saw the covey of grouse fly into the trees. We might bag one or two birds. We did. We hunted back up the road, about one hundred yards from the duck pond. But, although we hunted diligently, we never saw a feather, until we were almost giving up the hunt; in fact, we had. Sandy was turning around to retrace his steps when a bird roared out from under his feet. He missed it, but he got the next one and the next. Two grouse down! We had bagged four ducks and two grouse, six birds in all. We were satisfied.

Sandy had used an old burlap sack to fashion a pair of socks for his shoes. He looked the part of a hunter- Cariboo style. I was still sloshing around in my oversize overshoes. We had, nevertheless, forgotten our makeshift foot gear, and we were rejoicing in the success of our hunt, although by this time our birds were worth, at least, two dollars a piece.

As we gunned the motor of the truck and pointed her nose toward home, leaving Ness Lake behind, about one hour after we had gathered our two grouse, we suddenly remembered our socks. Were our socks still with us? We hoped so. We stopped the truck and slowly raised the hood. Our socks were there and as dry as could be. We had solved the problem nicely, but we were so accustomed, by this time, to our state of attire that we decided to continue as we were- Cariboo style. We did. We arrived home in the opposite direction from our starting point.

As far as profit in monetary investment was concerned, our trip was a failure. Who in their right senses would pay over three dollars a piece for wild ducks and grouse? But we had received benefit in soothing frayed nerves; we had built up our lagging energies; and last but not least, we had gone duck hunting. ..... Cariboo style!

TO THE FRASER RIVER

Flow on thou mighty Fraser flow
Rolling swiftly to the sea,
Between thy banks of rugged mountains
Flow in thy majesty
Carry on thy turbulent tide
To where the waters smoother glide.
From the distant rockies heights
Where the glaciers melt away
Through narrow gorge and winding vale
Thy waters find their way
Foaming, whirling, roaring, splashing
Against the bolders madly dashing.
Farther on I see thee glide
More calm and peacefully
Loose thy wild rage of madness
And thy pools of treachery
Here no mountains as before
Form for thee a rock ribbed shore.
Then, glide on thou mighty Fraser
Glide in thy majesty
Thou are like the river of life
That flows to eternity's sea.
I and this world must sometime sever
But thou will flow on here forever.

By D. C. Matheson

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Cariboo Adoption

by A. H. TOWNSEND

The yellow, red and gold autumn hues were reflected in the beauties of a northern sunrise, as the ungainly creature—seemingly—moved through the dew-decked swampland and disappeared in a thicket of poplar and birch trees. Ungainly in appearance, yes, but as swift and as sure-footed as a Greek god. His great, sinewy thighs, his long, spring-like legs, his powerful stride, carried him forward with ease. His huge bulk was crowned with a spread of antlers which would fittingly grace any one of his kind, adding strength to the wilderness scene, as hundreds of pounds of latent energy, stirred only in defense or during the glow of the rutting moon, sought the shelter of the thicket where he could bed down during the course of a warm October day.

This was the time of mating; the urge to wander, the restlessness that had settled upon the great bull moose was predominant in his huge bulk. Wise in the ways of the wilderness, the bull moose had difficulty to remain hidden in the thicket of poplar and birch trees until evening shadows began to steal across the wilderness reaches. Then, with a shake of his head, he began to paw the ground and, leaving the thicket, the great bulk moved across the forest floor, grunting a challenge to all comers. The battle urge, the desire of the rutting moon, coursed throughout the huge, powerful frame of the moose.

Jim Sorenson was new to the Cariboo wilderness. The flat prairie land had first borne up his toddling feet, had given him his power of endurance in youth, and had sustained life within his body during after years until the deadly drought had struck the land like a fiery, devouring monster. He had fought that drought. He had fought with every ounce of his two hundred pounds. But no man is able to fight against the impossible. After three years of failure, he resigned himself to the inevitable truth. He left the land of his birth and came to the great Cariboo country of B.C. To be sure, he could not look for miles upon miles and see waving grain; he was sure that he would never accumulate a fortune in the Cariboo; but he realized, above all else, that he could live. He could live where the snows fell in winter and the rains came down in season, where drought was unknown, and he could make his living, too. He was content. The beautiful green hills of spring and summer, the yellow, red and gold touches of autumn, the honk of geese and the call of the loon filled his soul with assurance. Here is a land, he thought, that is certain and sure and not as changeable as a maiden's dreams.

Jim Sorenson had built his cabin, cutting the timbers in the forest and following the plans laid out in a magazine. He had accomplished his task with surprising skill; he had built a small barn and chicken house. He did own a cow, but there were no chickens as yet. Next spring there would be, if all went well; and he had no reason to think otherwise. He was not complaining, he was pioneering, and he had left the deadly drought far behind. He was happy. Why shouldn't he be? The October moon was beginning to illumine the forest as the day sank deeper into the black-robed arms of night. The night breezes were beginning to whisper from tree to tree, imparting secrets which only a lover of nature would understand.

Jim Sorenson had been visiting at the home of his nearest neighbor, five miles away. He was returning along a forest trail, engrossed in thought. That spring he had planted potatoes. His harvest was good. He had potatoes and milk, flour and half a side of beef. He could live. He had gathered more than his share of wild berries —saskatoons, huckleberries, blueberries, raspberries and strawberries. Yet there was enough for others and to spare—hadn't the bears become fat and lazy on the bounties of the land? This pioneer life is fun, he thought; that is, if a person likes to breathe pure air and match his wits against the wilderness; if a person doesn't like to be fenced in by city streets and buildings. He breathed deeply of the pure evening air, again and again. He was free. He was happy. He began to sing, keeping time with his stride.

The windfall that he was approaching had been a hindrance to himself on the trail before this time. Tonight he had brought an axe along with him. He had left it leaning against a tree near the windfall, intending to clear the obstruction after his visit to his neighbor. He picked up the axe and went to work with a will, making the forest ring with his strokes. The light was bad for the job. Jim

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realized, but he was determined to see it through, as his axe bit deep into the windfall with steady, rhythmical strokes, echoing back from the sombre forest.

Other ears than Jim's heard the strokes of the axe. Suddenly there was a challenging grunt, a crash of underbrush, and a great, onrushing bulk bore down upon him. Jim Sorenson paused, axe in hand. This he dropped and turned, running toward a nearby tree. Fortunately, he reached it first and scrambled up among its branches, while the great bull moose snorted and blew and raged around its trunk.

To say that Jim Sorenson was in a predicament is to put it mildly. He was treed as nicely and as surely as could be. But he was not over-anxious, not too much so, at least, although he was trembling in every limb from the suddenness of the attack and the drain upon his reserve strength, for he had not dawdled toward the spruce tree, which he had climbed with alacrity. And the bull moose seemed to have no intention of leaving the vicinity of the evergreen. Perhaps he would be compelled to wait in the tree all night. What would be the final outcome of the situation? These thoughts were chasing through Jim Sorenson's mind, giving rise to feelings of varied emotions. But Jim Sorenson did not need to make a decision. Fate stepped in swiftly and decided for him. Silently as a shadow but for a snap of a twig and a low grunt, another bull moose stepped out upon the forest trail, confronting the first bull. To be sure, he did not possess the dimensions and bulk of the bull that had treed Jim, yet there was not much difference in weight and height. The opponents were well matched. They eyed each other, then came together with terrific impact and force.

The forest floor trembled beneath the struggling tonnage of two bull moose. Small saplings and forest growth were bent and crushed like thistledown tossed back and forth by determined winds. With heaving flanks and steaming nostrils, again and again, the bull moose charged each other in deadly earnest. Here was no child's play! The terrific impact, as they lurched against Jim Sorenson's tree, time and again, nearly jarred him loose from his precarious position.

The drew apart, puffing, snorting, and with heavng flanks, eyeing each other like two knights of old in the battle lists of Ashby. Then they came together with terrific force and shock, locking their antlers in the "lock of death." The bull moose, realizing their predicament, fought to free themselves from the fear that now gripped them—a fear that had taken the place of the "mating rage." Unless free from this deadly embrace, they would die a lingering death of starvation or be pulled to pieces by the black and grey timber wolves of the north. Instinct warned the two battlers. They pulled and pushed, twisted their heads from side to side in unison, then with one tremendous heave they were free.

Jim Sorenson could hardly realize what was taking place below him. Few men have been privileged to see two bull moose in action during the rutting season. Yet he realized that he, a new arrival in Cariboo, had witnessed what few men have seen—two bull moose fighting in battle, locking antlers and tearing free, to stand dazedly by for a few moments, then slowly to disappear in the forest.

Jim Sorenson's next encounter with the bull moose which had treed him came unexpectedly, as most contacts with wild life do. Autumn days had given place to winter snows. The cold winter winds, driving down from the frozen northland, swept over the barren waste of ice and snow, cutting, biting and devouring with icy breath until the timber belt modified its stinging force. But the timbered slopes of Cariboo felt little of its power, as the winds were spent and lacked the force of the open reaches of the far north.

Winter days were exhilarating to Jim Sorenson. His snowshoes disturbed the new-fallen snow as he broke trail along the five-mile jaunt to his neighbor's, his 30-30 rifle couched under his arm. He breathed deeply of the crisp winter atmosphere, revelling in the winter beauties of the Cariboo. Then he saw them. Seven gaunt black wolves were attacking the moose, snarling and snapping, trying to obtain an opening.

Jim Sorenson stopped, lifted his rifle, then lowered it. He needed meat. But he would not take unfair advantage of the bull moose, he thought, as he watched this wilderness drama intently. One wolf dashed in, snapping at the lowered head of the moose, then suddenly turned to avoid the power-drive of the cutting forefeet of the huge bulk. In the meantime, an-

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other wolf sneaked in from the rear, then came a flank attack. Swiftly the bull moose turned like a pivot to meet every attack. But the snow hampered its movements, and blood had been drawn. Jim knew that he must shoot soon or lose his meat. He did not wish to take meat that had been contaminated by wolves. He raised his gun and fired. A wolf leaped into the air, twitched convulsively and lay still. Again his gun spoke its message of death and another wolf went the way of the first one, to stain the white mantle of snow with cowardly blood. And Jim Sorenson awoke to the realization that he was defending this great wilderness creature, fighting shoulder to shoulder against these deadly killers. His rifle spoke again and again jarring the surrounding forest, as he fired at the wolves, which were now disappearing in the forest. He wounded one wolf and finished it off with a second shot. Then he lifted his rifle, aiming at the disappearing bulk of the bull moose. But he could not bring himself to touch off the trigger of the gun. Hadn't he protected the moose? Hadn't he fought against the deadly scourge of the Cariboo—the timber wolf? He could not bring himself to the place of traitor. Hah, he thought. No! Suddenly there flashed into his mind the account told to him concerning a neighbor who had not yet learned to appreciate wild life. With a meat-house full of beef and moose meat, he had wantonly shot down three moose, just for the thrill (?) of the kill. Jim Sorenson's blood boiled at the thought of such wantonness as he silently watched the great bulk disappear in the forest. Although he did not realize it, Jim Sorenson was being adopted surely and securely by the land of Cariboo.

Winter days had left Jim Sorenson's wood supply at a meagre level. He had not had time to cut a full winter's wood supply the past summer and fall, although he had decided that he would cut a winter's supply each winter, a year ahead of time. By this procedure his wood would be thoroughly dry. But now he needed wood, dry wood preferably. Mid-winter days had left deep snows and dry wood was hard to secure near his homestead. He had, however, located a burn where dry wood could be obtained. True, the snow was deep and he had to drag the wood out on his home-made sleigh, using manpower in the raw, but he was game. The wood pile near his cabin began to pile up once more. But it was this wood cutting problem that brought Jim Sorenson in close contact with the bull moose again.

The short winter day had descended rapidly, blotting out the last dull glow of light. Jim Sorenson had left the burn and was swinging along the trail toward his distant cabin. Silently, with drooling fangs and heaving flanks, they appeared on the trail. Gaunt creatures of the night, they were, hungry and vicious because they had recently missed a kill. Undecided, Jim Sorenson paused on the trail. Would they attack him? He noticed that one wolf left the trail and disappeared in the bush to the right, another followed the first; then one wolf entered the bush on Jim's left and two other wolves followed it. One remained on the trail without moving so much as a foot, glaring at Jim. He didn't like it. Were the wolves surrounding him? He guessed as much and looked about for a tree to climb, but there were none. The willow and scrub bush contained no trees of sufficient size to climb. He was trapped as neatly and as surely as though the cunning, crafty wolves had planned the whole procedure, and he began to think they had.

Jim Sorenson raised his axe and pointed. With one subtle movement the wolf disappeared in the bush. As suddenly as it had left the trail, it came back again. Again and again this procedure was repeated. The fourth time did not budge the wolf. It remained in view on the trail. He knows now, thought Jim, that this axe is not a gun . But I'll go down fighting, nevertheless. With this thought in mind, he glanced back. There on the trail behind him stood a wolf, with jaws drooling and eyes gleaming viciously. He was surrounded. They were closing in, whether to attack or not, he did not know. He knew they were cowards at best. But hunger will make even cowards brave. Suddenly the air was rent with a long, drawn-out howl. The wolf-cry turned Jim's blood to ice as long, radio-like waves played up and down his spine. He gripped the axe handle and waited, determined to fight to the last breath.

What the outcome to the situation would have been Jim Sorenson will never know. As swiftly as they had come upon the wilderness scene, the killers departed, disappearing into the bush like ghostly wraiths of the forest. What had caused their sudden disappearance, or had the wolves disappeared? These questions in Jim's mind were soon answered. Down the trail he heard the snow crunching under the footfalls of an approaching animal. The wolves, with keener

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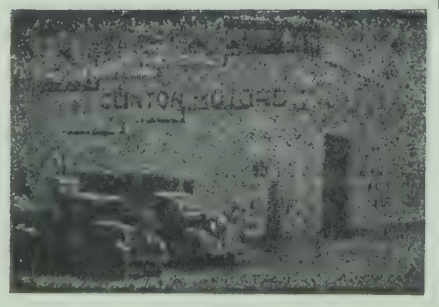

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hearing, had heard the approach first; they had not caught the scent of the intruder because he was headed into the wind. Swiftly the wolves had left the vicinity of the hated man scent and had sped back to windward of the moose. They caught the scent with quivering nostrils and drooling fangs. Jim stiffened as the weird, blood-curdling cry of the killers reverberated throughout the foreboding forest reaches. Why the bull moose had not turned back at the first scent of the killers, Jim will never know. He realized that it would remain forever a wilderness secret. Perhaps the great bull moose was in a cantankerous mood; perhaps he disdained the thought of flight. Who can tell? Be what may, nevertheless the bull moose did not flee the vicinity of the wolves. In meditating upon these facts afterward, Jim Sorenson liked to believe that the bull moose had stayed to help him—had met the challenge to repay an old debt.

With the exultant hunting cry of the timber wolves ringing in his ears, Jim watched the cowardly brutes close in for the attack. The first attack was one united rush; surely the wolves were mad with hunger. They had thrown discretion to the winds, and it proved to be the undoing of one killer. The bull's cutting forefoot descended like a sledge hammer wielded in the hands of a giant. Jim heard the sickening crunch and howl of pain as the back of one wolf was broken like one would break a stick of kindling wood. Then, as the wolves dispersed and drew back, the great bull moose hammered and unded the unfortunate wolf to a pulp.

The next attack was cunning. One wolf feinted toward the front shoulder of the moose as two other wolves, with perfect timing, attacked the back legs of the bull moose, intending to hamstring the gallant animal. One wolf was sent spinning through the air, but the other wolf had drawn blood. Again and again the attack continued, until the bull's left hind leg was useless. With one united rush they again attacked the moose from all sides. Again the killers were overconfident. The bull's right forefoot came down with terrific force upon the head of the leader of the pack. With one awful crack the skull was split from end to end; then the bull moose made pulp out of the second killer.

Jim stood breathlessly by as he watched the fight weave back and forth across his vision. Then with a few swift, cunning strokes one black killer tore through the tendrons of the bull's other leg. Down went the bull moose in the snow, falling over on one side. Swift as a flash another wolf struck at the great bull's throat. Rich, red blood stained the forest blanket of snow. Again and again the great bull moose struggled to rise, but the wolves had done their deadly work. With a few swift strokes of their fangs the killers made short work of their prey. The gallant bull moose had breathed his last.

Jim Sorenson had seen the bull moose go down in his last death struggle. Quickly he hurried toward his homestead and picked up his gun. Swiftly he retraced his steps, soon to arrive at the scene of destruction. He could see the black bulk that was the bull moose; and ravenously tearing at the meat were the timber wolves. Slowly he raised his gun and waited patiently for a cloud to pass over the moon. He had approached the kill up-wind; he could not afford to miss his shot. As the moon sent it welcome rays down upon the scene, Jim tensed suddenly, then relaxed and touched-off the trigger of his gun. Coinciding with the report of the rifle, a black killer slipped forward on the carcass of the moose wth a bullet through his heart. The other wolves disappeared into the shadows of the forest.

As Jim Sorenson walked up to the carcass of the bull moose, his heart was heavy . He had fought side by side with this gallant animal. He looked down upon the work of destruction and groaned within himself, vowing revenge upon every marauding, skulking killer of the Cariboo. This noble animal had saved him from an awful situation, perhaps death. Jim Sorenson was not ashamed of the tug at his heart and the tears which dimmed his eyes. The forests and swamps would never know the challenging grunt of this great bull moose again. The wilderness would never again ring with the sounds of battle as he contested his right to his domain. A lump stuck in the throat of the homesteader. Then before Jim's blurred vision, stirred by the emotions of his soul, there came a peaceful scene.

The spring woods were bursting with new-found life, the robins were busy nest building, and the geese had honked their call from the azure sky above. The cow moose had given birth to her offspring. As he struggle to gain his feet, standing on spindly legs, he was a perfect replica of the giant bull moose which lay at Jim's feet. The great bull would live, Jim knew, in his offspring, and Jim Sorenson vowed that he would be the guardian of the young. In fact, this wilderness country, with its wild life and bounties, is mine to protect and cherish, he decided—to protect, to conserve, to maintain from day to day. In deep meditation he walked back to his cabin as the winter winds scampered through the treetops and the great wilderness country seemed to enfold him in its rugged embrace. Jim Sorenson realized that he had been adopted by the great land of Cariboo.

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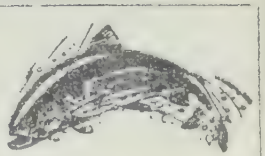

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The Weather Prophet

by PEG DEEDER

We had a red sunset last night, and the weather prophet of the family said, "Ha! We'll have a fine day tomorrow. Red at night, sailor's delight, you know!" Humph! We had a small blizzard today. The prophet, however, had nothing to say. Had a fine day developed though, you may be sure he would have grinned that supercilious grin and said, "Told you so, didn't I?"

Last winter was the coldest and longest of any winter in the memory of the old-timers of our district. Many reasons were given by local weather prophets for the unusually severe season. Among them were: When you have mild winters twice in succession, like we had, then you can always look for a toughie the third season. Nature always evens things up that way. One man said, "I could have told you this last summer. When I saw the bees building their hives high up instead of on the ground, I knew danged well we'd have a long cold winter with lots of snow." Another one declared, "I butchered a hog in September, and the spleen told the story. Had any one bothered to ask me I coulda told him we'd have a hard winter. Why, that spleen never tapered off one bit. It was thick and bulgy clean through."

So it went. Prophet after prophet explained the causes and the signs which had heralded our cold winter. Oddly enough, I seemed to remember that more than one of them had prophesied a mild winter with little snowfall because we had had an excessive amount of rainfall during the summer. However, when a weather prophet fixes you with a stern eye, you simply dare not argue. He takes the business of weather prophesy most seriously, and you dispute him not, if you value his friendship.

You can look for rain when the water bucket sweats, or when the birds fly high, the prophets tell us. There is no use whatever in muttering that maybe the bucket feels hot, or that the birds feel just playful. Of course if the rain does not materialize after these signs, then the prophet says, "Well, you know all signs fail in a dry season."

We have to seperate schools of moon prophets. One says that if the new moon lies flat on his back it is a "dry" moon, and we can look for fine weather. The reason given is that with the moon in that position, the water can't run out and wet us. The other school says if the new moon stands almost vertical we won't get wet because all the rain has run out, and there is no more to fall.

The Almanac comes along about November first of each year. In it, the weather is forcast for the entire year. Being of a kindly and philosophical nature, we calmly remark, week after week: "These forcasts must apply to some other section of Canada."

There is only one infallable weather sign in which I believe. Years ago I cracked my right knee- cap on the ice, when I had a bad fall on skates. To-day, even after all those years, that knee-cap sometimes aches. Just as surely as the ache appears the sun disappears and we have a storm. Of course, sometimes the storm doesn't come right away, but you can be sure it will come sooner or later. It makes me so darn mad when I tell people about it, because they look at me as much as to say, "Ha !Ha! Just another one of those silly weather prophets!"

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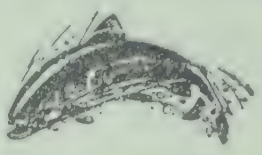

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The Human Voice Hath POWER...

by P. D.

Why is it that some farmers have quiet, easily managed livestock while others need six cowboys and stock horses to run down a cow critter? From observation it would seem that the human voice hath power to sooth the barnyard beast.

We notice that the farmer with the raucous voice, and a tendency toward profanity, usually has kicking cows and refractory horses. The hens scatter at his approach, and even the rooster sidles off and glares at him redly. This man, while doing his plowing, can be heard from there to Kingdom Come, yelling and swearing at his horses. The horses don't walk any faster, and it must be awfully tiring on the plough-man. It is this fellow who has to call on his wife or one of the kids to catch up the team if they are out on pasture. The animals just plain don't like him, and probably he wonders why. The farmer may be ever such a good feeder, and he may never actually lay a harsh hand on the animals, but, because of that loud, rough voice he hasn't won their confidence.

We have seen it proved many times, in halter-breaking a colt, that the quiet, gentle voice can work wonders. Young horses must have confidence in the master for whom they are to work, and, like humans, they have a nervous system which is easily upset. A human being would cooperate better with a courteous teacher than with one who yelled his head off every time the beginner made a wrong move. The same applies to horses.

There is no better friend to man than the dairy cow. She works as hard as any horse, manufacturing milk. It surely must go against the grain to be forced to give her milk to a man who shows no appreciation of her. If we were cows, we wouldn't go all-out for a guy who yelled, "Get around there, you blankety-blank old so-and-so!" Neither do the cows. They will give that fellow just what the have to, and hold up the rest. The dairy cow will give a third more milk to the man with the quiet voice and gentle manner. This has been proved.

We know a little lady who teaches her chickens to sing. Crazy? Not a bit of it! A singing hen is a happy hen, and a happy hen lays eggs. In the fall, when this woman houses her pullets for the first time, she makes it a point to become acquainted with the birds. She spends considerable time with them. When she enters the chicken house, she hums a little tune. She goes in and sits down among them. She imitates the singing voice of an industrious, contented hen. Soon the pullets are imitating her. They learn to know that voice, and before long, as soon as they hear it they set up a veritable chorus of welcome. They are easy to handle, and it is another case where the gentle voice pays off.

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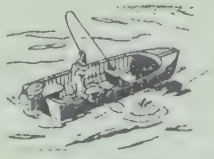

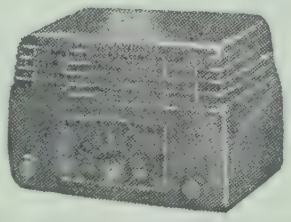

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Cariboo Gold

by NELLIE R. CAMPBELL

Gold has always held a strange fascination for man, and the tales of the fabulous wealth that was found in the Cariboo in the early days held Bert spellbound. We had just moved onto our homestead in the Nechako Valley. It was at the very beginning of the great depression that followed the financial crash of 1929.

Our nearest neighbor was a tall, gaunt old man who had found his way into Barkerville in the early days of the gold rush. Jim delighted in living over again those early days when the country was new. "There isn't a stream of any importance in the whole of British Columbia where gold cannot be found,—at least colors," he would assert. Bert listened fascinated,—we certainly had many problems in those early days of homesteading. The greatest were financial ones,—Gold,—it might be the solution.

It was the discovery of gold in British Columbia that had caused many to forsake the goldfields of California in the early sixties and travel north in search of the fortunes that could be made by washing this precious metal in the streams of British Columbia. Although it was a long and perilous journey from Victoria up the Fraser River to Yale, yet the prospect of rich goldfields lured many. It was when news began to trickle into Yale that coarse gold and even large nuggets could be picked up in the Cariboo that many of the more venturesome forsook their recently acquired holdings at Yale and pushed northward. Here the gold was found in larger particles than in the sands of the Fraser. The mad rush into the Cariboo began when it was learned that five men had obtained twelve hundred dollars worth of gold in a single day.

No boat could live in the wicked waters of the canyon beyond Yale, so the gold seekers must tramp for hundreds of miles over trails that led through bush and over mountains to the goldfields of Wells and Barkerville. Undaunted by the arduous task of packing in all necessary supplies on their backs, men crawled like ants over the rocky trail, lured ever onward by gold.

As all goods must be carried over these trails, the prices of essential supplies were almost prohibitive. Flour sold at $300 a barrel, dried apples at $2.00 a pound, while boots cost $50.00 a pair, and any miner was glad to pay a dollar for a four-sheet newspaper, often several weeks old.

Many of these early miners formed themselves into companies of twenty and each agreed to pack in three hundred pounds of the needed supplies over the mountain trail. Of course, no man could carry that amount at one time, so the supplies were divided and carried in by relay. A hundred-pound pack is a heavy load for any man and only the most hardy were able to stand the ordeal of three trips with the heavy loads over hundreds of miles of steep trail.

A young Irishman named Kelley was seized with the gold fever soon after his marriage at the coast. Fortunately Mrs. Kelley also possessed an adventurous spirit, so she boarded the steamer with her husband at Victoria and the Kelleys set out for Yale. Here the long trek began, but Mrs. Kelley was game and in spite of her hoop skirts — which she never once thought of discarding for breeks— she walked over the tortuous trail that led to Barkerville. Her husband was a baker by trade and it was not long before he discovered that there was more money to be made feeding the hungry miners than there was in prospecting for gold. Soon the Kelley eating-house became the most popular place in the whole town, as Mrs. Kelley was a fine cook.

It was in the early sixties that two young Swedes came from Australia to California in search of gold. They followed the gold rush from there into British Columbia. At Yale they watched the prospectors start out with their hundred-pound packs upon their backs. They sat upon the river bank and talked far into the night. The days following found the two brothers busily constructing a large wheel between five and six feet in height. A strong axle ran through the hub. Built around the wheel were wooden platforms — one in front, one behind and one on each side. There were shafts both in front and in back, as well as two legs that could be let down to steady the load when it was not in motion.

A curious crowd gathered to watch the two brothers start on their long trip north with a thousand pounds of necessary supplies fastened securely onto the wooden platforms surrounding their large wheel. One of the brothers pulled while the other pushed the load from behind. It is needless to say that there was great excitement when the two young Swedes arrived in the mining town of Barkerville with a thousand pounds of freight— at that time an unheard of feat.

Although the brothers "struck it rich," they never could forget the strip of fertile grazing land that they had passed through just south of the mining town. One day they deserted their claim and returned to this fertile plain. There they built themselves a log house, barns and corrals. The ranch prospered from the very first and their herds increased.

As the two brothers had originally come from Australia, their ranch became known as the Australian Ranch and became a favorite stopping place for pros-

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pectors and later for the drivers of the huge wagons that carried supplies over the famous Cariboo Wagon Road, which was built by Governor Douglas to make these rich districts more accessible. Both of the brothers are dead and the ranch has passed into other hands, but it is still known for miles throughout this northland as the Australian Ranch.

At that time the cost of building a railroad through this rough and sparsely settled country was prohibitive and the raging waters of the Fraser made the river unnavigable beyond Yale, so some of the miners shipped camels in from California to pack in the needed supplies over the mountain trails.

Camels may be an ideal beast of burden in desert countries, but they proved to be utterly worthless on the mountain trails of British Columbia as the sharp rocks cut their soft, padded feet to pieces; so this method of packing had to be abandoned and the camels were turned loose to roam over the country and graze.

These early miners were greatly hampered in their work by their lack of tools. Only what they could carry on their backs or on a packhorse, such as axes, picks, shovels and gold pans, were available to them. If they struck gold in paying quantities, other apparatus was constructed on the premises to suit the need of the location. Rockers, long-toms and sluices were arranged to handle the sands and gravels. If large amounts of water were needed, dams with hinged gates were used. These were so constructed that when the impounded water created sufficient pressure the gates opened and released the water to scour the creek bed and uncover the gold-bearing gravel.

Night after night we sat by the airtight heater in our log cabin listening to Jim, the tall, gaunt old man who lived just across the cove from us, as he lived over again those early days in Barkerville. Bert was sure that he could pan gold. He followed carefully the directions step by step as Jim puffed slowly on his pipe.

The dirt, with whatever gold it might contain, was first put in the pan and then the whole immersed in water and gently shaken. This loosened the material and the large gravel was washed by hand and thrown out. The clayey substances were broken up by hand and were thrown out of the pan by a swirling motion to and fro after the pan had been lifted from the water. What remained after the gravels, sands and clay had been removed by this peculiar motion was black sand, gold nuggets and coarse dust. The particles consisted of gold, platinum, chromite, magnetic iron, and even rubies, garnets, tungsten, tin and other heavy materials. Pyrite and mica fooled many of the inexperienced because of their glitter, but both were brittle if crushed. When the heavy particles had been dried in the pan they could easily be separated by a magnet, leaving practically clear gold dust.

Bert read aloud detailed directions for making a rocker or dolly and his evenings were spent in poring over books on mining. Those early days of the depression were not easy ones for the homesteaders in the Nechako Valley. There was no work of any kind to be had and not enough could be produced on their small clearings for even a bare livelihood. Once more there was talk of gold. Tales of those early days in Barkerville were rife. A few of the settlers started washing gold along the Nechako.

Jim would shake his grizzled head. "I'm tellin' yer, ther's still gold in the Nechako,—maybe not big pay,—but ther's wages there."

Had I possessed an adventurous spirit like Mrs. Kelley, of those olden days, and become the least bit enthused by the tales of gold nuggets to be found in the sands of many of British Columbia's rivers, I am sure that in those early days of homesteading I would have found myself beside some mountain stream—panning gold.

All that winter the gold fever ran high in Bert's veins. He talked gold,—he dreamt gold,—he pictured the care-free life of the prospector, life in the open beside cool, rushing streams,—but I remained wholly unmoved. I loved my snug log cabin, nestling beneath the white birch and the dark green spruce that grew on the shore of the lake. I wanted a garden and lots of flowers. I had come to British Columbia to make a home—not to pan gold.

It seemed that this was not the first time that Bert had succumbed to gold fever . I discovered that he had been seized with a most violent attack in his early youth. It had taken a trip into the country north of La Pas and an entire year of hard work and bitter disappointment to cure him that time.

It was while the gold fever was at its height that a trapper stopped at our cabin one night. He was in search of someone to run the northern end of his trapline, which lay north and west of our cabin. That would give him more time to trap the portion closer to his own homestead and he could be at home each night.

He pulled a couple of dark mink from his pack sack. Their fur was fine, soft and lustrous. Fur,—why the forests of British Columbia were full of fur-bearing animals. There was untold wealth all around us just for the taking. That spring Bert was running the north end of the trapline on shares. Although he loved the out-door life and the

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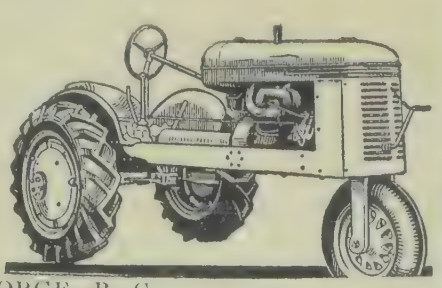

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long, solitary tramps through these northern woods, he never quite forgot the gold that lay hidden in the creek beds. The discovery of an old gold pan beside a small creek that ran into Ericson's Lake started the gold fever afresh and he could not resist the temptation to wash a bit of gravel, but there were not even colors there.

It was not until we started our mink ranch on the shore of Ness Lake that Bert ceased to mention gold. If one has ever owned a mink ranch he knows that mink ranching is a full-time job. There were pens to build and then to keep clean. There were nets to assemble, and each spring there were whole days spent in fishing, for growing mink are ravenous little creatures. As the days passed Bert seemed to forget the gold nuggets to be found in the gravel along the Nechako,—at least he no longer mentioned them. I hoped that mink-raising together with the trapline would affect a permanent cure. However, they tell me that if one has ever had gold fever he is never immune from periodic attacks.

As the work increased with the growth of our herd, Bert gave up the trapline. Mink ranching is a most confining occupation and he missed the long tramps through the woods. After eight years, we decided to pelt all of the mink. We were no longer tied down by seventy ravenous little creatures constantly demanding fresh meat and fish. At last we were free and there was time to travel about the country to really see this northland and enjoy its beauty. There seemed to be no better way to travel than by bicycle with a pup tent, blankets and a few cooking utensils strapped to the carriers.

This spring found us travelling south from Burns Lake along the highway that led to Ootsa Lake, the entrance to Tweedsmuir Park. On the shore of Ootsa we pitched our tent. We were awakened each morning by the put-put of a motorboat on the lake; each night we sat upon the short watching the snow-capped mountains grow dim in the distance as night settled down over lovely Ootsa.

One day we followed the gravel road that led along the edge of the lake. It was nearly noon when we stopped at a farm house on the shore of the lake, fifteen miles from our camping site, and it was here that Bert met John Clegg. Gold—I listened to their talk.

John Clegg had come from New Massett, on the tip end of the Queen Charlotte Islands, to visit friends at Ootsa. Alas, the gold fever ran in his veins. There was gold at New Massett. After each storm one could find fine gold in the sand along the beach. Men were washing gold there. One could even file upon a mining claim along the shore. No one had struck it rich, but there were good wages in washing gold, and one should be satisfied with that these days. He was going back and take a mining claim. I saw the old glint in Bert's eye,—Gold at New Massett.

The summer was over and I had accepted a position as teacher in an Indian day school at Kitkatla, which is situated on an island in the Pacific, five hours run from Prince Rupert. Bert studied the map. A short distance to the west lay the Queen Charlotte Islands,—New Massett, — John Clegg, — gold mining claims along the shore.

As I packed, Bert got out the big tent. He rolled up the sleeping bags, gathered up the camping euipment. I watched him pack the frying-pan.

"We won't need all those things," I ventured, "if we are to have a furnished residence."

Bert looked at me surprised. "Why, of course, we'll take a run over to New Massett in the spring to see John Clegg," he said. "It would be a shame not to go to see him when we are that near."

I continued my packing. I had learned that if one has ever been bitten by the "gold bug" the virus always remains in his veins. Spring,—New Massett, John Clegg,—Gold mining claims along the beach,—Who knows, I may yet find myself panning gold.

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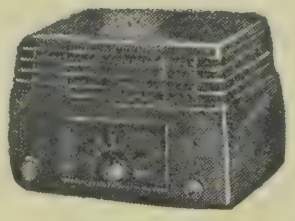

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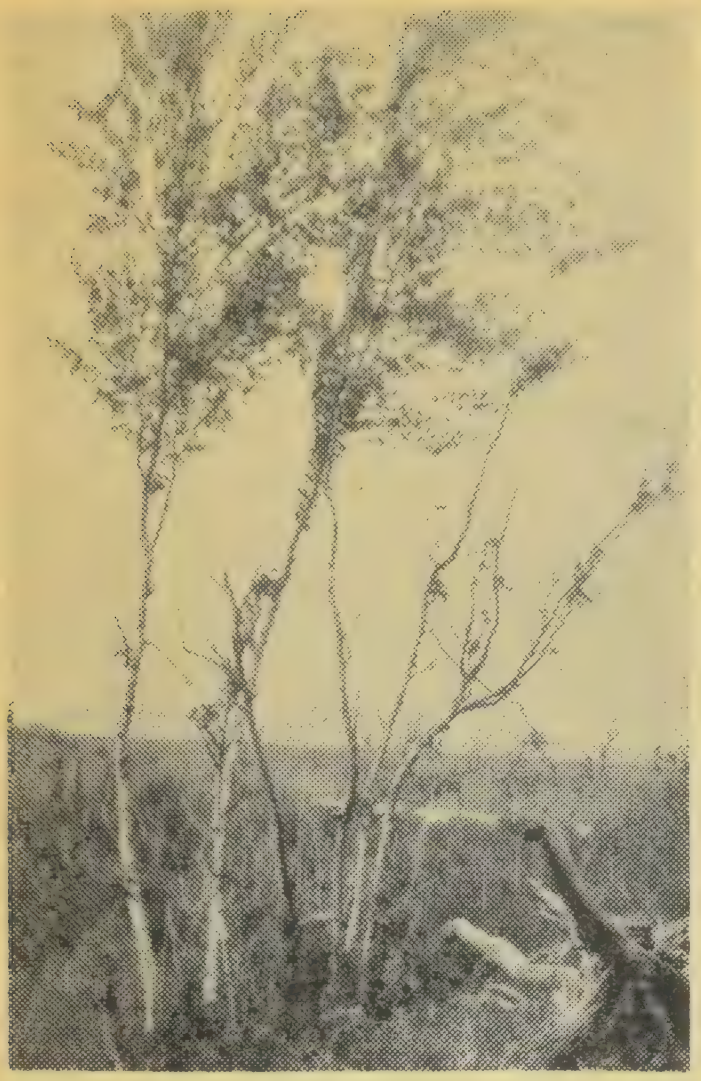

Fig. 20 All the available browse has been stripped off this young birch (Betula papyrifera) growing at the head of Ootsa Lake. It is not an isolated example. (July 1946)

Fig. 13. The pine forest near Wisteria showing an opening in which moose have utilized nearly all the available upland willow. Low bushes in the foreground are Shepherdia canadesis which is not eaten by moose. Note the dead willows in the background.

Fig. 12. Looking west along the north shore towards the head of Ootsa Lake from a point three miles east of the settlement. Note the interspersion of forest and south exposures which comprise some of the best winter range in the area. Much of this is being overbrowsed.

AN APPEAL FOR THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

sitism—are they related in moose —almost certainly? Some calf moose which are less able to buck deep snow, naturally being less vigorous than their parents, were found dead and heavily tick infested in regions where food was still available. These are facts, they are indisputable. But, before final conclusions may be drawn, we must know how general this shortage of winter food is. As yet, I am unfamiliar with the Chilcotin area about which Mr. Collier writes, but communication from him has more than a slight indication that upland feed even in this moose paradise is in a condition way past the optimum for a large moose population.

Upland feed coming in after a fire should according to our knowledge of plant physiology and ecology be higher in food value than the old mature stuff and also that in the swamps and along lakeshores and on gravelly river banks. The ashes deposited after the fire probably fertilize the ground considerably—providing minerals such as available calcium and potassium requisite for good animal metabolism. Experiments are now under way at the University of B.C. to test out this theory and before long, we expect some results to show whether or not we are barking up the wrong tree. **Maybe** friends, this apparent decrease of moose is inevitable, maybe we can't support the numbers of moose now present in Central British Columbia? Is the lack of moose food in many areas having something to do with the prevalence of wolves and their apparent well-being—we are not presenting a fact here, it is merely a theory that we are seeking to test.

Why should moose by the dozens be raiding farmers haystacks in the Cariboo and Chilcotin, whereas in the big 200 sq. mile burn in the Clearwater Valley unfenced or low fenced haystacks are not visited by moose? In the surrounding area there exist great quantities of available palatable winter food and the local moose population there is probably equal to that in any area of the Cariboo.

I have mailed questionaires to hundreds of guides in Central and Northern B.C.; few, I will admit, believe that there is a winter food shortage. However, there are a number of very observant individuals who realized that the moose were having a tough time to get

winter food long before I ever saw the Cariboo. To these men and their observations, I extend my appreciation in no small amount.

The large predator populations, notably wolves, now ravaging among our moose herds are another indication that all is not well behind the scene of casual observation. Conditions with respect to these predators vary from one area to another, wolves are most abundant north of latitude 54 in the Cariboo. This area in the north is little hunted in comparison with the south.

Now, if nothing kills a large animal like the moose, what is to prevent it from increasing to the point where it depletes its winter food. In just a few years a pair of moose would become hundreds, assuming no losses. We are fortunate to have hunters and predators to check this biological potential. Certainly, moose will move out of one overfed area and into the next but they have apparently been doing that for over forty years. These animals are now down near the International Boundary and abutting upon the Intermountain Grassland region where only deer and elk can survive. It seems as though the spread of moose in B.C. is about ended as they now occupy most of the better environment.

In 1935 or thereabouts the herd of moose on Isle Royale, Michigan, almost went out of the picture as they died of starvation. It was even suggested to liberate wolves on Isle Royale and attempt a herd reduction in this way. Before an open season could be placed on these animals, the population reduced itself from starvation. In the Rocky Mountain Parks of Banff and Jasper the biotic potential in the elk herd was uncurbed by predators. During one severe winter carcasses littered the ground at one point in Banff Park. Browse was annihiliated and repercussions following this range depletion are still being felt by the sheep and deer herds. Wolves in Jasper Park have been unable to kill elk fast enough to reduce their numbers. This however, is occurring in a National Park, not British Columbia. Nevertheless, it forcibly demonstrates what happens when you protect wild life and don't remove the excess. When a person speaks about excessive removal of moose from remote areas, or heavy predation I cannot help but wonder if the moose are not present in the area in question in too great numbers. Excess numbers occur at Ootsa Lake and a good many other regions cannot, year after year, tolerate the numbers of this huge animal which in Michigan was found to consume over fifty pounds of browse a day. Proof for this lies in the present condition of our winter ranges. During mild winters with light snowfall our moose will probably do all right, providing they don't increase but I hesitate to estimate what will happen to even present numbers during an exceptionally severe season. Last winter (1946-1947) moose losses from starvation and ticks were light in comparison with what we might experience one of these years.

If I were forced into a corner and asked to guess at the future of the moose in Central British Columbia, I would say that it might not be pleasant to contemplate the distant future hunting and guiding possibilities for this animal. I would say that probably moose will not be as abundant twenty years hence—maybe only ten. I seriously doubt if the present annual yield will be possible if better food conditions do not prevail in the very near future in many areas.

Our hunting statistics show little evidence of excess hunting except possibly for the lower Cariboo. We are watching the situation closely—moose won't become shot out in one year or even two or three years. Success ratios among hunters and sex ratios in the moose population will give us ample warning of a shortage owing to hunting. Hunters won't suddenly exterpate the moose from Central B. C., you need not worry about that—if they do deplete them it will become increasingly more difficult to get moose and the law of diminishing returns will begin to operate. Then our Game Department will have good evidence for curtailing the season and placing on extra restrictions. You may reason that hundreds of moose are being killed anually by Indians predators and residents on whom we have no check. But we must deal with what is left after predators, and resident hunters take their toll. When we find consistent diminishing returns in the guiding business and these prevail for a few years then let us make the necessary corrections. There is no need for a general alarm at present. No doubt this statement will be challenged by Mr. Collier who seemingly believes that the moose are about done for out his way. However, I trust he has sufficient evidence to place the blame in the correct direction—one cannot reliably blame hunters or predators if an excess moose population was present prior to the decline. Quite possibly the decline was inevitable—it is not possible for me to say with certainty—the indications however, do exist in many regions and quite possibly in the Chilcotin.

I find it satisfying to realize that in the Southern Cariboo at least, our moose population is made good use of rather than allowed to build up for the big exit—a much bigger and sudden exit than hunters are making even if they are exerting a steady drain. This drain we will be able to detect, I am sure. When starvation strikes there is no time to react but with a slow drain by hunters there is time.

I'll admit that in 1946 my feelings were aroused by the hundreds of heads and tons of moose meat that went through the Cache Creek Checking Station where I was located. In 1947 however, when everyone expected that there would be low successes among hunters, the kill increased instead. I assure you, friends, our Game Department is not asleep at the controls, they are aware of what is taking place—they haven't been administrators for 30 years without gaining a great deal of experience. But you must realize that they are handicapped by not having sufficient technical aid, for one thing. The business of administering an area as large as B. C. is no little task and furthermore funds received by the Department are still far from adequate for the increased need of more intensive management. The day is arriving when game wardens alone will not be enough—law enforcement is only one part of a game management program. Many of the American States are now investing thousands of dollars in research for they have been made to realize that for decades they have played the game of trial and error—sometimes right and sometimes wrong.

Our commission has done exceedingly well under conditions of minimum utilization of our resources but two men cannot, absolutely cannot, with increased demand for wildlife administrate over two hundred thousand square miles of wildlife habitat with a skeleton staff and lack of technical game personnel. Game departments are often subject to much criticism. I found a vicious type of political pole-axing going on in some of the American States. As a high school student some years ago on Vancouver Island I couldn't understand the seemingly inert persons somehow making our game policies. At that early age I could hardly see over the back fence so to speak, and had no comprehension whatever of the multitude of different situations that existed in other areas and why, for example, the willow grouse season had to be closed in my favorite hunting area where these birds abound. It must

continued on page 64-A

Forest Management Licenses

continued from page 7

only to reseed the two million acres denuded in the past, and keep pace with the annual cut, but designed also to maintain the MAXIMUM FREEDOM OF ENTERPRISE in our forest industry.. for such is their responsibilty.

Rather than accept this responsibility which is theirs, and theirs alone, our government has introduced 'Forest Management Licences' as a direct means whereby it may SHIRK its responsibilties. It is an effort to shift the onus of blame for past wasteful denuding, and the responsibility for the continuation of our forest reserves onto 'private industry.' Said the Hon. E.T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests, "Why SHOULDN'T private industry be made to reforest the areas they log? They are the ones who have denuded the forests; the ones who are to profit by the preservation of those resources."

Mr. Kenney has thusly placed the government's viewpoint in a nutshell. To read it one would think that for the past 50 years B.C. has had NO government and NO Forestry Department which supervised the method by which our forest resources were harvested. It is easy to point an accusing finger, but WHATEVER HAS BEEN DONE IN THE PAST TO B.C's. FOREST RESOURCES - HAS BEEN DONE WITH THE FULL SANCTION OF OUR GOVERNMENT, AND OF OUR FORESTRY DEPARTMENT.

The blame then, for what has happened in the PAST, rests squarely upon our government and the manner in which it has shirked its responsibility in administering our (the public's) forest resources. . . And the responsibility for what happens in in the FUTURE to the PUBLIC'S remaining timber resources, rests squarely upon the shoulders of the PUBLIC'S ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES. . . . Mr. Kenney, and our government would side-step that responsibility by rendering those resources NO LONGER 'PUBLIC'. . . .

DEMOCRACY - FREE ENTERPRISE and FIGURES

One of the things we Canadian people pride ourselves on is our Freedom of Enterprise; our freedom to engage in any one of the multitude of opportunities to enrich ourselves which the country offers, including the freedom to engage ourselves in the lumbering industry if we so choose. We pride ourselves on the fact that we are a DEMOCRACY — with government "of the people — by the people — for (the majority of) the people." And in recent years two wars have been fought in order to preserve the freedoms which are ours under democratic government. . . . Let us see how Forest Management Licenses fit into the conception of good democratic government.

In a recent interview with the Hon. E.T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests, this writer, in answer to a question, was advised that **40 percent of the total timber resources of the province is already privately owned or controlled.**

The private acquisition of this timber dates back to 1875 when the government of that day benevolently handed out millions of acres of land and the billions of feet of timber thereon, to the various railroads under construction prior to the turn of the century, and in negotiations of a more recent date.

At this interview, Mr. Kenney stated that it is the intention of the government to give out, under F.M. Licenses, 40 PERCENT OF THE REMAINING CROWN TIMBER LANDS. Simple arithmetic indicates that when the governmnet's plan is complete, private industry will control 64 PERCENT of B.C's. timber resources, leaving 36 percent for public use.

It is an accepted fact that 23 percent of B.C's. timber is either inaccessible, or represents such a poor yield per acre that it is not economically feasible to log it under present conditions. . .This leaves exactly 13 PERCENT of British Columbia's timber available to the thousands of small operators now in business, and to **all future generations of Canadians who may want to enter into the lumbering industry in B.C.**

The timber available to all non-holders of F.M. Licenses will be cut by TWO-THIRDS — and to the lucky(?) few will go timber sufficient to log "in perpetuity".

The Hon. Gordon S. Wismer, who drew up the ammendments, the Hon. E.T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests and Byron Johnson, our new Premier, all have PROMISED - IN TYPICAL POLITICAL FASHION (while campaigning in Cariboo on behalf of the Coalition candidate) that the SMALL OPERATOR WILL NOT BE HURT by the new legislation. Yet in not one instance, did any one of the above three gentlemen offer the public ANY FIGURES WHATSOEVER — particularly the above figures were not offered (in public. Yet it is only by revealing the above figures that the public can grasp a true picture of the tremendous restriction about to be placed on present-day small operators, and on all NEW operators, big or small, of the future.

Today, 60 percent of our forest reserves are still owned by the Crown; that is, the PEOPLE. Of this 60 percent, 37 percent is readily accessible to be logged — And ANY CANADIAN CITIZEN who is willing to pay the current minimum Stumpage and Royalty, and then willing to follow through by outbidding his competitors in open auction, may log any part of it. . . When the govermnent has completed its program in regard to F.M. Licences, ONLY 13 PERCENT will be available for PUBLIC use, while PRIVATE INDUSTRY will control 64 PERCENT . . . .

We defy Premier Johnson, or any of his Cabinet Ministers, to prove that the bringing about of such a situation is GOOD DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT, or that it is government for the good of THE MAJORITY

MILIONS LOST THROUGH SIMILAR 'DEALS'

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continued on page 55

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AGRICULTURAL REVIEW

by IMA FARMER

THE BATTLE OF THE SPREAD

The controversy over butter versus margarine goes on. Since 1923 Canada has had a law prohibiting the sale of oleomargarine in Canada. This protective measure has been upheld by all governments in power because, in their judgment, the law provides the greatest good for the greatest number. There are three hundred and seventy thousand dairy farmers across Canada producing cream for butter. During depression years dairy men operated at a heart-breaking loss. During war years the price of butter was not allowed to rise in proportion to production costs. The price of cream rose some, but was deliberately held low by government policy so that more milk might be diverted to cheese for the U.K. to substitute for meat. There was a subsidy on butter, which the dairymen helped to pay. The producers were penalized and made great sacrifices in order to help our war effort.

Now that there is a more equitable price for cream, there is a great hullaballoo set up by the consuming public, who have been taught to expect low milk and butter prices. Farm feed and labor costs have trebled, but the public still demands milk and butter at the same old price or else MARGARINE.

It is doubtful that margarine could be produced in Canada at a price much below that of butter. Since the war milk production has increased by two billion pounds. The dairy industry is once again, after many year, becoming healthy. It is axiomatic that when Canadian agriculture prospers the whole nation is healthy. A ceiling has recently been slapped on butter which is high enough to allow dairymen to make a reasonable margin of profit. It is safe to predict, however, that if no controls are placed on coarse grains, Canadian dairymen will soon find it impossible to maintain production under the present ceiling price. The feed grain picture may change before this article goes to press, but at present the outlook is unhappy for the entire livestock industry.

Biggest argument against oleomargarine is: Consumers do not howl against the price of beer. A pint of beer costs more than a quart of milk, and far more beer than milk is consumed in Canada. As a class, who is the richer: farmer or brewer?

Central B.C. dairymen say they will milk cows during summer and as long as they will milk on hay during winter months, but cannot feed grain to maintain production.

POULTRY FLOCKS DWINDLING

Very few baby chicks have been ordered by central B.C. farmers. The high cost of feed compared to the price of eggs has forced many small growers out of business. It is our prophecy that British Columbia will not contribute her usual share of export eggs.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS FROM CENTRAL B.C. DECREASE

Proving that local consumption of beef is increasing, the following figures are of interest: A total of 3,204 head of cattle and 6,006 hides were shipped from central B.C. and Peace River districts during 1947; as compared with 5,417 and 4,103 in 1946, respectively. In 1945 the totals were 5,971 head and 3,206 hides.

PUREBRED CATTLE BREEDERS

Several new central B.C. breeders are starting out in the registered cattle business. There should soon be no excuse for cattlemen in the north to use scrub bulls or go to the trouble of having registered bulls shipped in from distant points. The purebred breeder performs a valuable service to the community. Upon him is the onus of importing fine breeding stock and continuously working and striving to improve the quality of bulls he offers for sale. Success in the registered cattle business must be honestly won, progressively managed, and profitably maintained.

With the judicious use of suplementary mineral feeds it has been proved that nowhere in the province can finer beef stock be produced than in the north central region. Pasture management is important. At a recent conference of district agriculturists in Vancouver, the Honourable Frank Putnam, Minister of Agriculture, said that he felt farmers of B.C. were not paying enough attention to the basis of farming: The Soil and the Crop. Many ranges have been overgrazed. There was a great field here for reseeding as well as starting proper range practices. Forage crops have been englected. The use of fertilized, cultivating of old pastures, and seeding down to recommended varieties of pasture grasses would pay several times over.

With the probability that the free freight policy on grain will be removed the end of July, it could mean a further increase of $6.00 a ton in feed grain prices. Now is the time, the Minister advises, to get more land under cultivation and raise a greater proportion of B.C.'s feed grain requirements.

Seed grain is in short supply and the current prices are very high.

PRODUCER-CONSUMER ANGLE

The daily press is, oddly enough, very reticent about bringing the facts of high food price causes before the public. It is high time the housewife is honestly informed.

Canadian consumers, whether they know it or not, are enjoying subsidized food. The subsidy, however, is not being paid out of the consolidated revenue of Canada but from the pockets of the Canadian farmers. The following facts prove it irrevocably, and the sooner the public is truthfully informed, the sooner will there be co-operation and concerted action by the producers and the consumers.

THE FACTS:

1. The world market price for wheat is $3.00. The Canadian farmer gets $1.58½. The Canadian housewife gets bread for exactly half what it is worth, and the Canadian farmer pays the subsidy.

2. The price of flax in the U.S.A. is $7.00 a bushel. The Wheat Board forces the Canadian farmer to sell his flax for $5.00. Paint and other flaxseed products are reasonably priced in Canada, but the

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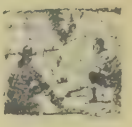

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Canadian farmer pays the subsidy.

3. Canadians enjoy their beer at the same old price. How do the brewers keep the price down? Are they dispensing charity? The truth is that the brewers and maltsters have never paid a fair price for barley. During wartime they paid a fixed premium over feed barley, which was always too low. After controls were removed regulations against free export prevented Canadian growers from selling their barley in the profitable American market.

4. Meat is much cheaper in Canada than in the U.S.A. Embargo on beef shipments to the States keeps meat prices down for Canadian consumers. If only a small portion of the Canadian beef crop could be sold in the U.S. market, domestic meat prices would advance. The canadian cattle grower is not allowed to sell to anyone but the home consumer or for the British export market. United States wants Canadian meat and Canada wants U.S. dollars, but Canadian farmers continue to subsidize meat for buyers in Canada.

5. When the terms of the new British contract were announced, coolers were full of Canada's fall pork crop. Mr. J. S. McLean, president of Canada Packers, cheerfully estimates a profit of $2,700,000 for the packers of Canada on that little pig coup. The government's sudden action in restricting fresh fruits and vegetable imports from the States created luscious windfalls for wholesalers and retailers with stocks on hand. There was a pretty penny made on butter and other commodities bought at last summer's prices and held in cold storage. Certainly it was not the primary producer who reaped the big profits.

MEAT PACKING PLANT at Prince George

The need for a meat processing plant in the central interior of British Columbia has long been recognized. About twelve years ago the stockmen of central B.C., along with many business men, petitioned the provincial government to assist in establishing a small plant at Burns Lake. The site was chosen because it lies about half way on the C.N.R. line between Prince George and Rupert. It was felt that livestock could be easily trucked or shipped, and the potential operating facilities were available: building site on railroad and ample water. Although the Honourable K. C. McDonald appeared to favor the scheme, the petition was shelved because "there was no Dominion Marketing Act to protect the small packer from the large concerns." It was almost certain that the big companies would flood the local market with cheap meat products to force the small concern to close. This custom is prevalent and there is no law against it.

During the war years private capital built a small, modern packing plant at Prince George. This project folded up before the plant was ever opened for operation. Recently it has been taken over by Mr. A. P. Anderson of Prince George. He, working in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Christensen, has offered to let the farmers take over on a Co-op basis. Mr. Christensen was at one time Supervisor of Co-ops for the Province of Alberta.

Meetings have been held at Smithers, Burns Lake, and Pineview in order to learn the general attitude of the farmers toward the idea. At the meeting of the Central B.C. Livestock Association at Burns Lake on January 2 it was proposed that the Quesnel Livestock Association be consulted with regard to the two associations forming a co-operative organization to operate the plant in Prince George. There will be a meeting of representatives of the two associations held in Prince George in the near future to discuss the proposition.

With Prince George rapidly becoming the hub city of the north, it is generally felt that the location of the plant is quite desirable. A highway will soon connect Prince George with the Peace River, and it is thought certain that sooner or later the P.G.E. railroad will connect with Prince George and the Peace. A picture of unlimited markets via the port city of Prince Rupert to Alaska and the Orient is unfolding for the producer of the Interior. Although the great beef herds of British Columbia are raised in the Interior, the only processing plants in the Province have been located in the extreme south, at Vancouver. Livestock has been shipped hundreds of miles to the packing plants, then shipped back hundreds of miles in the form of processed meats. It is hoped by establishing a plant closer to the source of production to save the northern interior producer many dollars formerly lost in freight and shrinkage. It is also hoped that projects of this sort will promote the growth of Prince Rupert, that wonderful port which has known nothing but the cold shoulder of the province and the entire nation.

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Forest Management Licenses

continued from page 55

timber was given away to the railways in various 'deals' not very different from F.M. Licenses the province has lost untold millions of dollars due to the fact that the land and the timber thereon was given "free of tax". Part of the 8 million acres given away in this manner comprised some of the choicest stands of timber on the American continent. The most notorious case is the famous E. & N. Railroad case. On the lands given away in this deal are located the bulk of B.C's. big lumbering operations. For years billions of feet of timber have been cut from these lands, but despite every effort on the part of our government to derive revenue from this land by the imposition of taxes or Royalty on timber cut, the present holders of said land have successfully avoided paying taxes of any kind with the exception of a small forest protection tax.

$9,000,000.00 PER YEAR LOSS

Had not earlier governments been **so quick** to give away the public's resources, the government would now be reaping an annual revenue of some 14 million dollors, rather than the 4.8 million dollars it received in1947. (Figure arrived at by multiplying 1947 production of 4 billion feet by an average Stumpage and Royalty of $3.50 per thousand)

This loss in revenue of 9.2 MILLION DOLLARS in 1947, is a direct result of the fact that two-thirds of the timber being logged in B.C. today is being taken from that 40 percent of B.C's. total timber resources which past governments GAVE AWAY in deals whereby the present holders of such timber pay, either NO TAXES of ROYALTY whatsoever, or, in the face of our present-day economy, ridiculously low charges — all of which has resulted in depriving the B.C. Treasury of TWO-THIRDS of its rightful revenue from forest resources, and in forcing an increase in taxes in other directions to make up the loss. . . . Citizens of British Columbia — our government is about to add ANOTHER 24 PERCENT to the percentage of timber resources now held PRIVATELY — AND THIS 24 PERCENT IS ALSO EARMARKED FOR SPECIAL LOW-TAX PRIVILEGES! Is it any wonder then, that our government is resorting ot a 3 percent sales-tax to find the revenue required for its latest budget?

$10,000,000.00 LOSS IN GRANTING ONE F.M. LICENSE

At the present time all Crown Timber is sold on a competitive basis, to the highest bidder. The successful applicant for a F. M. License however, will receive his timber at the basic minimum Stumpage and Royalty rate established for the area. . . . Let us introduce some figures to understand what this means in dollars and cents.

An application is now in the hands of the Forestry Department covering an area east of Quesnel which according to old Forestry Dept. surveys contains some 7 BILLION feet of timber. Current basic Stumpage and Royalty in the area is approximately $3.50 per thousand f.b.m. However, in open competition, Crown timber auctioned off to the 60-odd mill operators in the district has been bringing anywhere up to $9.25 per thousand f.b.m., or nearly THREE TIMES the basic minimum. If we settle however, at $5.00 as an average sale price, we find that if the 7 billion feet were AUCTIONED OFF in the usual manner, the government would receive $35,000,000.00 for this block of timber. However, if it is given under the F.M. License plan, our government will receive only $3.50 per thous. f.b.m., or $24,500,000 00 — A DIRECT LOSS TO THE PROVINCE, AND THE PEOPLE, OF OVER TEN MILLION DOLLARS. . . Citizens of B.C. — there are over ONE HUNDRED applications in, for Forest Management Licenses — And is it any wonder they are flocking in? **The gravy-boat will only hold so many. . .**

LEGAL ENTANGLEMENT

The shining example of what lies ahead of this province in the way of legal entanglement should the government go ahead with its F.M.L. plan, is the E. & N. Railroad deal, referred to earlier. In 1884 the Province of B.C. conveyed to the Dominion Government 3,000 square miles of land on Vancouver Island. This was in the nature of security to the Federal Government for the encouragement of the construction of a railway on Vancouver Island.

This land grant contained some of the largest and finest stands of Douglas Fir on the continent, and was eventually conveyed by the Dominion Gov't. to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad, a company formed and owned by Robert Dunsmuir, the coal operator of Nanaimo. Large areas in this belt have since been alienated by the E. & N. Co. (now controlled by the C.P.R.) but huge stands of valuable timber still remain in its ownership. The great logging and sawmilling industry of B.C. has its chief operations, both as to volume and value, in these railway lands on Vancouver Island.

Prior to 1887, timber lands were Crown Granted **without** reservation that timber cut was to pay Royalty, or without provision that timber cut was to be manufactured **within** the province, but could be exported in the form of logs **free of tax.**

In 1901 the (then) government woke up to the fact that serious blunders had been committed by early legislators, and passed an act stating that "Royalty" was NOT A TAX, and that tax exemption privileges in the several railway grants in the province, totalling 8,203,410 acres, DID NOT therefore carry exemption from timber ROYALTY. This act, however, has never been made to stick in regard to the E. & N. Railway lands, which total some 2 MILLION acres, and from which hundreds of millions of feet of timber are being cut each year. . . .

Again, a few years ago, the province made another attempt to derive revenue from these lands by passing legislation imposing an EXPORT TAX on UNMANUFACTURED logs being shipped across the line to the U. S. A. (A great deal of the timber from the E & N lands was, and

still is, going across to our neigbours to the south.)

After a brief period in which collections were made, amounting, I believe, to 6 MILLION dollars, or thereabouts, the lumber operators concerned (those logging on lands Crown Granted tax-free prior to 1887) won a decision in the Supreme Court against such collections, and the money had to be refunded.... Citizens of British Columbia... We cite the above legal battle that has been going on for 47 years, and which is STILL GOING ON, as an example of the type of legal entanglement that is due to take place in regard to FOREST MANAGEMENT LICENSES....

A ONE HUNDRED YEAR LEGAL BATTLE is scheduled to take place between our government and holders of F. M. Licenses over what DOES, and DOES NOT, constitute **"logging on a sustained yield basis".**

A meeting was held in Quesnel late in February, at which were present, the Hon. E. T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests, Mr. Gregg, vice president of Western Plywoods (who are applying for a F. M. License,) a dozen or more small mill operators, and the writer. The purpose of the meeting was to allay the fears of the small operators in regard to Forest Management Licenses and to acquaint them with exactly how the new plan is to work. In the opinion of this writer neither purpose was accomplished.

After an hour or more of general discussion, during which Mr. Kenney failed to offer any FIGURES, I asked the following questions, and received the answers noted:

"Mr. Kenney, how long will it be after a license is granted and a sustained yield program is embarked on by the the licenseholder before Forestry officials will be able to decide whether an area has been **properly reforested.**.. 5 years. . 10 years.. ..or?" (I had not yet, at that time, read the ammendments to the act, and did not know that NOWHERE in the act does it state that the holder of a F M. License MUST REFOREST)

Mr. Kenney, "Why, that would depend greatly on the terrain, but I should think that it would be closer to five years than ten."

Question: "WHO would decide whether an area was properly reforested?"

Mr. Kenney, "Why our Forest Engineers, who are men trained in that work."

Question: "What is there to prevent a difference of opinion from arising? Let us suppose that a license is granted to Western Plywoods, as applied for in this area. This gentleman, I indicated Mr. Gregg," is also a qualified Forest Engineer, trained, I believe, by your own Forestry Department, and until recently employed by the government in that capacity.... What is to prevent him from contesting the decision of Government Forestry Engineers as to whether or whether not a given area has been properly reforested?... remember he is EQUALLY qualified.

Mr. Gregg intervened at this point, stating, "Why, there would be no question about it. Mr. Kenney as head of the Department and Minister of Lands and Forests would have final say in such an event."

Mr. Kenney nodded in assent to this statement and added, "Our department has power to grant licenses, and if the license holder does not hold up his end of the contract, the contract may be cancelled by the department."

The significance of the above is that neither Mr. Kenney, nor Mr. Gregg **volunteered** THE FULL TRUTH... but allowed their interrogators to leave with but HALF-TRUTHS.... An interpretation of actual facts, as set forth in the ammendments, are: "that the holder of a Forest Management License MUST LOG ON A SUSTAINED YIELD BASIS"... but nowhere does it state that he MUST REFOREST. ...and again, "The Minister of Lands and Forests may, after a specified warning period (if unheeded) CANCEL THE LICENSE" ...but, THE LICENSE HOLDER MAY APPLY TO THE SUPREME COURT AND CONTEST THE REASONS FOR CANCELLATION.... and yet further.... IN THE EVENT OF AN ADVERSE DECISION IN THE SUPREME COURT, THE LICENSE HOLDER MAY APPLY TO THE COURT OF APPEALS.... In reality then, in the case of a controversy arising over whether or not an area has been properly 'managed,' Mr. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Forests WILL NOT have the final say.... the Court of Appeals will render the FINAL decision.

In order to understand better the **inevitability** of legal entangelment it must be understood just how BROAD is the term 'sustained yield basis'. The license holder who agrees to log on this basis agrees to no DEFINITE or DIFFERENT method of logging.... he merely agrees that the timber given unto him under license shall last his log-processing plant (whether it be processed into lumber or paper) for 75 or 100 years years depending on the growth-cycle established fo the area, and that during the period of the growth cycle he shall have logged in such a fashion that a new growth will replace the old so that at the end of the period, the licensed area shall have a crop of timber on it equal to the original crop....

It is obvious from this, that IN THE EVENT OF A CONTROVERSY as to whether logging is proceeding on a'sustained yield basis', an impartial judge COULD NOT HELP BUT RENDER A VERDICT IN FAVOR OF THE LICENSE HOLDER --- FOR **CONCLUSIVE** PROOF COULD NOT BE PRODUCED BY THE GOVERNMENT UNTIL THE END OF THE GROWTH-CYCLE .....ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE... In court, the word of Government Forest Engineers would carry no more weight than the word of PRIVATE Forest Engineers..... Citizens of British Columbia 24 per cent of your TIMBER resources are about to be placed BEYOND YOUR REACH, in a position where they can be tied up for the next 100 years in legal controversy.....

EDITORIAL — continued from page 1

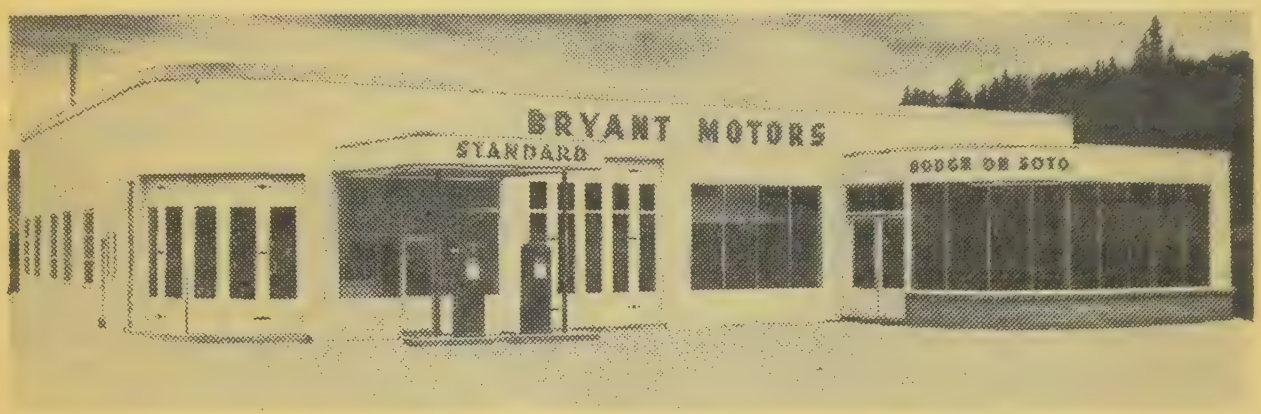
Johnson himself takes a leading part in this drama, the more hope there will be for some action in the foreseeable future for a definite and decided policy in regard to the P.G.E.

After all, our Liberal friends are the party responsible for this mess, consequently the solution should be No. 1 project for our new Liberal Premier.

Viewing developments at Ottawa, it occurs to me that the present Government is hitting the skids with an accelerated tempo. As close a majority as five will not faze the present Premier, who carried on for months in 1926 with a majority of three, but we have not had many Premiers in Canada who would care to continue responsibility with so slim a majority.

Further than that, it would seem that whoever is selected to succeed Premier Mackenzie King would feel that his first objective would be a General Election. Political prophecy is always a hazardous undertaking, but as my political reputation is in the past rather than the future, I hazard the prediction that a General Federal Election will follow the Liberal Convention in Ottawa in August either in late October or early November.

In this regard it is well to remind the Cariboo Electors that the recent Redistribution Act has very materially changed the general situation in the Cariboo Constituency and that it is none too early to realize that a very substantial amount of organization will be required before an effective campaign can be successfully organized and carried out.



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RIGHT or WRONG?

The Minister of Lands has stated that the size of any F. M. License will be limited to the contemplated, or present, productive capacity of the mill or plant which is to utilize the timber from the licensed area. In other words if it is planned to use 10 million feet per year and the growth cycle is 100 years, ONE BILLION feet of timber will be granted to the SUCCESSFUL applicant for a license.

In theory the operator will log exactly 10 million board feet of logs per year, and the first crop would last 100 years. Actually, it is the intention of the government to allow a reasonable leeway to allow for fluctuating markets, but it is expected that an operators 10 year average should conform to the predetermined yield.

Let us suppose, that the Powell River Paper Co. were operating on a F. M. License. Recently they added a new paper making machine to the long line already installed there. This machine, (No 8) is the largest and FASTEST machine of its type ever to be installed in western Canada. It turns out a mile of paper, 256 inches wide, every 2½ minutes, and it runs 24 hours a day. A rough estimate of the quantity of logs required to be made into pulp and fed into it in order to keep it going for one year, is 15 MILLION board feet. . . . If this company had been operating on a 'license' based on the requirements of the original machines, it would suddenly be confronted with the need for an ADDITIONAL 1½ BILLION board feet of timber reserves to take care of the new machine "in perpetuity". . . .

When our government has carried through its new plan and GIVEN to private industry a total of 64per cent of our timber resources, leaving a scant 13 per cent available for the small operators (23 per cent being inaccessible) . . .what is to happen when a situation such as the above arises? . . . Will the company in question be **restricted** from enlarging its productive facilities, even though it have a ready market, or will it be granted an addition to the licensed area for the required amount of timber in order that its whole 'sustained yield' program not be thrown out of gear? . . . . If the additional timber is granted. . . . IT CAN ONLY COME FROM THE 13 Percent ORIGINALLY LEFT TO SMALL OPERATORS.

The only other alternative is to limit the production of all holders of F. M. Licenses. . . . Should the government attempt this, we can forsee a quick battle in the courts with license holders arguing that they are being discriminated against, and that limiting their production is 'un-democratic', plus a long list of arguments including the one that although they were making use of a resource that was REPLACEABLE, and that the mines of B. C. were operating on resources that were 100 per cent EXPENDABLE and could never be replaced, production of the mines was **not limited** . . . . More legal entanglement. . . .

Mr. Kenney's version of what the answer would be in the event of a theoretical, but highly probable, case as outlined above (as told at the Quesnel meeting - mentioned earlier) is that actually F. M. Licenses would be a boon to smaller operators because, and we quote, "once a management license has been granted, the holder of that license will have had all the timber he is **ever** going to receive. He will not be allowed to bid on any remaining timber in the area, or anywhere else."

We wonder how Mr. Kenney reconciles that statement with Section 9 of the ammendments which reads: "If a licensee acquires any additional forest land subsequent to the issuance of a management license, he shall within 30 days of acquisition. . . etc. etc." This clearly indicates that there are conditions under which a license holder may acquire additional timber. . . . Citizens of B. C., we leave it to you. Are not our Minister of Lands and Forest's statements at variance with the facts as set forth in the act? . . . HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE THE REMAINING 13 per cent is GOBBLED UP?

BIG and SMALL OPERATORS

At the meeting between mill operators and Mr. Kenney held in Quesnel, earlier this year, there was a great deal of reference on the part of small mill owners to the 'Big Operators', Mr. Kenney took exception to these references and pointed out to one small operator who admittedly intends to cut 4 million feet this year) that Western Plywoods, though referred to as a 'big operator', only intended to cut 6 million feet of timber per year, so could hardly be considered any 'bigger' than the operator who was opposed to granting them an F.M. License on the grounds that 'big operators' were going to swallow all the timber and leave the little man out in the cold.

Mr. Kenney went on to point out that all this talk of 'big operator' was so much tommyrot; that any operator, given time, could become a big operator if he knew his business. "For instance," said Mr. Kenney, most of the big operators of twenty and thirty years ago on the lower mainland are no longer in business. They have gone. NEW big operators have replaced them. . .

Citizens of B. C. our government is about to enter negotiations which require a MINIMUM OF 100 YEARS DURATION if they are to be effective. . .with industrial concerns which THEY ADMIT MAY NOT BE HERE 30 YEARS FROM TODAY. . . . Does it make sense?

OTHER ASPECTS

There are a great many more definitely **unfavorable** aspects to the plan, not the least of which is the fact that many of the applictaions for F. M. Licenses now before the government, are from companies which might be said to be backed by FOREIGN capital (capital not of the British Empire). . . We see little practical good in signing over to (already wealthy) foreign industrialists ANY PART of the Canadian peoples forest resources FOR ALL TIME TO COME. . . in such a gilt-edged monopoly that future

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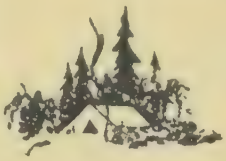

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generations of Canadians will be forced to look elsewhere than to the forests for the 'free enterprise of which we so proudly boast. . . .

Another aspect which cannot be stressed too strongly, is that under the government's plan only 24 percent of our forests are to be put on a "sustained yield" basis — the 24 percent to be given out under F.M.L.

When I asked Mr. Kenney, who was going to reforest the areas logged by the small man and the 40 percent now controlled privately, his reply was, "As yet our plans are concerned prim arily with the successful operation of Forest Management Licenses. We will not, for some time, be able to undertake reforestation of the areas logged by the small operator."

The only reason given as to why F.M. Licenses are to be given on a **non-competitive basis** is that the holder of the license will have to pay the cost of logging on a sustained yield basis, and because such costs are higher, he should be given his timber cheaper. . . . By this plan the holder of a license may spend an optional amount on 'sustained yield' logging, and every cent so spent will come back to him dollar for dollar. The small operator pays as much or more — and gets **nothing** for it.

Much more could be written, but lack of space, caused by a shortage of paper, due to the fact that 80 percent of Canada's paper is now being exported to the U.S. while Canadian publications go without sufficient paper, force us to abbreviate as much as possible.

SUMMARY

(1) F.M. Licenses are being offered as a 'cure' for the ills of the B.C. Forest Industry.

(2) The F.M.L. plan deals with but 24 percent of our forest resources — and **at best** could cure only 24 percent of the ills.

(3) The percentage of our total forest resources held privately is about to be increased from 40 to 64 percent.

(4) Free and Private Enterprise in the B.C. Forest Industry is about to be **restricted** to the freedom to bid on the purchase of but 13 percent of our total forest resources rather than the 37 percent formerly available.

(5) The 24 percent of our timber resources about to be transferred from **public** to **private** control, is the rightful heritage of all Canadians, and represents approximately **60 billion** board feet of timber.

(6) This 60 billion feet of timber is to be given away **in perpetuity,** not even to the highest bidder, but to a fortunate few industrialists chosen by **one man** — a man elected to represent a small portion of the people of B.C. for a period of four years — with that period now within a year of expiring.

(7) This 60 billion feet of timber is to be given away at a loss to the province of from $1.50 to $2.00 per thous. f.b.m., or a total loss in hard cash of something like **100 million dollars.**

(8) There is no provision in the ammendments which compels our gov. to give this timber to **Canadians** — but on the decision of one man, these reserves of **public** timber may be given to **foreign** industrialists, who are here solely because they have so ravaged their own country's resources that there is insufficient timber left there for them to operate on — in the style to which they have become accustomed (After our gov. is through handing out bilions of feet to the Celanese, and other, corporations, future generations of Canadians can look elsewhere than to the forests for that much vaunted 'free enterprise' of which we so proudly boast.

(9) The F.M.L. plan is grossly unjust to the small operator. He pays **more,** but receives **less.**

(10) There are no teeth in the F. M.L. plan. At the first sign of of controversy license holders can, and **will,** tie up 24 percent of our resources in a **100 year** legal battle and the plan **can** end in a fiasco of the worst kind.

(11) The plan requires a minimum period of tenure for the license holder of 100 years, if it is to be successful. . . Yet by Mr. Kenney's own admission, our biggest operators (many of whom have applied for, and will receive F.M. Licenses) **will not be in business 30 years from today.**

And there you have it, in a nutshell. . . Even if the plan were to work as beautifully in practise as on paper, it would — create a privileged type of lumber baron, restrict public freedom of enterprise tremendously, and cost the province a hundred million dollars in cold hard cash — all to the end of placing only **a small part** of our resources on a sustained yield basis.

What is to happen to the 40 percent of our resources already held or controlled privately, and the remaining Crown Timber Lands? Who is to reforest them? — Our government's line of reasoning is obvious:- "To have 24 percent on a sustained yield basis we must give that 24 percent to **private industry** — therefore, to have 100 percent on a sustained yield basis we must give **100 percent** to private industry. It is a ridiculous line of reasoning, but our government has embarked on it.

Proof that this line of reasoning is indeed a fallacy, is that neither sustained yield logging nor reforestation has been carried out on any of the 40 percent of our timber rseources that have been held privately for the past 50 to 75 years. . . Wherin, therefore, lies the wisdom in handing over still more of our resources to the same vested interests? — Obviously, they may be trusted to **denude** but not to **replace.**

AN ADMISSION

Mr. Kenney has stated that all **past** methods of administering our forest resources were faulty, and have proven impractical. It is, in effect, an admission of inefficiency on the part of our government — in the past — and up to the present. His article, printed elsewhere in this issue, implies clearly that all past governments have been peopled with officials who, in regard to managing our forests, were impractical,

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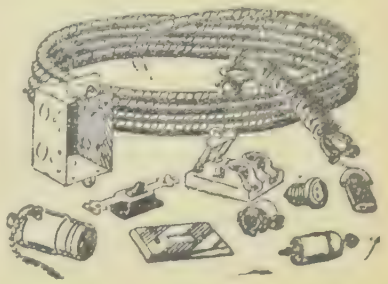

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shortsighted and inefficient, if not downright foolish. But he would have us believe that the situation has now changed; that our government is now dealing with the situation **intelligently.**

Mr. Kenney, and all those who voted in favour of the act, would insult our intelligence by saying that **the people, through their elected representatives, are incapable of managing their forests in such a manner that they will be a 'perpetual' source of revenue, and at the same time remain the property of the Crown.**

In advocating the plan and passing the necessary legislation to bring it into effect, our representatives are figuratively shouting from the housetops:- "We are inefficient! — We are impractical! — We, your elected representatives are incapable of managing YOUR forests properly; nor do we even want to try any more! — Instead, we are going to give them to a selected few Private Industrialists. They will look after them for you. They are SO efficient if given a big enough monopoly. . . Never fear! Your forests WILL NO LONGER BE YOURS — but they WILL be looked after.

Proof that this is indeed our government's attitude to the situation lies in the following statement by Mr. Kenney, " There is no alternative. We **must** have either Forest Management Licences or **complete socialization of the forest industry."**

Tommyrot! We needn't have either. . . . In its terror of being forced to tackle the problem squarely and face the responsibilities for which it was elected, our government is resorting to fear of 'socialization' to bludgeon the public into submitting to this latest mockery of good democratic government . . . Having offerred but two alternatives, they are banking on the international fear for 'isms' **to blind the public to the fact that there are other solutions to the forestry problem.**

AN ALTERNATIVE MEASURE

Rather than give our forest resources to private industry under a plan which restricts freedom, creates a monopoly, costs millions in lost revenue and guarantees nothing — why not a vastly more **simple** plan — a plan in which our government and our Forestry Department shall play an **active** rather than a bureaucratic part?

Why not impose a special "Reforestation Tax" on all forest products produced anywhere in B. C.? This special reforestation tax could not be called a "tax" however, for that would automatically exempt the majority of our lumber barons from paying, for their holdings were Crown Granted 'tax-free'. It could be termed " Compulsory Perpetuity Insurance", or some such name which did not include the word 'tax'.

This tax, or insurance would be $1.00, $2.00, or even $3.00 per thousand f.b.m., depending on requirements of a **complete reforestation program undertaken by OUR GOVERNMENT.**

Let our government create a Reforestation Department, divorced from any possibility of political entanglement. This department to receive **every cent** of the new revenue, which (using the above figures applied to our annual yield of nearly 4 billion ft) could be anywhere from 4 to 12 million dollars per year.

Let the government determine how many men it would require to undertake a **100 percent reforestation program, not only of Crown timber land now being denuded, but of all areas denuded in the past.** And then let it hire those men at a decent salary; a salary of not less than $200.00 pre month, thus insuring a minimum turnover of manpower.

If a thousand men were needed, a tax of $1.00 per thousand f. b.m. MIGHT take care of wages and other costs. If 2,000 men were needed, then the tax would have to be two or three dollars per thousand f.b.m. . . But whatever the cost, let the proper levy be imposed - equally and impartially on every operator throughout the province.

This tax, or 'insurance,' could not help but result in an increase in the price of forest products to the extent of the amount of the charge — but the Sloan Report has proven conclusively that we MUST, either pay the cost of reforestation, or through stupidity, — suffer the consequences.

Let the government also make such amendments to the Forestry act as will **compel every operator** to clean up the slash in the wake of his logging operations, in order that it not hamper the efficiency of the reforestation crews. Let these men establish tremendous seedling farms throughout the province in suitable areas, and carry on their reforestation work even on timber lands now held under special lease. And let the government enact legislation providing that all areas so reforested **shall revert to the crown** and once again be controlled by, and be available for the use of - **the public.**

In this manner all timber lands now under 'special' pulp-lease, will, once the present stand of first-growth has been cropped by the lessee, **revert to the crown.**

Under this plan no one now operating on Crown Timber Lands need worry about future timber reserves, for the responsibility of perpetuating the forests would not be in the hands of a (perhaps) transient industrialist, but would be a part and parcel of our very permanent Government, and if embarked on in the above manner, perpetuity of the resources would be assured.

Under such a plan eventually 100 per cent of our forest resources would again become the property of the Crown and available to **all Canadians - - for all time to come. . . .**

Under such a plan the holders of 'tax-free' lands Crown Granted prior to 1887, would have their forest lands reforested **only if they agreed to pay the levy.** If they did not pay (due to a continuation of the 50 year old battle) we would know their true colours, and they could, with a free conscience, be left to sink or swim by their own efforts.

Such a plan would be **simple** and **effective.** It would maintain our freedom of enterprise in the forest industry, with all Crown

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Lands still the property of the Crown. It would not cause any loss of revenue to the government. All timber would continue to be sold on a competitive basis, as at present. It would involve the government in no legal battles. It would not cost the government one extra penny.... It would be an **excellent example of good Democratic Government.**

OPPOSITION TO THIS PLAN

Mr. Kenney has undoubtedly already thought of a plan similar to the above, but has cast it aside as being impractical. States Mr. Kenney, "The Province of British Columbia has not sufficient population to warrant the government undertaking to keep the province reforested"... Again we say... Tommyrot! Whether we give our forests over in their entirety to private industry and **try** to compel them to reforest, or whether we, the people, as represented by our government, undertake to do it. **If it can be done with private industry in the controlling seat.... It can be done with our government in that position.**

The population of our province has **nothing** to do with the problem. The state of New York has a greater population than all of Canada, but it **could not** undertake to pay the cost of employing 2,000 men for reforestation purposes because **it derives no revenue from its forests...** B. C. derives **one third** of its total revenue from its forest resources. It is one of the greatest producers of forest products in the world, and can afford not only 2,000, but 5,000 men if necessary for the cost is borne by the **consumer**, and the consumers of B. C. forest products are scattered all over the globe...

Mr. Kenney's statements hold water like a sieve....

In speaking with the Hon. Gordon S. Wismer, Attorney General, I asked the following question, "Did Chief Justice Sloan recommend the placing of B. C's forest industry on a sustained yield basis **specifically** by the implementation of 'Forest Management Licenses' as they are about to be handed out, or did he merely recommend that they be placed on a 'sustained yield basis' - leaving the actual means by which we were to arrive at that end to the discretion of the government?"

His reply was short, and to the point, to whit: "No, he did not specifically recommend Forest Management Licenses, but he **did** recommend that the Foresty Dept. be divorced from politics. **And that has not been done. . .**

The above is another of the recommendations which, along with the recommendation that the annual cut be limited to 3½ billion feet, must be chalked up on the long list of **important** recommend ations which our government has chosen **not** to act upon.

It is obvious, that in the matter of perpetuating our forest resources our government has chosen **the easiest road** — the road requiring the least **thought**; the least **initiative**; the least **work.** — But because that road curtails the freedom of the people; unjustifiably deprives the provincial treasury of millions of dollars; creates a 'privileged' class of lumber baron at the expense of the small operator and of the public **. . . it is a road which can only lead to RUIN — The 'easy' road is seldom the 'right' road. . .**

It is high time our elected representatives spent a little more time in pondering on the meaning of the word 'democracy' — rather than in scheming their way out of shouldering the just responsibilities for which the public elected them to office. . .

The yardstick by which ALL legislation should be measured is, " Is it GOOD or BAD for the majority of the people?" — Once this yardstick is cast aside WE NO LONGER HAVE DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT. . . .

It is obvious that when the F. M. License scheme was enacted **the yardstick was thrown aside.** The possible (but very unlikely) perpetuation of 24 percent of our forests through the weak, costly, monopoly-creating F. M .L. plan **was given precedence over democratic government. . . In the face of a possible third world war to be fought over whether or no the people's rights shall be respected throughout the world, our government has decided that the perpetuation of 24 percent of our forests is of 'more importance' than the guarding of, and the 'perpetuation of, our democratic privileges.**

In the reprint of Mr. Kenney's radio address in this issue, he cites countless ways whereby F. M. Licensse are to be a boon to a few industrialists — but fails hopelessly to indicate how the plan will benefit the **majority.**

An argument which Mr. Kenney likes to use is that "F. M. Licenses will insure the continuation of our forest resources and the jobs that go with them." This is utterly ridiculous. . The plan will not insure **one quarter** as many jobs as would an all-out 100 percent **government** reforestation program.

The issue is not one of jobs, regardless of how much Mr. Kenney and our government would try to make it so — **for man does not live by bread alone.**

The issue is instead, one of whether our government has the right to deprive the majority of the people of any part of their democratic freedoms, privileges, and resources and give them little or nothing in exchange — while at the same time creating a privileged minority — ALL WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE. . !

In the opinion of a well known and highly respected member of the judiciary of this province, our **government had no MORAL right to enact legislation which would give away such a great percentage of the people's resources — WITHOUT FIRST HOLDING A PLEBISCITE to determine whether the people were willing to dispose of them under the conditions of the proposed legislation. . .**

It is true, our legislature has (and made use of) the POWER but I repeat:- 'that in the studied opinion of a member of the judiciary who's verdicts are noted for their fairness and impartiality, **they did NOT HAVE THE MORAL RIGHT.**

This is Canada, a Democracy,

AN APPEAL FOR THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

continued from page 48-B

it seems as though the game administrative districts are too large and too unwieldy for more localized regulations. In Washington for example, if pheasants are more numerous in Whitman County than elsewhere, that county has a correspondingly different season. County lines may demarcate hunting areas. In Norway some counties are permitted a more liberal open season on moose than others. This must certainly aid the management program.
be remembered that wildlife conditions vary according to locality, those obtaining at Clinton for example are not necessarily similar to those at Anahim Lake, Quesnel or Barkerville. I will admit that

More could be said of predation upon moose but until such time as better information of a factual type is on hand we can make but few positive statements. Of one thing I am certain, there is no place in game management for predation alarmists who wish to disseminate that alarm without first proving conclusively to more than their own satisfaction that they are correct.

Mr. Collier seems to be contributing much to this magazine on a few subjects that pertain to this writer's profession. Since Mr. Collier apparently has some reliable data stored up and on which he bases his conclusions, I would greatly appreciate it, as would many others, if this gentleman would make such information available to the scientific world through the numerous technical journals, or at least make it available to the biologists now struggling with the wildlife problems of our Province.

In as much as the Cariboo Digest makes an extensive coverage of Interior British Columbia and many of its readers are familiar with the moose, the writer would take great pleasure in receiving any bits, even fragments, of concrete factual information such as dates, etc., pertaining to the advent and increase of this animal in B. C. during the past fifty years. I have often said that if all the reliable observations made by the more intelligent trappers and woodsmen, could be brought together and the correct interpretation of this data made, many phases of the moose investigation could be concluded and more emphasis placed on the highly technical aspects of disease, nutrition and reproduction.

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not Communist Russia or pre-war Fascist Germany. . . The misuse of power is more than **un**-democratic, it is **anti**-democratic.

In this matter of giving away the people's resources, 'Power' was so misused — for what ulterior motive we can only guess. . . . Certainly the professed reasons are utterly ridiculous. . .

Our elected representatives insist that **they are incapable** of placing our forest industry on a sustained yield basis — and are prepared to hand the job over to private industry, and let the people suffer the consequences - just as we are now suffering for the short sightedness of the various governments which gave away 8 million acres of land and billions of feet of timber prior to the turn of the century.—**Frankly we don't believe it! We don't believe our government is so incapable — nor do we believe the professed motive behind the F.M. plan — we believe that they have given in to pressure applied by big industry for control of still more of our forest resources.**

Citizens of British Columbia, **it is not too late!** As Mr. Kenney has oft assured us (and we wonder why?) "the **first** license is yet to be issued.". . . .Add your voice to the mounting roar of protest which will mean the eventual **repeal** of the act, and the institution of a plan of **Government action** along the lines proposed earlier in this article.

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GREYHOUND

FOREST MANAGEMENT LICENCES

By HON. E. T. KENNEY,

Continued from page 8-B

to practise thinning and various other silvicultural measures, because he will profit by them on the crop when it is cut. These long-term silvicultural methods cannot be practised on any other basis.

He is assured of an adequate supply of timber for his plant.

Under a Management Licence an operator **will practise forestry,** because it is financially advantageous to himself to do so, because he holds the land only by virtue of a plan of development approved by the Government, and because if he does not practise forestry he loses his licence.

Any person may apply for a Management Licence and have a licence awarded.

No person is required to take out a Management Licence. The old method of operation and the new will operate side by side.

The objections urged against this system, which is now incorporated in the Statutes, appear to revolve largely around the contention that all the lands of the Province eventually will be incorporated in Forest Management Licences, that no newcomer in future generations will be able to break into the forest industry, that great monopolies will be established and that, for this reason, it is undemocratic.

In reply to this criticism, I would say that the forest history in every forested country has proved that forest management cannot be attained without strict regulation and, because of the long rotations (75 to 150 years) required to grow timber, no person can be interested in forest management without long-term tenure.

It is urged by some that these lands should be managed by the Government and the product sold at public competition. This system has been given a trial in British Columbia since the organization of the Forest Service in 1912, and for reasons already indicated has proved unsuccessful. Under this system the operator is confined by law to the profit he is able to make for the immediate present on the small area of timber on which he happens to be operating. Under our system of Government, no system of regulations or policing can successfully induce or impel the operator under these conditions to practise conservative forest management.

I want to state, quite definitely, that all forest lands **will not** be occupied by Management Licences. Even if a policy in this regard were lacking, the broken topography of the Province would ensure that large areas will remain in Government management. In actual fact, however, it is the avowed policy of the Government to hold out ample areas for the benefit of the small operator, these to be managed by the Government and the product sold under competitive sale.

In spite of all that has been said, or may be said, to the contrary by interested critics, there is no best size for a Management Licence and no lower limit to the area which may be managed successfully! A Management Licence may vary from a hundred-acre farm woodlot upwards. If there is any limit, it is an upper limit, where the licence might get too big for efficient management.

It is part and parcel of the Management Licence policy to limit the size of the licence to produce only enough timber to maintain the appurtenant manufacturing plant. These plants are already in existence. They are already drawing from the Provincial Forests sufficient to maintain them. It is difficult to see how any great monopoly can be established by merely ensuring perpetuation of established industries which, with their hundreds of millions of dollars of invested capital and thousands of employees, all have, under present conditions, a definite term set to their visible supply, i.e., to their life. In few cases is this as long as thirty years.

Let us take, for example, any company in the Province — say X.Y.Z. Company, which is logging

continued on page 104-A

In the days of the Cariboo gold rush lumber was manufactured the hard way, by whip-sawing, as illustrated above. Today, Cariboo's modern diesel-powered mills whip cut over one hundred million f.b.m. per year for Dominion and export markets.

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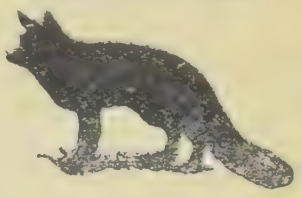

Dawson Creek, British Columbia

It's Hard To Believe - - But

by - 'The Cariboo Munchausen'

There are strange things done,
'neath the midnight sun,
By the men who moil for gold,
But the Cariboo has seen things,
too,
That would make your blood
run cold.

It is the unexpected that impresses and surprises us the most, often producing a mixed-up reaction of wonder and shock which prevents us from getting our thoughts into order.

There was, of course, nothing surprising about the crooked, mouldering log cabin which sheltered Half George, away back in the hills beyond Likely. His nickname was the almost inevitable result of a series of misadventures through the years.

A fight with a bear on a mud slide near Barkerville had left him with one eye and half a nose.

A prolonged argument in a barroom at Ashcroft had left him with half an ear and only one thumb.

After a sawmill smash-up deprived him of a foot, and a log jam on the Nechako had neatly severed a hand, nature apparently decided to rest, contented with her effort to mould George into a semblance of a semi-detached villa. But George, with his whimsical humor, was pleased to heighten the illusion by wearing half a beard and half a moustache. But when he went so far as to cut away one pant leg and half his coat, and to wear a half of an old slouch hat, it was generally opinioned that George had over-reached himself and that his constant ill-luck had definitely affected his mind.

To a stranger like myself, the sight of Half George was definitely a surprise, but the shock came when, entering his low-ceilinged, musty-smelling bachelor hovel, redolent with the accumulated rubbish of half a century, I espied, wedged between the lame cookstove and the sagging bunk, a small grand piano. I could not restrain a gasp of amazement—it was like seeing a Sheraton desk in all its symmetrical and glistening beauty, perching on a garbage dump.

Enjoying my wonder, Half George sat sucking at a half-stemmed pipe, combing his half whiskers with his one grimed and stubby hand.

Then, suddenly, he emitted a low whistle. From beneath the bunk emerged a small bear. He was mangy and sleepy-looking, but there was a worldly look on his tired face, and a sort of disillusioned stare in his rheumy eyes which told that he was fully grown. After favoring me with a sad, contemptuous look, the bear ambled across to the grand piano, hoisted himself on to the home-made bench, and swept, without any hesitancy, into a brilliant rendition of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. As I stared, with sagging jaw, Half George, his head lifted, his one eye closed, swayed ecstatically, beating time with his one hand. The bear, hunched over the keyboard, playing without visible effort, conveyed the impression, in some subtle way, that he was really bored stiff with the whole business.

The quivering chords died away after a smashing finale, but before I could stammer out the half-formed words of incredulous surprise, Half George, with a triumphant leer, winked at me slowly.

"Hold yore hosses," he whispered. "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

He whistled again, three sharp notes. From behind a clutter of dusty papers and rubbish on a shelf a fool-hen appeared, shook herself, yawned, then flew atop the grand piano.

The bear shifted a little on his wide seat, scratched an ear, smiled tenderly at the fool-hen, then drifted into the haunting melody of "Always."

Then from the opened beak of that silly-looking bird there floated a flute-like, dulcet soprano, quivering, soaring, now agitated, now dropping to a serene whispering.

I stared at the cobwebbed rafters, at the dirt-stained log walls, at the earth floor, expecting any moment to awaken from a ludicrous nightmare. But there was no essence of a dream about the smell of that bear, nor about the smells of Half George, and the smell of his cabin. Everything was real, all right, except my conviction that I was beholding something inexplicable, impossible, out of this world.

The song ceased on a low, haunting note, the bear and the fool-hen sat on the floor beside the stove, looking at a funny paper, and Half George got up, stretching and yawning.

"Don't try to say it," he remarked, watching with amusement my bug-eyed attempts to voice my feelings.

"Everybody feels that-a-way the first time they hears Jabez and Jenny. But they's something else you should know. I don't aim to

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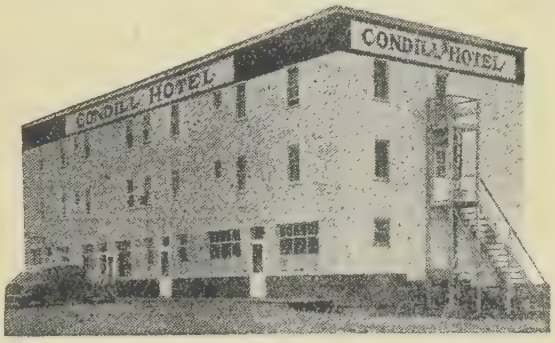

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fool nobody, and I don't sail under no false colors. What I'm gettin' at is that that there fool-hen can't really sing. She never hooted a true note in her life. The fact of it is, that cussed bear, he's a ventriloquist."

* * * * *

It was down near Screaming Woman Creek, west of the Whitewater country, that I got one of my biggest surprises. I rode out of the bush on to an open bench under a heavy spate of rain. The creek was roaring high with white, tumbling water; the trees were bending and writhing under the whiplashing of a screaming wind which was tearing down from the northeast. Altogether, a dirty sort of a day. Saddle horse and packhorse both mooched along—dejected, listless. Hunched in the saddle, I rode unheeding, deaf to all sound except the roaring of the wind and the hissing of the rain.

Here,again, it was the totally unexpected that evoked my shout of shocked surprise.

What could be more incongruous, on such a day, in such a place, eighty miles from the nearest house, in the midst of an untrodden wilderness, than the sight of a well-dressed man and woman, walking briskly, with the bantering gestures and amused expressions of a couple strolling down Broadway?

But, as if that was not enough, lumbering along close at their heels was a huge octopus!

My horse shied galvanically and the packhorse turned tail with a shrill whinny of terror.

After I had them quietened, with the assistance of the male stranger, he introduced me to his wife, and they invited me to share lunch with them. They were a most charming couple, and led the way with laughing apologies for Marmaduke, the octopus, whom they vowed was the most harmless and devoted of pets. I hoped they were not mistaken. I kept him at a distance, shuddering at the venomous stare of his palely opaque eyes, and the sinuous writhings of the cup-studded semi-transparent feelers, with which he hoisted himself along with surprising agility.

"He's a faithful little blighter," assured my host, who labored under the handicap of Smythe-Culpepper-Wringham, prefaced with a string of given names of which Valentine and Maximilian were the only ones used by his wife, Clorinda, with any frequency.

"We got him down in the South Seas, off the Boomba Islands," Clorinda told me. "Or, rather, he got us. Our sampan had overturned in a nasty blow. We swam to a coral reef, and when we scrambled ashore, there was Marmaduke, clinging most affectionately to Valentine's waist."

"Got domesticated before you could say 'Phooey,'" Valentine added. "The way he would sit at the breakfast table and devour grape-nuts and hot cakes was a perfect scream. Sometimes, though, he'd get forgetful, and pensive. Probably thinking of some flapper he'd left behind down in the bright blue ocean."

"Yes," Mrs. Smythe-Culpepper-Wringham laughed. "We always knew when he was lovesick. He'd be so absent-minded he would scratch the hot cakes and pour the syrup down his back."

They had a lovely tent, set in a shady glade, fitted with all the latest gadgets, including a portable electric lighting plant. Everything had been landed from an aeroplane, which was coming back soon to take them home to Sacramento.

Marmaduke was certainly the most polite octopus I had ever seen. He waited patiently to be served, cleaning up the crumbs with scrupulous daintiness, and sucking his eight long feelers like a child would suck its jammy fingers. After the meal he went through his little bag of tricks with all the aplomb of a trained seal. In response to short words of command, Marmaduke sat up and begged, gyrated slowly in a fox-trot, with creepy undulations, then rolled over on his back, with his eight feelers in the air, like a playful puppy.

When I said good-bye, still in a daze, the Smythe-Culpepper-Wringhams gave me their card, inviting me to visit their hacienda down in San Diego.

A combination of unexpected circumstances DID take me down there a year later, and I called upon my friends with eager anticipation of renewing the acquaintance of Marmaduke. But I looked for him in vain.

Clorinda met my inquiring stare with a brave shake of her pretty head and the glint of a tear in her purple eyes.

"Nearly two months ago," she said, in a tremulous voice. "It was so sudden. We had always simply marvelled at the superlative ease with which Marmaduke had adapted himself to life ashore — no mean feat for one accustomed for so long to a watery existence. But, then, he was always one to do things so thoroughly. Well, one day he was gambolling on the lawn with Kiko, our pet boa-constrictor, and he fell into the lily pond, and was drowned."

After this episode, I thought I was past surprise, but there is no limit to the queer happenings that can occur in a vast country like the Cariboo.

* * * * *

I was hunting caper-cazies in the Blackwater country, between Quesnel and Prince George. Few people have actually seen a caper-cazie. It is a grouse-like bird, running as heavy as thirty pounds, and was

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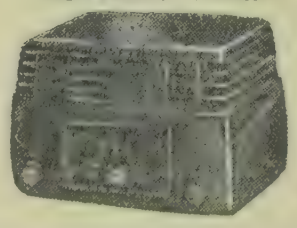

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imported years ago from Scandinavia. Oldtimers report having seen them roosting at high noon in the topmost branches of tamaracks, or hunting for coyotes at sunset, but I never found anyone who had actually shot one. I was hot upon the fresh spoor of a huge specimen when I ran into Mouldy Mike, a faded prospector, whose last trip to town had been forty years agone.

Mike was in his ninetieth year, but fat and hale, despite a crippling rheumatism, which barely allowed him to hobble.

"How on earth do you keep so well-fed, Mike?" I asked him. Hoisting himself sideways in his easy chair, Mike turned a couple of fat prairie chicken, roasting on a spit before the open fire in his comfortable dug-out, and chuckled hugely.

"Results of being a Good Samaritan." he replied.

"It's nine years now since I lifted a finger to hunt, but I've lived on the fat of the land, winter and summer. It started when I was heading out of the Nazco one Fall when I noticed a big timber wolf following me. When I stopped, he'd stop. When I started, he'd start, but he always kept a respectful distance. Then I started to run, and that wolf sat down and let out the most dismal, pleading howl I ever heard. I retraced my steps and cautiously approached him. He wriggled and whined, and sat there looking as friendly as a hungry pup.

Well, 'twasn't long afore I found that wolf had got a big bone stuck crosswise in his throat. All he was wanting was for me to git it out. So I got busy with the pliers and pretty soon mister wolf was as fresh as ever. He licked my hand and loped away, and I figgered that was the last of him. But, whaddya know. Couple days later I hears a barking outside my cabin. I goes outside jest in time to see a wolf disappearing into the bush. And there, nigh on my doorstep, was a fresh-killed buck. Seemed mighty queer, but I et it, and danged good it was, too.

A week later I hears that barking agen, and this time I finds a couple of grouse waiting for me, their heads bit neatly off. It's gone on that way now fer nine years. Never a week but what I finds a offering outside the cabin. Deer, porcupines, birds, even fresh fish. Once, in the middle of a hard winter, what do I find but a frozen leg of pork, and a brick of ice cream, which that wolf had dragged from gosh knows where. It's mighty comforting to think that even a wolf don't never fergit a good deed."

* * * * *

More domestic in atmosphere, but nevertheless incredible, was the incident which enlivened my noonday snack with Slim Fatso, a stump rancher who was eking out a scrabble of a livelihood on a sparse holding near the road to Horsefly.

Slim's three-by-five shack was barely big enough to shelter him and the two dozen hens which were his best friends. They perched on his bed, sat on his shoulders and scratched his ears; roosted around his feet to keep him warm, and filled the place with their friendly cacklings and gossipy cluckings. We were sharing bannock and beans in this charming atmosphere when the sound of a big truck came from the nearby highway. I nearly choked on a piece of fat bacon when those hens, like a platoon of well-drilled soldiers, suddenly leaped to attention, hopped to the front doorstep and lay down with their feet in the air.

"Git up, you bunch of gossoons," Slim yelled, scattering the hens with friendly kicks and cuffings. He turned to me with a shame-faced grin.

"Hafta apologize fer them crazy birds," he said. "I bought 'em offen a guy who lived in the east end of Vancouver. He was allus broke, and when rent day come around, he used to flit. He'd jest phone fer a truck, heave his belongings aboard and go find him another house. Those danged hens got so used to it, that now, every time they hear a truck, they all lays down to have their legs tied together."

* * * * *

Well, it's not so bad when the queer happenings are funny. We can stand quite a bit of shock if there's a bit of humor wrapped up with it. It's when you meet up with sheer stark terror that you begin to wonder.

It isn't often that you encounter haunted houses or ghosts in this man's man outdoor Cariboo. The keen fresh air and the tangy pines, and the breath-taking distances don't fit in with ghosts; but, then again—why not? Why should the supernatural be confined to the cities? If the ghosts of humans

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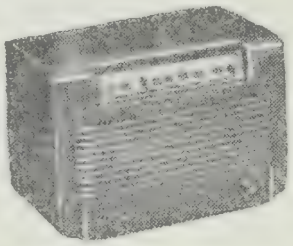


can haunt the dark old houses where people foregather in crowds, why shouldn't the ghosts of departed animals haunt the wide open spaces? I can only speak of what I know, and what I have seen, and, if you don't believe me, all I can say is that the ghost which haunted the woods around Skeleton Hollow between Chezacut and Tatlayoko was seen by two others besides myself.

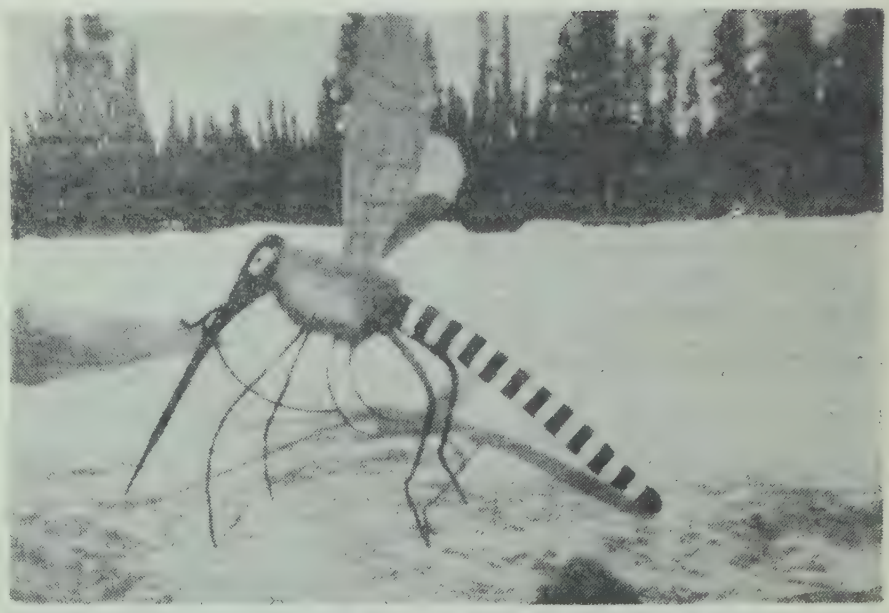
One was Chuff Higsbee, who lived near the Hollow until the gruesome goings-on drove him to Chilliwack, where he invested his meagre savings in a peanut stand and cried his wares in a hollow voice after nightfall, a puckered-up shadow of his former self.

The other spectator was Hake Poucher, who accompanied me on that fateful day when the hair on our respective heads turned white overnight.

A terrific thunderstorm had driven us to seek shelter in Chuff Higsbee's log cabin, set in a dismal grove of extra dark spruce, where the hoot owls moaned until the coyotes took over towards daylight.

After supper we sat around, hoping Chuff would invite us to bunk for the night. But Chuff looked worn and worried, and seemed anxious to get rid of us, although his inborn sense of hospitality would never let him breathe a hint of such a desire. We sensed it, just the same, but curiosity as to why Chuff Higsbee was acting that way prompted us to stick around, even at the risk of being looked upon as unwelcome intruders.

As the shadows thickened, Chuff got more nervous. He would jump at the least sound, look over his shoulder with queer jerkings, and altogether acted like a man who was living in a constant and consuming fear. But fear of what? We did not like to ask point blank questions, and Chuff volunteered no information. All he did was sit in a corner, chewing his fingernails, watching and waiting, as though expecting any minute that a dread visitor would walk through the doorway and snatch him away.

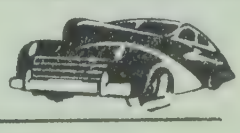


Non believers please note: Above picture of baby mosquito taken in Burns Lake area. Unfortunately The Cariboo Munchausen does not carry a camera, no photos are available to illustrate the various episodes he recounts- but do not boubt him anything can happen in Cariboo.

At midnight Chuff blew out the light and fell on his bunk. Hake Poucher and I rolled up in our sleeping bags on the floor. A fitful night wind moaned around the chimney, and the sky grew dark with black fast-moving clouds. We both found it hard to get to sleep, despite a hard long day in the woods. We could hear Chuff moaning and tossing on his bunk, and once in a while it sounded as if he had suddenly sat up and was whispering in a chattering frightened sort of way. I have pretty strong nerves, and Hake is no weakling, but we instinctively snuggled close together, overpowered by an indefinite dread, oppressed by the vague threat of a sinister, shadowy something, lurking, waiting, watching.

It sounds silly, I know, when you read about it in a comfortable chair in a well-lighted room; but in that dank shack under those moaning trees beneath a drear midnight sky, it was far from funny. Presently the wind dropped, and the silence became starkly obtrusive. The slightest noise re-echoed with shattering clarity, dying slowly away with faint mutterings like the last shreds of a thunderclap. The hoot owls began—not singly but in chorus, with harmonized parts, like a bunch of goulish glee-singers from Hades. Then they stopped as suddenly as they had begun, and once again that deathly stillness prevailed. We could hear the chattering of Chuff Higsbee's teeth and the knocking together of his knees, and Hake Poucher and I were both trembling. As we lay wide-eyed, trying to fight down the indefinable

B.C. TAXI



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dread which was sapping the last vestiges of our courage, the door of the cabin swung slowly open. The clouds had gone, and a bright moon threw a purplish silvery light, bringing into sharp relief every leaf and twig outside.

Like the wind from a punctured tire we heard Chuff's breath exhale.

"Now," he was whispering in a strangled quaver. "Now! Here it comes. HERE IT COMES!"

With a coughing shriek he flung himself from his bunk and jumped in between us, shaking and sobbing.

"Don't let it. Send it away," he whimpered.

The hackles arose on my neck as I lay there, watching and waiting. My heart fluttered, then stopped, as a hideous moaning cry shattered the midnight quiet. How can I describe it? Have you heard the challenging roar of a bull moose and the answering cry of the cow? The noise we now heard was a creepy blend of the two, with a supernatural timbre threaded through it, which stilled the flowing of blood in my every vein.

Then, outlined in the doorway, we saw IT. It came slowly, lifting its feet with deliberate treadings—noiseless, unsubstantial, but nevertheless visibly real.

Despite an almost uncontrollable impulse to stick my head inside the sleeping bag, I sat up, watching, frightened, but semi-hypnotized against retreat.

By now Chuff Higsbee was crying and praying, and cowering down between us. I could hear Hake Poucher swearing softly, but he was apparently as determined as I to see the matter through. What we actually saw, coming through that doorway, was a headless moose. The moonlight shone through its ribs and its huge hindquarters. It was walking on three legs. One foreleg, curved like the arm of a man with a parcel, was carrying the head with its huge branching of horns. With noiseless tread it paced around the room. The eyes glittered and the teeth grinned from between the drawn lips. And with every slow step that moose ghost took it deliberately spat a metallic object upon the cabin floor.

"D'you hear 'em?" Chuff Higsbee was chattering. "Bullets! Every night it's the same. He spits bullets."

Filling the cabin, swelling against the pole rafters, that ghostly roar rose anew, and as it died away the rattle of the bullets rang again like the measured time beat of a devil stick on a tin roof.

After the ghost had gone, we got up and I lit the lamp and we made some coffee. It was a long time before we could get a word out of Chuff. He was just a big bag of collapse. Finally he told us he had lost fifty-five pounds since the haunting started two months before. He seemed to have no idea why that moose was picking on him. As far as he could remember he had never kidnapped a baby moose, or spread poison bait, or shot a moose when it wasn't looking. He thought it might be the fault of the fellow who had owned the cabin before Chuff came along. Rumor said that the former owner was a murderer who had escaped capture by disguising himself as a moose and getting in amongst a herd. When he got hungry, he couldn't fire a gun, for fear of capture, so he used to sidle up to a moose and slit its throat with a pocket-knife.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that we all saw that ghost moose, and its nightly hauntings drove a good man out of a good country. No one took over the cabin after Chuff left. It is collapsed now, moss-grown and weed-hidden. We have ridden past it once or twice, always at a good clip. And neither Hake Poucher nor I have ever mustered the courage to sleep near the ruins to find out if that moose has lit out for fresh ghostly pastures, or if he still haunts the same old spot.

FIGHTING SALMON

It is not often that men have the opportunity of witnessing a salmon fight. It was the good fortune, however, of my party and myself to witness such an incident at Moricetown Canyon on the Bulkley River, about 20 miles north of Smithers, which is known as the salmon-fishing paradise of northern B.C..

During the season's run of Spring Salmon, while several anglers and myself were casting our spinners amid the rising salmon, the water suddenly broke with a wild splashing of two very large Springs. They fought a hard batle within twenty feet of shore, slashing at each other with wide open mouths, half of the time being almost completely out of the water, appearing to stand on their tails, and snapping at each other as dogs do when battling. The fight lasted a full five minutes before the half dozen fascinated anglers, all of whom stated later that it was the first time they had witnesed or even heard of salmon fighting. One, or posibly both, were the loser for the water turned a deep red as it ran slowly by the fish. Had I not witnessed this battle, no-one could have led me to believe that two salmon could have put up such a savage fight, with such swift action and deadly intent to kill, as this battle which we witnesed at Moricetown.

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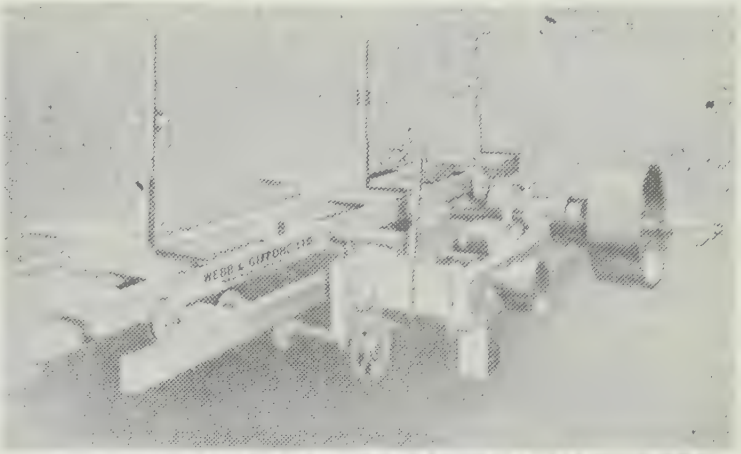

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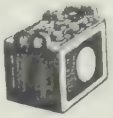

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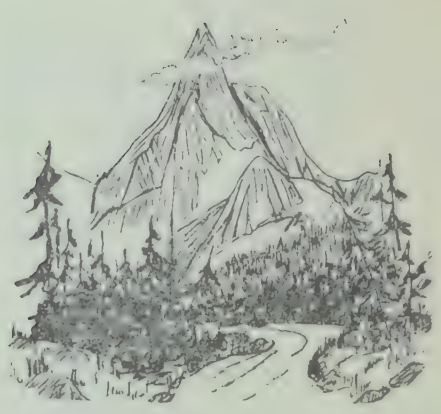

by W. D. MORRIS

Much of the early history of British Columbia is as entrancing to the reader as the most romantic of all novels. Great deeds, interlaced here and there in frequent mention throughout those years of exploratoin, remind us constantly of the hardy and courageous type of man who, hewing away the formidable barriors of an unfriendly frontier, made possible the safe and much more comfortable ingress of a softer, less aggressive descendant. Life in those days, of course, was a case of survival of the fittest and the early years of British Columbia drew only the fittest of the fittest for none other could ever hope to match strength and endurance, initiative and cunning against one of the toughest, most rugged countries in all the world.

One of these pioneers whose toil did much to clear the way for future generations, was Robert Stevenson who first set foot in British Columbia in 1860. He, with a party of thirty-three other men, headed by a Captain Collins of some notoriety because of his harsh treatment of the Indians, started from Seattle, a tiny village of only two hundred inhabitants at that time, and made their way overland, reaching, after an arduous and exceedingly hazardous journey, Fort Okanagan which was situated, approximately, two miles above where the Okanagan River empties into the Columbia. This fort, erected by J. J. Astor in 1811 was stockaded by heavy fir logs standing upright. Entrance to the fort was by means of a big double doorway built into the stockade it's self.

Captain Collins and party arrived here on June 18th 1860, just as preparations were being made by Francois Lafleur, the Hudson's Bay Company's factor, to abandon the post. The supplies from the stores were made into packs for one hundred and fifty horses and were to be taken away the following day. It was at this particular point in Captain Collin's journey that a very interesting, and informative of the times, instance occured that gives one an inkling of the type of hazard that so often befell the unfortunate traveller of those days. It should be remembered that these forts were established primarily to barter with the natives so it is understandable and quite logical that groups of Indians could invariably be seen in and about the forts practically every day.

The day upon which Collins arrived was no different than any other day for the usual number of Indians, Okanagan Indians in this case were present. What really created the incident was the existance of a leaky keg of whisky. This keg, together with six more of it's kind, were owned by one of Collins' party who intended establishing a saloon at Osoyoos. However, as the keg in question had been leaking for several days and the owner, in the hopes of being able, at some later date, to sell it at full value, kept refilling the keg with water. Once Fort Okanagan was reached the owner of the whisky decided that this was as good a place as any to get rid of the liquor and asked permission of Captain Collins to sell it to the Indians. Collins refused and to avoid trouble within the ranks, a vote was taken. Out of thirty-four men only two Robert Steven son and Captain Collins were against selling the keg to the Indians. Of course, two negative votes were a decided minority so a bargain was struck and the troublesome keg sold for $60.00.

The riotous results of this transaction could well have resulted in a massacre but through the grace of God, abated it's self with out death or injury to anyone concerned, save perhaps, a few headaches for the Indians. The keg of whisky was placed upon the ground inside the stockade and immediately after bashing in the top of the barrel, every native in the place, squaws included, commenced dipping into the much diluted liquor with tin cups, drinking the liquid as though it were water. There could be only one result to this proceedure. Once the keg was emptied, the Indians tried to purchase another from the party of whites but were refused. After resorting to every means of coercion at their disposal, the Indians then started to threaten Collins and company. After having failed at this too, the red men turned from the traveller's camp, which was about a mile from the Fort, and rode back to get help.

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Before long a large number of braves galloped out from the stockade fully prepared for war. Screaming and in hideous war-paint they streamed over the landscape until finally reaching the small party of white men, they circled the camp shouting threats of murder if another keg of spirits was not immediately forthcoming. It could be plainly seen that the Indians were all well on the way to being intoxicated and therefore doubly dangerous and all credit for averting bloodshed goes to Captain Collins. Only through his calm and collected bearing and his coolness as he went from man to man of his party telling them, "Be sure you do not shoot 'til I give the signal," prevented another massacre from being recorded in the history of North America. As it happened, not a man was hurt, for soon, after tiring of the game, the Okanagan Indians rode back to the fort.

Early next morning, with no sign of trouble in evidence, the small group of adventurers decided to continue their journey before something cropped up that might delay them indefinitely, so with great haste the men continued up the Okanagan River unmolested. The remainder of the trip, save for the usual occurrences that could happen to any traveller, passed uneventful. Their route took them through McLaughlin Canyon, where, the previous year these same Indians had attacked another party. It was while threading their way through this canyon that three of McLaughlin's men had been slain. Seven others of the party had been wounded in the skirmish. After this battle, McLaughlin and Company continued up the river where, once again they were attacked. After stealing some cattle belonging to their victims, the Indians had abandoned the fight and took flight.

A couple of days later two of the Indians were discovered jerking the beef and were immediately apprehended. As preparations were being made by McLaughlin to hang the captives, McDonald, Chief Trader for the Hudson's Bay Co at Fort Colville, arrived, en route to Fort Hope with a pack-train. After much persuasion he prevailed upon McLaughlin to release the two Indians. Against the party's better judgement, this was done. The Indians were set free only to rob the men again two days later. It is needless to say what would have happened had the culprits again fallen into the hands of McLaughlin and his party.

The 22nd day of June dawned bright and after travelling as fast as possible under the circumstances, Captain Collins and Company arrived at the mouth of Rock Creek where, with some ceremony, the party was disband ed. Farewells over, the men now pursued life in their own individual ways. Next day, the 23rd of June, Robert Stevenson walked into the miners camp. It was here that gold had been discovered very shortly before the arrival of the party. News spread fast and soon as tough a crew as could be found anywhere, were digging for gold on Rock Creek. The discovery was made by Adam Bean. Miners were making up to fifty dollars a day. Though the diggings were reputedly rich, the men, through lack of experience were losing practically half of the gold they found. The men were tough and greedy. Claim jumping was resorted to almost every day. Law was unknown. As news leaked out, a Mr. O'Reilly was sent in as Gold Commissioner by Governor Douglas. However, being totally ignor -ed, cursed and insulted, the new official met with no success. His request that all miners purchase Miner's Licences was met with refusal. O'Reilly had no other recourse but to return from whence he came. Upon reaching Victoria he reported to Govern r Douglas that without proper force to respect his authority nothing could be accompislhed with with such a gang of cut-throats. The result of this was that Douglas, always a brave and intrepid man, made the journey himself, accompanied by Bill Ladner who packed in the supplies for the government party. After a little trouble and primarily through the help rendered by Robert Stevenson, a meeting of the miners was held where Governor Douglas promised to build the men a road through to Fort Hope only if the miners complied with the law. He was heartily cheered at this and after receiving the promise to adhere to the letter of the law ,Douglas returned to Victoria and his duties as head of the Government, leaving in his stead, Judge Cox, who was to act as Gold Commissioner, Recorder Judge and Government, Agent. During the weeks that followed, Judge Cox was found to be soft and lenient. He would issue licences and upon request would give credit. In fact he gave so much credit that the government during the next ses-

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sion ,had to have a special vote for $5000.00 to cover all of Judge Cox's losses through credit extension.

For his part in aiding Governor Douglas in rounding up the miners and keeping order during the meeting, Robert Stevenson was given the position of Customs Officer. This office was not a happy one for during the ensuing weeks many attempts were made upon his life. The border riff-raff resisted strenuously the paying of duty fees, Bob Stevenson was a very miserable man while in the role of Customs Officer. Many times he thought of quitting but quelled the uprising in his breast until one day he received news of the big strike in Cariboo. The fabulous Antler Creek was calling to all with any spark of manhood in their makeup. Stevenson resigned and sent word to rush his relief so that he may go north as soon as possible.

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When his relief came, and thinking that he could make some extra money that way, Robert Stevenson bought one hundred head of horses, determining to sell them once he reached Lillooet. Packers were receiving 78 cents a pound for packing supplies into Cariboo and horses were in great demand. He purchased his animals from Chief Tenasket and also hired the Indian and another as helper, to aid in the long drive across country to Lillooet. Payment would be finalized there. As the party was about to begin the journey they were accosted by Mr. Rowlands from Dalles Oregon who with his herd of cattle, asked permission to join the group. Horses and cattle generally drive well together so Stevenson gave his consent and the trail-herd started it's long journey. Rowlands was intending to take his cattle, 150 head, into Cariboo so he would be with Stevenson until the party reached Lillooet where they would part.

Big Chief Tenasket was as his name implied; big strong and loud. He was generally feared by all the Indians who knew him and was known, among his cohorts, as a man of great fighting ability, siezing every opportunity to bully and pummel any unfortunate happening to come within his grasp. It so happened that Stevenson, himself a big man, had to come to grips with the Chief. An argument flared up between Rowlands and Tenasket over Tenasket's cruelty to one of the steers. Both men were on the verge of shooting each other when Stevenson hurried to the scene, attracted by shouts of obscenity. Taking in the situation at a glance, Stevenson snatched away the gun from Rowlands' quaking grasp then turned upon Big Chief Tenasket. The Indian soon learned respect for the big white man for without a moments delay Stevenson had the Chief flat upon his back and as helpless as a baby. After that, although the big Indian showed a decided coolness and on two occasions tried to steal away with part of the herd during the early hours of the morning and had to be threatened by Bob Stevenson, everything went well. The party finally arrived at Lillooet where the horses were eagerly sought. Through this transaction Stevenson cleared approximately $10,000.00 after paying the Indians and all other expenses incurred during the trip.

With this money he made his way into Cariboo where he invested some of his capital in the Jordan Claim on Antler Creek. Stevenson seemed to **do well** in all of his ventures, and this was no exception. The next winter he returned to Victoria for in those days very few people wintered in Cariboo. In April of the following year, 1862 Stevenson started a commission business in a building he had previously purchased. By handling goods for the packers, at ten per cent, he cleared, by August of that same year, $11,000.00.

It was this year that saw the advent of 'Cameron' of Cariboo fame. While Bob Stevenson had been wintering in Victoria, he had met Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and a fast friendship had sprung up between them. At this Cameron had been somewhat hard up and it fell to Stevenson to establish a credit for his new friend. In August of 1862, Stevenson sold his commission business and together with Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, and four other men, Rivers, McDonald and two Clendenning brothers, staked ground on Williams Creek, thus forming what was to be known, with some fame, as the Cameron

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Hazelton, British Columbia

Claim. The output of this claim was $1,000,000.00 in gold. The company was doing exceedingly well and the future looked bright indeed. However, soon Cameron's troubles were to begin.

It was three o'clock in the morning, October 23rd, 1862, when Mrs. Sophia Cameron succumbed to Typhoid Fever, She had been ailing for some time and the cause of her sickness was not generally known. Some people called it Mountain Fever and it was not 'til later that the sickness was correctly identified as Typhoid. Stevenson and Cameron, tending the patient under the direction of Dr. Wilkinson who lived at Richfield, were both present at the time of Mrs. Cameron's death. Cameron felt the loss of his wife keenly and with the intention of eventually taking her East, to bury her remains at the scene of her happy childhood he, placed her body in a tin coffin, placed this inside a wooden case and removed it to a cabin in Richfield with the idea of later transporting the corpse to Victoria. The weather, at this time of year was bitterly cold. In fact the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero so there was no danger in leaving the body unburied.

For another month, Stevenson and Cameron continued their mining operations then Cameron made plans to have his wife's corpse taken out to the coast. He had already made arrangements with some men to help him but at the last moment they had refused with the excuse that smallpox was in the epidemic stage all down the line. Robert Stevenson then offered his services and finally, on January 31-st, 1863, they commenced the terrible journey, in sub-zero weather, to the coast.

The trials and tribulations endured on that trip must have been almost beyond comprehension. Two sturdy men, a horse and a top-heavy toboggan beating their way against an icy wind with snow drifting into their every footstep, the mercury at fifty degrees below zero and to make matters worse, smallpox raging at every camp they passed. The Indians were dying like flies all up and down the line. The two brave men, battling the elements, undaunted by all that a grim nature had to offer, continued their gruesome journey. They must have been very tired men indeed as, on March 7th, 1863, they finally reached Victoria where, upon instruction from Mr. Cameron, the undertaker, Mr. Lewis, filled the tin coffin with alchohol, sealed it and next day held the burial service at the Quandra Street Cemetary, where the body of Mrs. Sophia Cameron was laid to rest. The two hardy men, after a very brief stay at Victoria, then returned to Cariboo where they once more continued their mining activities. In October of that year, 1863, they left for Eastern Canada visiting Glengarry where they were born, taking with them the body of Mrs. Cameron which they had disinterred at Victoria.

Upon the day when the burial in Glengarry was to be held, Stevenson asked Cameron wheth er he would keep his promise to open the coffin for the sake of his dead wife's relatives. Cameron refused and when his father-in-law expressed doubts of his daughter's body being in the coffin at all, Cameron flew into a rage and shouted for all to hear; "That settles it. I will never show her body to anyone."

During the years that followed stories were spread all across the land. Rumours were created and nurtured by scandal-mongers. A. Malone, New York news paper printed a story that the coffin did not contain the body of Mrs. Sophia Cameron but that she was still living and the wife of an Indian Chief to whom Cameron had sold her in exchange for the gold he so obviously owned. This story really brought the issue to a climax. Cameron by this time was so sick of the cruel libel that he begged Stevenson to return once more with him to Glengarry where the coffin was again disinterred and the corpse, still preserved in perfect condition after nine years, was shown to the large number of people present at the cremony. Mrs. Sophia Cameron was once more and for the last time, laid to rest in Summertown. on the banks of the St. Lawrence River over whose waters she had so often gazed as a child. So ended all the cruel stories. Of course Cameron himself was to blame for the scandal fin when asked by Stevenson upwhen he refused to open the cofon their first trip to Eastern Canada. No doubt, to this day, after a lapse of eighty-four years, Mrs. Cameron, still facing the great river, is still wonderfully preserved and may well remain so for ages to come.

Fortune was not kind to Caribo Cameron from this point on-

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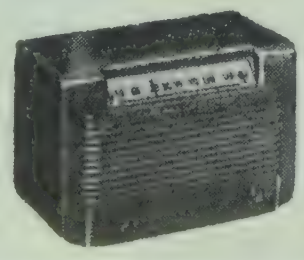

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ward, for as the years passed, the wealth that this brave man won by hard work and dauntless perseverance, gradually, through bad speculation, disappeared. He married a second time but was never really happy and finally died a defeated man, in Joe Mason's hotel at Barkerville.

Dame fortune was not so unkind to Robert Stevenson for he rode the crest of success all through the years. He witnessed and was a part of, the history of 'Cariboo in the Making'. Because of such men as he and Cameron, we, who came almost a century later, resting upon the laurels so desperately earned by these great men, can live in comparative ease and peace. These hardy pioneers undertook in their every day stride, such jobs as would daze the comprehension of their descendants. The very thought of setting out upon a five hundred mile journey, afoot, with snow driving blindingly over the bleak terrain, the bitter cold of fifty below zero biting into one's very being, with the dread smallpox raging on every hand would not be tolerated in this day and age by anyone.

Robert Stevenson left Cariboo, a rich man, returning to the Similkameen country where he became a great name in mining circles. Always held in great respect his advice was often sought by many. Among his friends was John Fraser, eldest son of Simon Fraser, the famous pathfinder and whose name will be remembered forever by those who live within the sound of the tumultuous waters of the river to which Simon Fraser gave his name. John Fraser came to Cariboo, raising enough money to do so by mortgaging the farm which his father had left the family, when he died. Robert Stevenson guided John Fraser's investments into safe channels and soon the lad was well on the way to success. The social life of Barkerville took John to it's heart, making him president of not a few clubs and societies. However, young Fraser had done nothing about the mortgage on the farm. It was one of those old-time mortgages where notice of forclosure was not necessary. One day John received two letters. The first one was quite a blow for it informed him that his sisters had been turned out of the farm onto the road. They had nowhere to go. The next letter informed him that his fiance had forsaken him only to mary another. These shocks were to much for John Fraser for early next morning Stevenson found him, dying. The lad had cut both his jugular veins thereby committing suicide.

The story of Cariboo makes very interesting reading but the early days of the Fraser Canyon were, undoubtedly, much more hazardous. One of the real old-timers into this country was

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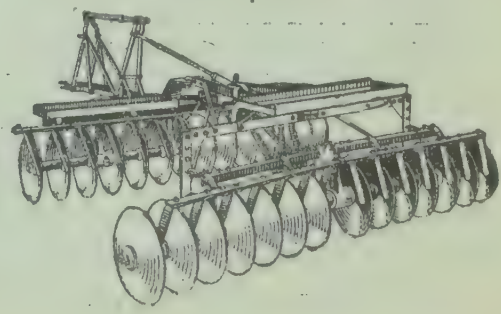

Ned Stout, who, with his partner, Dutch Bill or Bill The Bladge as he was generally known, discovered William's Creek. It was after Dutch Bill that this creek was named. Stout's Gulch of fabuluos fame got it's name from its' finder, Ned Stout. This man's name will always be remembered as long as the history of Cariboo is known. Ned Stout never partook of liquor or tobacco and was liked and respected by all who knew him.

He first arrived on the Fraser River together with a party of twenty-five other men in May, 1858. They sailed up the river seeing no sign of life anywhere. At this time only one white man lived at Fort Langley and there were but two living at Fort Hope. Stout and his party passed up the river to where Yale is now situated, but on the opposite bank. Only two other white men had been there before but these, upon returning the previous year with provisions had been attacked by Indians near Lulu Island and murdered, their supplies stolen and boat sunk. After mining for a short period, Stout's party elected Jack McLennan as leader and as the quantity of gold available was insufficient to suit them, the party decided to work their way up the canyon, prospecting as they went. By this time, miners were flocking in by the score so, leaving two men to guard their belongings, the party started out in quest of new gold-fields, thereby beginning the most hazardous journey of their entire career.

Leaving Yale on June 2nd, 1858, the little group made it's way into the unknown. The men had to fight their way through dense woods and found that travelling would be easier on the mountains. Arriving at last where the Thompson River flowed into the Fraser, the men turned east and worked their way to the Nicola. After prospecting this river for some miles the party returned to the spot where now stands Thompson's Siding. Here, they washed out a quantity of gold in a few weeks and were deciding to continue a while longer in the vicinity, when warned by an Indian girl, whom McLennan had befriended, to flee immediately. The war of the Fraser Canyon had begun. The Indains were killing all the white men they could find along the river.

Stout's party took heed of the kindly warning, broke camp and made their way that night over the mountains in an endeavour to reach Yale or Fort Hope before being overtaken. They reached Jackass Mountain and ran into a band of Indians who killed three of the little party with poisoned arrows. McLennan, to prevent the bodies of his comrades from falling into the hands of the savages, threw them into the river. From then on, the men travelled only at night. As soon as daylight greyed the skies, the party immediately built small fortifications of rocks and made ready to defend themselves against aggression. Almost every day one of the party was killed and at Slaughter Bar, so named because of this incident, six of the men were slain. At Ten- Mile Creek the Indians were lying in ambush, waiting to murder Stout and party but the men found out in the nick of time, they set fire to the brush and killed all of their foes with the big Kentuckey rifles they carried. The men also burned the Indian's rancherie to the ground.

At China Bar after using up all the ammunition for the rifles, they threw the guns away, retaining only the double barreled shotguns and the horse- pistols. Every man in the party was wounded and sick through privation. Only five out of twenty-six remained. The situation looked hopeless so they decided to make their last stand here. McLennan had been killed some time previously and now it was every man for himself. They were ready to sell their lives dearly when relief came in the

P. W. OGDEN

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form of Captain Snider and his miner- soldiers from Yale.

Ned Stout was seriously wounded in the groin. His four companions were in equally poor condition and it was only a miracle that they did not succumb to the ordeal through which they had passed. Needless to say, Stout survived and in 1860 arrived in Cariboo with Butch Bill. Together, they discovered Williams Creek whose fame raced around the world. Stout died quite a number of years ago but his memory will be cherished by many people an one of the real old-timers of Cariboo. Today, as we drive along the winding road that threads it's way high up the mountains through the Fraser Canyon, our modern automobile purring softly in effortless ease over the hills, we little realize that here, not so long ago, men fought and died to make our progress possible. Over these very same rocks, Ben Stout with his all too few companions, fought every inch of their way, wounded and dying. These very same mountains have witnessed tragedy and the stark reality of life at it's grimmest. Long live the memory of Ned Stout and all the men like him who pitted their muscle and valour against the unknown. They were the explorers and the vanguard and not in any way content to sit in idleness in the lap of a civilization grown soft throughout the years. Thank God for such men as they.

PRINCE GEORGE LEADS

By P. H. DUNNE.

A visit to the new dormitories for high school students in Prince George prior to their being opened in September last revealed some very interesting information as to this newest development which has taken place in this district, a development which may be the forerunner of similar institutions in other parts of the province. The first of its kind in B.C., the opening of these dormitories brings an asset to the city which is well worthwhile, and which will mean a very great deal to those boys and girls from points outside the city who wish to complete their education under congenial circumstances.

With excellent work done by the maintenance department of School District No. 57, sometimes in face of many difficulties owing to lack of water, materials, etc., the buildings have now been in actual occupation since the beginning of October, when high school re-opened for the winter months, approximately 40 boys and girls having taken up residence in their new home for the fall and winter sessions. In this building the students have the very best of accommodation and supervision while resident there. This, combined with first-class tuition at school, is giving these young men and women opportunities equal to any to be obtained in the large cities and the school board of trustees is to be congratulated upon its vision and ingenuity in this up-to-date project, one which was endorsed by 87 per cent of the ratepayers when the bylaw asking authority to borrow the necessary money was passed during September.

The dormitories in which the students are housed are bright, airy and well taken care of. There is also an excellent recreation room, and the building contains all the most modern conveniences one could desire, including wash-rooms well supplied with showers and continuous hot water, laundry-room, and many other features. The dining-room facilities could not be more convenient, situated close to the large kitchen, from which the students are supplied with well-cooked meals.

In charge of the students is Mrs. E. Yost, Matron, who, it appears, has the interests of the boys and girls at heart. That this lady has a big job to do is undoubted, for in her charge are the lives of many of the younger generation, to whom example means much, and whose kindly guidance for their welfare goes far towards the success of the project. Assisting Mrs. Yost is Mrs. C. Hearn, recently appointed to be assistant matron.

So far-reaching has been the fame of this newest development that prior to the re-opening of the high school October 1st last, there was at least sixty applications for enrolment from all parts of northern and central B.C., but, with the full capacity of the building taken up, many of the applications had to be refused. The importance of the project was such that it has been many times referred to in newspapers and consequently given much publicity in other districts which may follow the precedent set by School District No. 57.

The Obsequies of Bulkly Lake Isaac

by W. J. McALLAN

Bulkley Lake Isaac was born at Morice Town and if alive today would be about eighty years of age. He was above the average Indian in inteligence and character meriting the respect of natives and whites alike in Central B. C. Of a nomadic train of mind he roamed far and wide from his home reservation, for a number of years he lived and trapped around Bulkley Lake, from whence he got his name, but this location was finally absorbed by white settlers compelling Isaac to seek new fields. He had friends and relatvies among the Babine Indians so he made his headquarters there during his latter years operating a trap line in the Manson Creek country always returning from his trapping to spend Christmas at Babine. One Christmas he failed to show up, however no immediate alarm was felt as it was easy for him to have fallen in with Tremblur Lake or Tatchi River Indians, joining with them and spending Christmas at one or other of their reservations but when word was received later that he had not been there or heard of at any place real concern was expressed for his safety.

A rescue party was therefore organised as soon as possible, three men being equipped and sent out in search for him. This party found Isaac's body on one of his traplines frozen stiff. Sending one man back to Babine for more help the remaining two started slowly to drag the body on a sled toward Takla Lake east landing.

The time was now well on in March, the weather mild with the snow deep and soft scarcely crusting enough during the night to allow the sled to ride on the crust. They finally reached the Lake to find the ice very rotten with no relief party in sight.

Being pretty well exhausted and almost out of provisions the two decided to bury Isaac and hunt game for their own sustenance until help arrived or they were able to cross the lake themselves. With scant tools for the purpose a grave was dug on the top of a mound just south of the East landing in which Isaac's body was buried with prayers solemnly said, stones from the lake shore were placed on top, the work was just completed when shouts were heard, the relief party had arrived at the west bank but were unable to cross the rotten ice. Although the lake is more than a mile wide at this point a message was shouted across to the effect that they would try to cross at daylight next morning when the ice would be at its toughest. Very fortunately the temperature dropped during the night so by using snow shoes and keeping well strung out the crossing was safely made. Isaac's body was quickly dug up and placed again on the sled. By using the same tactics the return crossing was made in quick time. A toboggan was now used for the rest of the journey to Babine village which made the going much better.

The real destination of course had to be Isaacs' native place but his many friends in Babine urged there was no hurry and that they must give him a wake. For this elaborate preparations were at once made, the ceremonies lasting for a whole week. By this time some of his personal friends and relatives had arrived from Moricetown to take charge of the remains to convey them to their last resting place.

At that time and probably today the shortest route was via Burns Lake where Isaac also had lots of friends so when the cortege arrived there it was a forgone conclusion- another wake had to be tendered at the conclusion of which April having arrived with snow all gone and roads bad it was decided to forward the body by train on this, the last leg of its journey. However the Indians were entirely ignorant of the procedure and precautions to be taken before human remains would be accepted for shipment by train so were placed in a very bad situation when the agent at Burns Lake station firmly refused to accept the body for shipment with this only an hour or so before train time and with Isaac's remains in such a condition that they required burial quickly and deeply as the readers of this can well understand.

A hurried consultation resulted in a decision to inter the body in the Indian cemetary at Burns Lake. This was done as speedily as circumstances would permit. The funeral taking place next morning with the usual religious ceremonies.

Now a few of Isaac's friends had returned on the train to advise the people of Moricetown what had happened. Rightious indignation was no name for the grief and real rage experienced by his home town folks. His spirit would haunt them if they allowed this. They had prepared for his home coming and home he would come. Teams were therefore hitched up, the roads were in bad shape with frost still in the ground but wheeled vehicles had to be used. The cavalcade finally arrived at Burns Lake where a pow-wow was held and although the Burns Lake Indians would have liked Isaac's remains to have stayed with them they

COTTONWOOD PICTURE

continued from page 25

Autumn is half gone, the grain cut and stacked, and JohnBaker's vegetables so plentiful that he needs must buy sixty-three more gunny-sacks. There is time for a liesurely chat with him and George Byrnes, in with his wares, and from whom an eligant sugar bowl is purchased the house beIng debited with $10.25. With the passing of autumn a Cariboo venture comes to an end, as one of the men and his "Lady" break their journey out to have dinner and a farewell visit with the Boyds. It is a nice custom, this use of the word "Lady" rather than "the wife or the "missus"; only when a woman is travelling alone is she referred to as "Mrs.---, ------ accompanying her husband the term "John Doe and Lady" is invariably used.

Cold nights, warm sunny days, Indian summer at it's best! Browsing peacefully in the pasture are three mules, the property of Mr. Byram. Indian summer; But in a trice the weather changes, a cold wind drives gray clouds down from the north, and next morning the first snow of the season falls. Through the snow a train of oxen plod stolidly along, heavy heads swinging, urged on by McCullum the packer. He pushes open the gate while Mr. Anderson herds the slow beasts into the grazing-field; the gate closes, and the two men take themselves to the comfort of the house and comfortable beds. Their feeling of well-being is rudely shattered in the morning, however, for during the night the oxen have broken into the cabbage field and even now are blissfully munching the heads, trampling on others as they chew. For the loss incurred their owner is assessed $15.00, and proceeds to drive his charges out with harsh imprecations. Dr. Trevor, spending the night, hears the story of their misdeeds, and agrees that oxen are indeed most aggrevating creatures.

In the book is found a nice question of mathematics re Mr. Byram's mules. On the 6th of October he arranges to leave three mules in the field for twelve days at twenty-five cents a head, but on the fifteenth he takes out one and puts three more in "making five in from date". On the morning of the twenty-second he leaves two more in the field, paying Oct. 28th. Now how much did Mr. Byram pay?

What a fascinating set of books these are, family events lighten the formal entries, each adding its bit to the story of Cottonwood. Here, neatly sandwiched between two small business entries, is a memo to warm the heart.

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recognized the rights of the Moricetown people in this respect. So after resting the teams one day the body was again dug up. The homeward journey took two days the roads being now mostly mud and slush.

People who passed the cortege advised me it was alright if the by-pass was made on the windward side but just too bad if one had to go by on the lee side. However everything comes to an end and at long last Isaac reached his final resting place among the graves of his ancestors being interred for the third time with appropriate ceremonies, for obvious reasons the wake this time was held after the funeral. So now we can say of this thrice buried man, "Home is the hunter home from the hill", and may he have entered the rest he so richly deserved.

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November's most important business is the ordering of "a wagon for two horses from Mr. Tompkins to be built at Victoria. Everything complete and of best quality $250.00, and to be delivered at Soda Creek on Quesnelle free of charge and in good condition." No slipshod work here, one can see!

The wagon will be ready in spring, meanwhile winter calls for the sleigh to be got out from the shed, for there is already a good depth of snow. In the cozy house Mr. Boyd sits down to make out a subscription to the Victoria Daily Standard, and another for the Cariboo Sentinel, for Gerow and Johnson to whom the money will be paid, are in for the night.

A few nights later the household gathers to admire the stuffed wild bird George Hyde has just brought in. A good place to set it up is chosen, while Mr. Hyde pockets the five dollars promised for his work.

Now that young Johnny is a big two-year old, his father thinks him big enough to go to Williams Creek, and his mother agreeing, father and son set off, well wrapped up, the sleigh bells jingling merrily to announce their going. Securely tucked away is five hundred dollars in gold dust, a further $421 in dust being collected in the course of their journey. At Last Chance Claim the two travellers stop for the night, the miners making much of the boy. Next morning on the Creek, and Johnny with money to spend in his pocket, having a wonderful time in the Hudson's Bay store while his father reads over the list of goods he has been bidden to bring home; overshoes, a jacket, a feather-duster, slippers for Mrs. Boyd, mittens for John, and apples. The purchases completed and accounts settled, over to the barber shop the two go, an add-

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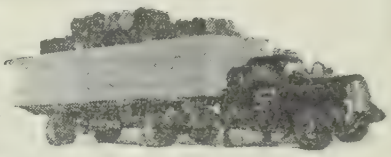
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ed excitement for the youngster.

Each month has some special event to be recorded, the tenth of December being a memorable occasion, for on that day the first load of freight from the Hudson's Bay Company at Quesnelle to the same at Barkerville comes through, with freight charges pegged at three and a half cents a pound. The contents of the shipment, and the freight charge is reckoned at Cottonwood, a long task. Great casks of Brandy, each weighing 312 lbs., are counted out, two 125 lb. chests of tea, salt, two kegs of syrup, five bundles of shovels, sixteen boxes of candles, and two bales of blankets. A week later a second load pulls up, suplimenting the first with other liquors, canvas, jams, mustard, sugar, and more blankets.

Into the warm house hurries an odd little group, their teeth chattering with the cold. At the head is Ah Whan, shepherding four China women, glad to have respite from the chill of the road, and gladder still to be leaving the rugged and icy mountain country.

Christmas is more fun now, with gifts for a small boy, as well as a cash present. There is a special Christmas dinner, the travellers sharing in the hospitality, and joining in the good wishes for the coming year.

The arrival of 1872 coincides with that of the third load of freight for the post at Barkerville, which is stocking its shelves. Each succeeding load brings some fresh wares, boots and hats, twine and screws, soap, and later on even a supply of oysters. New Year's Day finds also another equine patient in the barn, who is doctored with a bottle of brandy.

A trip to Williams Creek is inevitably one of the early-January activities, so as customary Mr. Boyd sets off, by himself, for it is too cold for Johnny. The thriving settlement has acquired a minister at last, and Mr. Boyd attends services there, not forgetting on his return to account for his collection money. Every expenditure must go in, and accordingly an entry for "tickets for a raffle at cards last evening" closely follows the collection money one.

The month of February is severe, but by the middle of March the weather has softened up considerably, enabling the making of a second trip to the claims at Van Winkle and beyond to the Creek. Each time Mr. Boyd returns from a journey, some special present is stowed away in his

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bag, candy from the Creek, a big bag of peanuts from Quesnelle so that his homecoming is doubly anticipated. A kindly man church and charitable donations play a regular part in his life, and many a dollar is quietly given in answer to an appeal.

For some time Mr. Boyd has had his mind set on acquiring a piece of property at Pine Grove, half way between Cottonwood and Barkerville, and finally in the spring it is his. It will make an excellent way-station between those two points, and a sleigh is immediately sent up to do duty until the road clears and a wagon can be used. Already at the home ranch the fields lie open, and James Dunn, down from Lightning Creek for supplies, obligingly stayes over to do a day's ploughing, Johnny watching the long ribbons of soil turn over while hungry birds follow to seize the delicacies uncovered by the plough.

Spring break-up means a resumption of road-work which in turn means a visit from Mr. Spence, who purchases lumber for a wheelbarrow and a pair of "shaker socks". It is pleasant to have him come in, for Mrs. Boyd and John are in Victoria, needing more money, too! The money despatched by Express, there follows the sale of a safe to Mr. Barlow, who buys it for Dr. Trevor providing the price is agreeable to the latter.

No matter how sturdy the fence some pesky animal manages to break in; this June morning two horses are the culprits, the Timothy field suffering from their depradations. A long memo dealing with the matter is set down in the book, and Notice of Trespass forwarded to the owners who hurry down to recover their property and pay for damage done.

The new wagon, ordered months ago is duly delivered, all in good order, a source of pride to Mr. Boyd and admiration to Mr. Lindhard, down from Van Winkle on a hot summer day to buy some mules. Buying mules is hard, hot work, and calls for cooling drinks at intervals.

The stage, rolling in at the end of July, is a welcome sight, even though it arrives at the unseemly hour of two a. m., for among its passengers are John and his mother, home from Victoria at last. Sixty dollars is the passage fare from Yale to Cottonwood, and also to be reckoned is the cost of the boat trip from Victoria to Yale.

Ever the book discloses new names, some to become eminent in the history of the province, others fading into obscurity. Here is a new chap now, Mr. Barnston, a lawyer by profession, bound for Richfield where the government office is, the walls of which echo with learned words heard in court cases.

A week from Johnny's third birthday the house is filled with a quiet bustle and excitement, for there is a new arrival, and when all is still once more the big ledger is opened and the event proudly recorded, the birth of a second child at "10

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minutes past 12 o'clock, Oct. 22. Son of John and Janet Boyd --- the addition to the household is to be named William H." While still big news Mr. Lindsay hurries in to obtain a horse with which to go for a doctor for someone in need. An animal is speedily brought round and off he clatters on his errand of mercy returning just at noon with the doctor. There is time for a quick lunch, a peek at the new baby and a word with young John, then off again, their minds far ahead on the waiting patient.

Road work is still going on, though winter has set in, and a vast supply of fresh butter is sent up to the camp from the ranch. Judge Ball comes through, and Milton Leamer, the telegraph operator at Beaver Pass. There is little chance of the door hinges rusting, so often do they turn as the travellers pass in and out, John Hamilton, Wong Chong and Lady, Nason and Daly, Charles Pooley, and Andrew Allston from the Australian Ranch.

A leaf of the book turns, and there before the reader's eyes is the picture of a party, the baby's christening party, with guests from the Creek down for the day. The penmanship strong and plain is different from that customarily, seen in the book, for this is the work of the minister, surely in as strange a place for a legal document as one can imagine! It reads,

Baptized this day
William Henry Boyd
aged two months, in the
in the presence of
Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Ross,
Father and Mother
John and Janet Boyd,
J. W. Shreck
Harry Heesa
By me Rev. Joseph Hall
Wesleyen Minister
Cariboo.

Below this is a memo in Mr. Boyd's familiar handwriting noting the bestowal of a twenty-dollar gold piece on the officiating minister. A day of days, indeed!

With two children to keep things humming the house has good reason to be pleased, and its lamps send forth an even kindlier glow while it stands watching out the old year and welcoming in the new. It begins quietly, for winter is at its sternest and indoors a good place to be. Not until February does any real activity begin, with shakes being hauled to the Last Chance, and 2200 lbs of butter delivered to Van Winkle. Winter passes quickly though, and all at once it is time again to sow the timothy seed bought in the autumn from a Mr. Fleming on far-off San Jaun Island. A small sorrel horse ready equipped with saddle and bridle is sold to Milton Leamer for the bargain price of ten dollars, and the huge bicycle built in Barkerville in '64 is wheeled out of the shed. It is a heavy queer thing, made almost entirely of iron, with the pedals fastened to the hub of the front wheel, but it has covered many a mile and will yet. The road gets better each year, and Mr. Boyd, stepping down from Pearson Bros' Passenger and Fast Freight Line, reports a quick trip from Quesnelle, where he has been to buy needed household goods, including a dozen Spanish eggs.

Now that British Columbia has become a part of Canada, July 1 is given its due notice, the day being headed Dominion Day in large capitals. As if to match the promotion of the new province there are more little luxuries as

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summer goes on, strawberries from Quesnelle, green peas from Ah Sin's vegetable garden. Ah Sin catches salmon too, selling them at a dollar a piece, big ones that are a delicious change from meat. In the henyard a fine new Spanish rooster, just come in on the stage, is uncrated and let loose, causing quite a stir among the feathered ladies as he struts around.

The heat of August bears down upon the land, and the dust rises thickly as the horses of the Pearson Line trot up the road. At Cottonwood they are pulled up sharply by the driver, a small spry chap with twinkling eyes and sporting a pointed beard. He is Charlie Major, the man who is always pointed out as "the fellow who drove the first four-horse stage through the canyons and later the first Barnard's stage to Soda Creek." It was just luck that brought him the honor of the latter "first", for his regular job was as messenger of Barnard's Express between Barkerville and Quesnelle. On this renowned occasion he happened to be on his way up, and took charge of the stage while Steve Tingley, the appointed driver, went ahead with relays of horses. By August of '72 Mr. Major is a well known figure, so his arrival is not of great moment, nor his return call on the trip next day.

All September the sun shines and shines, blessing the stubble fields and the stacked grain. It warms the shoulders of Judge Begbie, a notable man carrying the title Chief Justice of the Mainland of British Columbia, which he upholds well, standing staunchly for justice and enforcement of law, and whose reputation for court judgements is sound. On Mr. Evans the sun shines too, and on a teamster busily loading various vegetables into his wagon until his face is damp from the sweat. And the sun shines on; on a high-piled load of hay creaking along the road towards Stanley, on the fields at Pine Grove, where turned-in animals rest calmly. October is nice too, but the ice on the ponds and the occasional flurry of snow speak plainly of winter's approach. Long lines of birds pass swiftly overhead, driven on by a keen north wind. At night the coyotes yell insanely, and a lone wolf calls dolorously from the hill. Each week the snow creeps closer until winter shuts down over the land, and the teamsters beat their hands together as they drive up to the house, James Newlan, James Buck, Captain Taylor, Dave Hatherne, Stephen Knox --- good men all, their account finishing off the year's work.

A decade has passed since Cottonwood House first opened its doors to the travellers of the Cariboo Road. It has seen thousands of faces and heard countless voices speaking in many tongues. It has seen the irresistible flood of fevered fortune-hunters; it has seen poor men become rich and rich men become poor. It has seen lawlessness, and the coming of the law; it has seen sturdy men broken and the weak grow strong. It has seen fat years and lean years; it has seen the Cariboo mature and level off. Yes' it has seen many things, and it will see many more, and will welcome a host of new people; Mr. Fortune, Judge Heath and John Barry, George Landreth, Joseph St. Laurent, Katt Watt, Hilton and Davie, W. Dodd, John Stevenson, North, Early and Adams, Lawyer Charlie Blair, Saul Rogers, Mr. Pinkerton, Dennis Murphy. As they come and go their passing will be noted in the books, a record of the days that were, when the first chapters of the history of the Cariboo, were writen.

And what of Cottonwood House? It will stand substantial and homely during the long decades, an historic landmark, to be pointed out by generations yet to come.

"There, that's it, that's Cottonwood!" a traveller versed in Cariboo lore will exclaim, and from out the shadowy past a faint echo will whisper, "Yes, that's it that's Cottonwood!"

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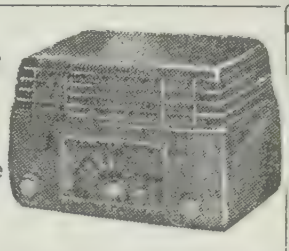

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B.C., THIS IS YOUR GAME

continued from page 19

For your information, British Columbia, might I aquaint you with the following facts: Two years ago, (1946) Mr James Hatter (with the imprint of a students desk at the University of British Columbia yet visible on the seat of his pants) was dispatched by your Government to conduct a certain moose survey. Your monies and my monies of course footed the bill. Eighty per cent of the information gleaned by Mr Hatter came from personal contact with individuals (mature, not adolescent) who had lived in the wilderness most of their lives and had made their living from that wilderness. Mr Hatter sent a good many of us questionairres and many of us, in sound faith, filled these in and returned them (to Mr Hatter) To what purpose? After availing him self of our hospitality, after probing us for our knowledge and after spending a few thousand dollars of the tax payers monies Mr Hatter puffs out his chest like a pouter pigeon and cackles, **"Superstition, Folklore and Ignorance.**

Sacre Vache! Is there no M. L. A. for interior B. C. who will stand up on the floor of Parliament and ask, "What goes on here?" Are the Tories and Whigs so many Rip Van Winkles that they furnish the C. C. F. challenger with such inflamable ammunition?

Item. Dr McTaggart Cowan, Dept. Zoology, U. B. C. --- "Had an attempt been deliberately planned to obscure the issue and delay the solution it could not have been done with more effect than by the constant cry of **Wolf! Wolf!"** unquote.
Would you, British Columbia, be kind enough to read that statement over again slowly. I thank you.

Item. The Saturday Evening Post (whose Editors are not accustomed to printing anything but the truth) **"Wolves** and indiscriminate hunting have reduced Alaska's Cariboo herds from a half million animals to one fifth of that number." Unquote.

Item. F. W. Lindsay Cariboo Digest. --- In the 250 miles travelled from the Atnarko as far as Big Eutsuk we saw one moose. That was a carcass and surrounding the bones were myriad wolf tracks." Unquote.

Item. Three hundred trappers voices from the far north (and every damned one of them ignorant)--- "Wolves are taking all!" Unquote.

Item. One thousand farmers, sheepbreeders and cattle raisers of Interior British Columbia (all of them ignorant, superstitious and worshippers at the shrine of Folklore) ---"Wolves are killing our mature stock, coyotes our sheep our calves and our chickens." Unquote.

Item. I. P. Callison, Union Wash. Noted Game Conservationist, photographer of wild life (whose articles and pictures have appeared in Field and Stream and other top U. S. publications) --- "In 1940 I spent thirty days in the famous Cassiar country. There were neither coyotes or wolves--- Game was abundant. Again I visited Cassiar in 1944 and soon perceived the tragic destruction that has characterized the southward sweep of these wasteful killers (wolves) I travelled horseback and on foot over five hundred miles---- visited three of the finest sheep ranges in the Cassiar. In one such area we saw not a single sheep. In another but two small rams and five ewes -----" Unquote.

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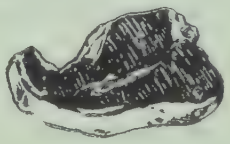

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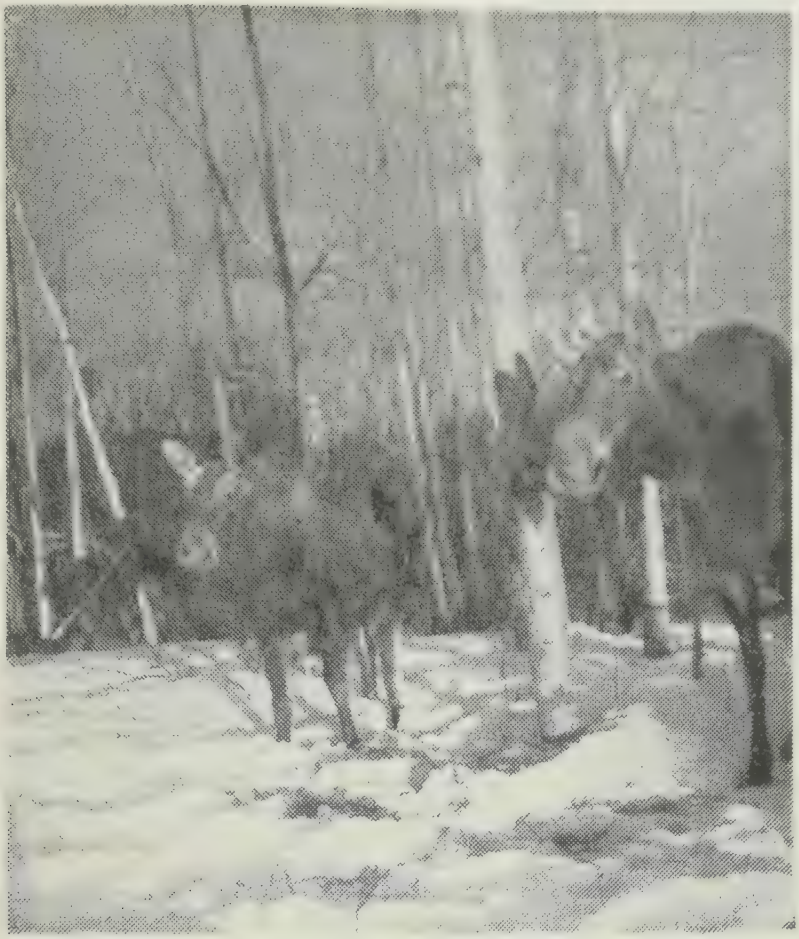

"Were those extra licences sold to conform with the available supply of game. . . . . or were they sold to enrich the Finance Minister's general revenue? British Columbia, have the B.C. Game Commisioners your mandate to traffic in the life's blood of this cow and her kind? Your heritage British Columbia. Is she not worth preserving?

The above is quoted from the manuscript "CRIMSON TIDE" which Mr Callison, its author, so generously placed at my disposal. If and when this manuscript appears in book form I would strongly advise every guide, trapper, sportsman and lover of wild life in the Province to obtain a copy in order to look at a true picture of one major cause of British Columbia's vanishing game.

Item. James Hatter. By killing wolves **That will help reduce the herds** we are rendering the situation worse. **Wolves are now decreasing where moose have decreased."** Unquote.

Santa Maria! Are we, British Columbia, going to wait until those wolves have destroyed the last of our game before we can pat ourselves on the back and say we have thus destroyed the last of our wolves?

Item. Dick Church, Big Creek, B. C. (who never studied zoology at U. B. C. but who was born in and has spent the forty seven odd years of his life in those mountains where he hunts and who is, without question, considered one of the best big game guides in British Columbia.) "The mass of guides and hunters was terrible. The game cannot stand it!" Unquote.

Item. E. R. Bobb, Vice President, B. C. Trappers Association. "In three straight months of daily travel in the moose swamps I saw a few cows, sixty per cent of them dry - - and only one bull. In a few years time moose will be as obsolete as the bison." Unquote.

Item. Eric Collier. "Ten years ago I would have wagered a verdant dollar bill against a very thin nickel that I could go on the hillside back of my house and see five bull moose in one day of hunting. Now for every one bull there are a dozen or more cows seventy per cent of which are dry and have been for the last three years."

Item. One hundred big game guides who are honest enough to speak the truth (even though they are as superstitious as a fox

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QUESNEL, B. C.

with his belly on a rabbit trail) "There are not enough bulls to perpetuate the herds. Wolves, coyotes, the indiscriminate issuance of guides licences and the individual greed of some who traffic in big game is wrecking the entire machine of wild life conservation."

Yes, British Columbia, Predation and Individual exploitation is the nemesis which drags your big game to its certain calvary. The latter you can help remedy instantly; by making a very close scrutiny of the present willy-nilly system by which your Game Department ladels out guides licences. By restricting all guiding licences to allocated territory. By limiting those licences to a conservative amount of Game (and in some parts of the Province it would have to be very conservative.) By refusing to issue further guides licences in certain parts of the Province, principally south of the C.N. By allowing no non residents to hunt Big Game in British Coumbia unless they have first made definate commitments with a licenced B. C. guide. This would eliminate the present cut-throat competition among guides and would substantially save future hunting for those non residents who can afford to pay British Columbia full value for what game they take out of the Province. By closing all non-resident moose hunting November 1st. Any bulls alive after that date should be left to serve the cows another year.

Predation is not quite so easy. Without doubt the individual guides and trappers might do more voluntarily without incentive of bounty monies to reduce this evil. After all, our living comes from the woods and we owe the source of that living some individual protection. You are however going to have one hep of a time explaining that to several thousand Indians - - - a good many whites too.

In order to protect my own muskrats and beavers I have been forced to wage unrelenting war against wolves, coyotes, hawks and other predators which prey upon game big and small. Just what the destruction of these predators can mean toward a heavy increase of those fur bearing animals is in itself a very good answer to the fanatical proponets of the disastrous Balance of Nature doctrines. Infact the writer would be prepared at any time, before any intelligent audience, to take the platform in open debate with these bigots who are endeavouring to convince a gullible public that predation is a necessary evil in wild life conservation.

That I might render unto Caesar what is Caesar's I might state that Commissioner Butler and Inspector Robertson have both extended me every assistance in this work insofar as certain necessary permits are concerned.

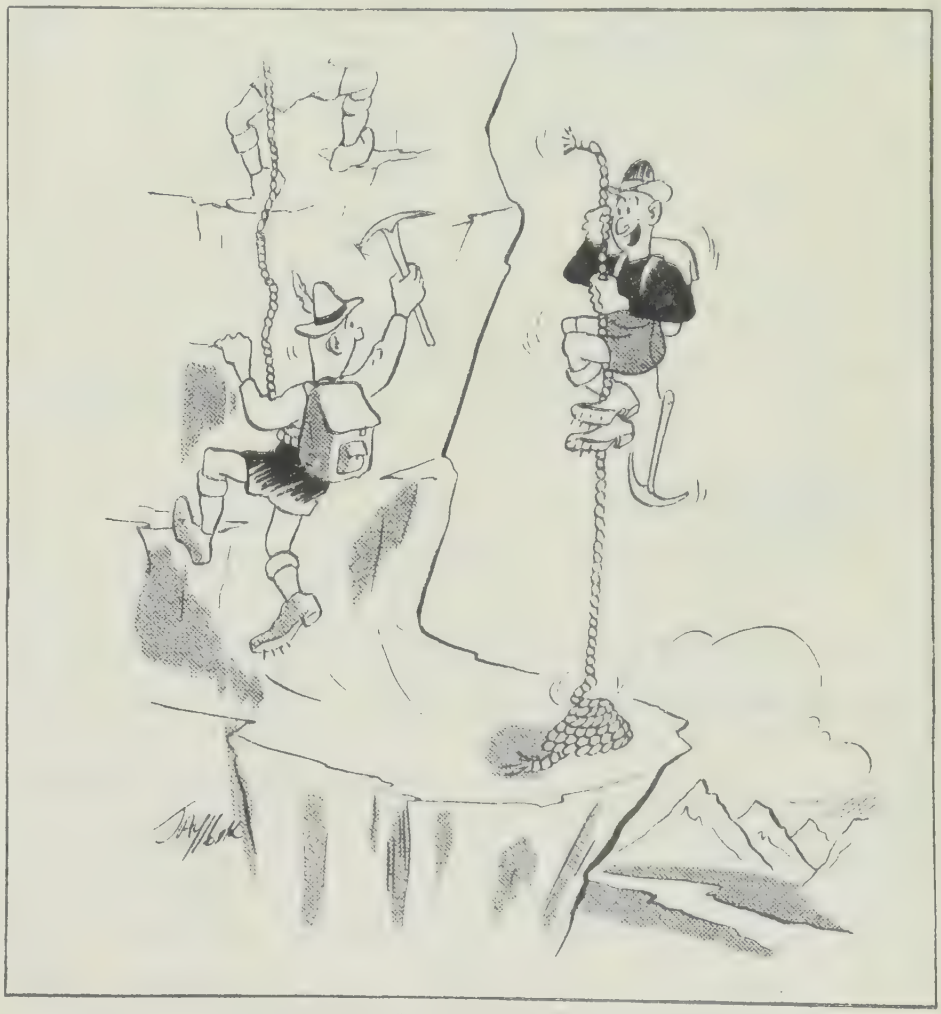
Perhaps too, those guides and trappers would do more of this voluntary destruction of predators if the B. C:. Game Commission would stop their destructive practices of issuing indiscriminate licences. Hundreds of trapping licences are each year issued to individuals who have no traplines; in C Game Division where there are some four hundred and seventy registered traplines (exclusive of Indians) nine hundred and seventy eight trapping licences were issued in 1947. Countless guides licences are issued to individuals - - - butchers, bakers, candle-stick makers, who never have destroyed and probably never will destroy a predator in their lives. Save for the actual month or six weeks of hunting season they are never out in the hills. Eliminate some of these get-rich - quick - at - the - expense - of - the - game licences, and perhaps the trappers and bona fide guides who live in the woods will do more of this voluntary destruction of predators.

Your battle, British Columbia. And you will not win it by lopping off a few days from this years hunting season. You will not win it by sitting back in your chair and complaining, "Something should be done - - " (but let George do it.) Neither will you win it by shrugging your shoulders and arguing, "It is up to the B. C. Game Commission." But win that battle you must, for unless it is won - - - - -

Look! Yonder against the not far distant horizon an incarnadined tongue of flame licks at the shadow of the evanescent day; the evenlight. Yes, British Columbia, the twilight of your big game.

As an after thought I would like to say this article was written for but one purpose: Game Conservation; and its entire theme is dedicated to that purpose. While I have at times criticized the B. C. Game Commission such criticism is garnished by no individual flavouring. I thoroughly appreciate the difficulties under which that Commission operate; difficulties magnified ten-fold by the individual greed and blind dollar-lust rampant among many who traffic in big game throughout the Province to-day. I also realize that the Game Commissioners cannot always adopt those measures of conservation which they might like to adopt for reasons which are of course known to all of us.

Politics play no part in the article whatsoever. Together with the Publishers, Cariboo N. B. C. Digest I give any periodical published in B. C. licence to reprint



" It's a little trick I picked up in the Himalayas."

the whole or any part of this article without payment to myself; but only for the purposes of wild life conservation; not for any political machination. From any publication beyond the Province I would of course expect re-print rates.

If, British Columbia, in the architecture of the article, my adjectives be hackneyed, my similies trite and my composition turgid I would ask that you condone, not condemn, me. For I am but one of the many superstitious, ignorant persons encountered by Mr James Hatter whilst engaged in his recent moose survey in Interior British Columbia.

About The Author . . . .

In presenting to our readers the article "British Columbia, this is your Game," by Eric Collier (see page 14) The Editors feel one or two brief comments about the author might be in order. Eric Collier first began guiding around 1933 and has taken out a guide's licence every year since. During those years Eric has numbered among his clients, hunters from Norway, Denmark, Slavokia, Germany, Austria, England, Scotland as well as from many States in the Union. When writing upon the game situation in British Columbia we therefore feel Mr. Collier is on familiar ground.

Mr. Collier informs us that four or five years ago, in a speech delivered at Kamloops, he drew to the urgent attention of the B.C. Game Commissioners the havoc which must ultimately transpire unless some definite check were placed upon the number of guides licences issued throughout the Province —and especially the more settled regions of the Province. Other experienced guides and woodsmen at that meeting also endorsed Mr. Collier's views. Eric Collier flatly stated that the issuance of guide's licences must be held in check in accordance with the amount of non resident hunting pressure the game would stand.

States Mr. Collier: "The Game Commissioners turned a deaf ear to these warnings. And to-day, in one single Game Division—C—670 Guides licences were issued last year. Were each of these licences to take 2 bull moose (and when issuing such licences the B.C. Game Commission should weigh things upon the simple basis) then over thirteen hundred bulls would have been killed in that one division irrespective of those killed by residents. In C Game Division ninety five per cent of the non resident hunters are after moose and ninety five per cent of the guides are trying to get them those moose. To any intelligent person, goes on Mr. Collier, this should be proof that the Game Commissioners have either lost complete control of the situation or they care not what game is left for the peoples twenty years from now. That already, in most portions of the Province lying south of the C.N. there are far too many guides for the welfare of the game."

Mr. Collier is of course a guide and therefore open to attack himself. And in anticipation of such attack, Eric has this to say: "For the last three or four years I have turned away all but one or two small hunting parties each Fall. Last year (1947) out of nine prospective hunting parties I took but one. The remainder were recommended to guides (members of the Registered Trappers Assn.) north of Prince George (and the farther north the better). South of Prince George I feel the game is doomed by over-commercialization plus predation. I feel sure if this be doubted that those guides will verify the above statement."

The Editors of Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest feel that here is an honest outspoken article penned by an honest writer. We consider the peoples of British Columbia themselves are the tribunal who should be allowed the opportunity of judging the merits of the article.

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The P. G. E.

By R. M. CHALMERS
(With Apologies to Tennyson)

I come from where nobody knows,
I've no ends but a middle.
I am the thing that owes and owes,
I am the B. C. riddle

I clatter, clatter as I go
Through haunts of moose
and beaver.
Hart will come and Hart go,
But I'll rust here forever.

I wind about and in and out
To drive the compass crazy.
There is no turn I do without,
With loops and twists I'm hazy.

Half empty cars with jerks and jars
I make pretence to travel.
With many a scare for those
who dare,
And lots of dust and gravel.

I clatter, clatter as I go
From nowhere on to never.
And I am Hart's chiefest woe,
And I'll rust here forever.

I slip, I slide, I gleam, I glide,
I scare the grazing cattle.
I creep, I crawl, I stop, I stall,
I snort, I choke, I rattle.

I clatter, clatter round my bends,
My whistle's shrill and wheezy.
I have a middle without ends,
I am the Please-go-easy.

Eighty-five hundred golden plunks
Are wasted on me daily.
I eat the money up in chunks,
My interest mounts up gaily.

With many a debt the ranks I fret
Of Coalition budgeteers.
I make them curse—from bad
to worse
I grow throughout the years.

And still I clatter as I creep
From nowhere on to never.
For I will make proud Hart weep,
And I'll rust here forever.

THE OPTIMIST

Oh the optimist sees the doughnut
While the pessimist sees the hole.

The pessimist tests out the brakes.
The optimist lets her roll.

The optimist tips the waitress.
The pessimist counts his change.

The optimist . . . he gets the breaks.
The pessimist . . . the money.

I'd sooner be broke and an optimist.
But then . . God knows, I'm funny!

THIS SPACE RESERVED BY

Archie Thompson

for

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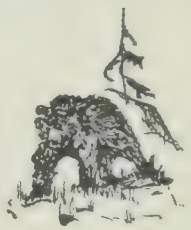

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The GOLDEN PHEASANT CAFE

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"THE ONLY 24 HOUR SERVICE CAFE IN TOWN"

AN INVESTMENT IN HEALTH

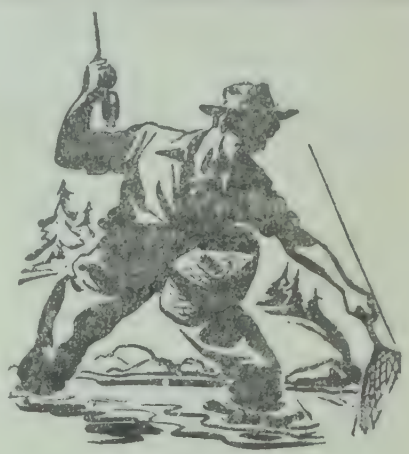
continued from page 13

arrived in the Pass and made noon camp there. We started north and had just nicely left the Pass when Fred who was riding the last horse in the train, whistled twice. That meant that some pack was giving trouble or that he wanted to tell us something. I was four horses ahead of him and relayed the whistle on to Slim at the head. By the time Slim had stopped the train Fred was by the side of my horse all excited—as excited as an Indian could be, "big bear over there, take plenty of big shells, plenty." I dismounted, checked the sights on my 30-06 Springfield and hurried to the head of the train. He had shown the location of the bear to Slim. Slim had instructed my brother to hurry, "bring plenty of shells, better bring the big ones, he looks big." Needless to say we were off with Slim, a 6'3" long legged bundle of energy and nerve, with the two of us trailing, trying our best to keep up.

We actually sped for more than 600 yards, over wind-falls, around roots, over shale as quietly as possible, and finally came out on a ridge. Slim went over the top as any good hunter should go, with his hat off and searching every bit of the terrain carefully. He saw a tree move over in the neighborhood of where the bear was expected and stepped back to us saying, "Got to go closer and higher." Back we went down and then up for another 400 yards and when we approached the top Slim was very cautious and motioned for us to be quiet and still.

He looked carefully and then nodded for us to come up to him, behind a big windfall with its roots in the air. He pointed to an open spot about 250 yards over the mountain and said, "Think he come out there but too far to shoot." My brother argued, "No, Slim we can get him from here if he gives us a decent shot." We were set, waiting for a movement or for the bear to show up. That moment one of the biggest grizzlies that I have seen stuck his head up, then moved over into plain sight with his back toward us, looking in the direction of the pack train. He had either seen, smelled or heard something and was checking up. Slim says, "I count to four, then you shoot." Slim counted and I shot just ahead of my brother. That bear galvanized into action and roared. We had both hit him. He flailed himself hard and fast and you could hear that roar of rage echo in the mountain. He was the maddest creature that I have ever seen. Slim spoke quickly—"Don't stop, shoot him again, give him plenty of lead, make him sick, plenty sick, he no go up the mountain, he hurt, shoot him again." We both took careful aim and shot again. He roared again. This time it wasn't defiant as the first mad bellow. He was still slapping his sides and back as hard as he could as he fell. Down about 30 feet he rolled, luckily coming out in sight again. This time he had grabbed a half rotted tree. Tore it to bits and tossed it into the air. I have seen mad bulls, dogs and other mad creatures but nothing to compare with that bear. The command came again, "Make him sick, shoot him again, make him plenty sick." With the light clear and the bear in full view we shot again and down he fell out of sight.

We then started forward slowly with Slim and Joe edging up hill and with me going directly toward the bear. Joe spoke sharply to me, "don't go that way, come up here with us," but I paid little attention until Slim spoke crossly, "George, you come up here with us, no go a damn step until you do." Of course they were right and in my haste I had forgotten the caution that any man needs when dealing with a grizzly. They waited for me. Slowly we worked our way up the hill until we had reached a spot directly above where the grizzly had disappeared. We started down very cautiously through the down timber and brush, alert to every movement or sound that might signify that he was still alive and waiting for us. With the three of us abreast it took fully ten minutes to reach a spot where Slim spied him and said, "There he is, plenty sick." When we reached him he was dead. Sprawled out



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TOURIST INFORMATION
Smithers, B.C.

A really big grizzly, a silvertip and every inch as tough as he looks. His hide measured 8' 3" from his nose to his stubby tail. In the picture, Joe Dill,Fred, the Cree French guide and Slim Garbitt - one of the finest hunters in B.C. - headquarters at Moberly Lake, B.C.

over a small tree.

He was a big fellow. Needless to say, we celebrated that night and while Joe and Slim skinned him, Fred and I made camp. Fred had brought the kodak over to us on my horse and believe it or not that horse brought the hide in. We didn't think she would do it but after some gentling she permitted the hide to be tied to the saddle and with many snorts she was led down the mountain to our camp. The guides took about 100 pounds of grease from the bear's back. A Big male, about 9 years old, with a perfect hide, well furred, almost black. A dark silvertip weight about 850 pounds. It took all four of us to roll him over a small log. The hide measured 8'2" from nose to tail, with an arm pread of 8'11". His front feet were 12" long and his rear feet, 10". His only scars were on his nose. There had been six shots fired, he had six small holes and one jagged hole in his hide, he had stopped five of the six, only one had gone through.

We had killed a grizzly and a huge one. That was the climax of our trip. We finished the 25 days looking for rams, other bears and trying our best to get a shot at a wolf, but no luck. Lots of fish and lots of grouse but the hunt was over, we were satisfied. We had killed a big grizzly and nobody got hurt.

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WELLS, British Columbia

A Personal Message To The Trappers

of British Columbia

Five years ago, in the village of Williams Lake, a movement, already conceived within the hearts of certain individuals, saw its first light of day. This movement was the forming of an Association which might bring together the registered trappers of British Columbia into one solid unit. The original sponsors of this movement were men who had learned, in the hardest school possible, that the wildernessed areas of the Province were capable of yielding wealth of a very tangible nature other than that yielded by their timber and their minerals. Those sponsors adhered to the doctrine that no area of any country should be allowed to remain unproductive if, through the effort of individual man, such area could be utilized to yield bounty.

At that time the registered trappers of the Province had almost no voice in opinioning themselves on legislation and regulations which effect their calling. They were, still are, and always will be scattered from one end of the Province to the other where fur bearing animals are to be found. To organize them, to join them together in one compact body is a gargantuan task. Nevertheless, that purpose has never been lost sight of. Five years ago the Association had forty nine members. To-day I think the membership runs close to six hundred. Branches of the organization have been formed at Prince George and Telegraph Creek. At this moment I am corresponding with a gentleman at Hudsons Hope who is endeavouring to form a like branch in that district.

Progress as it relates to actual achievment of legislation or regulations which would substantially increase the fur bearing wealth of the Province has been bitterly slow. This is not our fault. The fault, if fault there be, lies entirely with the B.C. Game Commissioners. NOT THE B.C. GAME DEPARTMENT but with those two gentlemen who are Commissioners of that Department.

This Association has pressed for legislation which would give far reaching protection to one of the greatest benefactors the wilderness, its forests and its watersheds, has ever known: the beaver. This Association has never, and never will, ask for a close season upon beavers anywhere in the Province. Because individuals have ventured into the business of propogating beavers in their natural habitat as others have propogated livestock upon farms and cattle ranges.

This Association can, at any request, furnish evidence that individual trappers have devoted the major part of their economy toward restoring to some watersheds of the Province those beavers which, many years gone, neglect and persecution took from them. That these same trappers turned a deaf ear to the alluring beaver prices of the last five years and refrained from trapping in order that their own watersheds might become fully stocked with these animals. We maintain that any man is fully entitled to those just returns which his labour and the expenditure of his substance entitles him. As an Association we would bitterly contest any move to close beavers.

As an Association we sponsored a resolution which would, if put into effect, annually prevent the dissapation and waste of many beavers and thousands of muskrats pelts, i.e. that the traffic in the shot pelts of these animals be prohibited throughout the entire Province. 94% of the Registered Trappers consulted favoured this resolution. It had the whole hearted support of Agricultural Institutes, Sportsmen's organizations and other kindred bodies. No single piece of legislation could better increase the beaver and muskrat wealth of the Province because not only are large numbers of these furbearers shot and never retrieved at all but when those pelts are retrieved their value to the fur trade is greatly lessened.

Preservation of the beaver is of vital interest to the whole Province. To its waterfowl, its sport fish, its irrigation. Beavers on a heavily grazed cattle range mean bettering watering facilities, more abundant pasturage. Beavers are worth several fire wardens in preservation of the forests. The propogation of beavers upon a watershed—if such propogation be properly supervised—yields great dividends to agriculture upon such watershed and the two businesses can move hand

in hand together.

These observations are not lightly made; this Association is prepared to offer substantial proof of them.

It is not my intention at the present moment to offer any interpretation as to why the Game Commissioners hesitate in putting this resolution into effect. This will be done at a later date.

During the five years I have been associated with this organization I have met some of the Inspectors and many of these wardens who form personnel of the B. C. Game Department. I doubt whether any Province or State could wish for more concientious Divisional Inspectors than those whom it has been my privilege to meet and become slightly acquainted with. The Game Wardens are, as a whole, equally concientious.

Through the courtesy of Commissioner Butler I have been able to peruse the annual game reports which cover the years this Association has been in effect. In those reports I have read suggestions made from time to time by Divisional Inspectors to the Game Commission. Many of the resolutions pertaining to wild life conservation as sponsored by this Association are but echos of like suggestions made by the Divisional Inspectors themselves. It is no discredit to the Inspectors nor to the Game Wardens beneath them if the Game Commissioners will not heed the advice of their own officers who are, the year round, actively working in the field.

It is a truism that the fur bear- and other wild life resources Province are not receiving ntion from Game Depart- which they should receive; but he fault, if fault there be, lies not ith the Divisional Inspectors nor Game Wardens; it lies with the Commissioners.

Association has faith in the ...ary Fur Trade. De- blood, spilt, sacrifices en- ...eries sown, any major war throughout the long history of the world has ever resulted in a greater eventual prosperity for the

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masses. The after-climax of such wars has ever put more monies in the pockets of the working classes. We believe the war recently terminated will prove no exception to this rule.

Since the earliest dawn of the fur trade there has always been a demand for furs. Prices have not always been good but prices of all commodities are subject to violent fluctuation. We believe the future outlook for the trade is good. We base this belief on the assumption that the wives and daughters of the working classes like fur garments every wit as much as does the movie actress and my lady of high society. If greater purchasing power be in the pockets of these peoples they will shop for those furs which we, the trappers, supply the trade.

The welfare of British Columbia's Big Game is—or should be—of vital interest to every trapper in the Province. In many portions of this Province a large number of trappers are also guides. And surely those guides must themselves realize, especially those who operate south of the C.N. Steel where so many guides licences are in effect, that the big game cannot and will not stand the pressure which commercialism of the present day is levying against it.

I am going to make use of a short extract from a three page letter received from Chas. Raine, Sec.-Tres. Far Northern B.C. Trappers Association, Telegraph Creek. Quote "Moose and Caribou are of vital interest to us as we get no domestic meat here and they are our living more or less." Unquote.

I would ask the guides in the Interior and more southerly regions of the Province to carefully weigh those words.

It must be remembered that there are also, in these lower regions of the Province, hundreds of Indians to whom meat forms eighty per cent of the daily diet. Principally moose and deer. It must further be remembered that many of these Indians are habitants of country where all summer long the cattle herds of British Columbia range unherded for five months of the year. Meat those Indians must have; and if, through the policies of the Game Commissioners, that source of meat becomes seriously depleted, can any of us criticise the Indian if he supplies his needs from these wandering, untended cattle herds? That, Mister Attorney-General, is a matter well worthy of your most earnest consideration. And deserves the same sober thought from every livestock Association throughout the Province.

If this Association is to continue to operate it must have the support of its members. If you have forgotten to keep your membership up to date would you kindly mail your current subscription (one dollar per year) together with any other years you have not kept that membership paid up to the Secretary, B.C. Registered Trappers Association, Horsefly, B.C. in order that your name be kept upon the books. Thank you.

And would you also oblige by passing this copy of the Digest on to any other trappers of your acquaintance who do not take the magazine. Thank you again.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Association will be held at Williams Lake early in June (all members will be notified of exact date later.) Will you help make this the largest and best Convention yet held by attending if possible in person?

To those many people from all over the Province who wrote me or the magazine on the article. "Farm That Trapline": so many letters were received it is beyond human endeavour for one man to answer them all personally to that length to which they should be answered. However, at some later date, a further article on this subject will appear in C.N.B.C. Digest and in that article we will endeavour to answer many of the questions asked in these individual letters.

Good hunting,

Sincerely,

Eric Collier, Riske Creek, B.C.

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"PLEASING YOU MEANS OUR SUCCESS"

Forest Management Licenses
by Hon. E.T. Kenney

Continued from page 64-B

and manufacturing fifty million feet of timber per year. There is no intent in the Management Licence legislation to increase this drain on the forest resource. The Forest Management Licence will merely ensure a continuing fifty million feet per year in perptuity, or for such time as the business proves to be profitable and the licensee cares to carry on. At the same time, we ensure the livelihood of the employees of this company, the life of towns and villages dependent on it, and the livelihood of dependent enterprises and professions, such as the country store, the shoemaker, doctor, and lawyer. X.Y.Z. Company is now using fifty million feet a year and has been using this quantity of timber for many years past. It continues under the Management Licence to use fifty million feet a year and, in so providing, the monopolistic element is difficult to discover.

The wide use of the Forest Management Licence system, coupled with Government management of residual areas, will limit the industry to the productive capacity of the forest lands, as opposed to overproduction for a period of years, which inevitably must lead to a period of famine in the future. Therein, if one insists, the system is undemocratic in that it limits the privilege of the people of the Province to profit today at the expense of the livelihood of coming generations. The Government conceives that it is a part of its function to protect future generations.

The Forest Management Licence is a compromise between rigid Government regulation and outright exploitation of the forest resource. It is a transference from Government officials to the taxpayer of the privilege of saying how he will manage forest lands, Government oversight being confined to an approval of those plans, and any plan that attains the desired objective of sustained yield will be approved. It brings to bear on the infinitely involved and difficult problem of forest management the brains of as many actively interested persons as there are Forest Management licensees and, therefore, should evolve rational management systems. in this field in which we have little practical experience, infinitely more rapidly than if it were the responsibility of a single directing head in the persons of the Minister of Lands and Forests or the Chief Forester of the Province.

Regulation is essential if forest Management Licence is an effort to transfer that regulation to the individual, as opposed to the police state, subject to strict regulation by the Government itself. Since its introduction in the Statutes of the Province it has had widely distributed commendatory comment; for example, recently in "Saturday Night" in a review of the report of the Royal Commission on Forestry in Ontario.

A Forest Management Licence calls for a great deal of survey, study, and thought before it is ready to be issued. About one hundred applications have been submitted to the Government during the past several months and these are now under review, but No. 1 Licence is still to be completed and issued. The system, which has management is to be attained. The arisen out of more than thirty years of intimate experience in forest administration and perhaps two million dollars of provincial funds spent over that period on surveys,

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study, and investigation, deserves a fair trial. Let us hope that all the participants will do their utmost to see that it gets it.

1. In closing, may I reiterate—there is no best size for a Management Licence, and no lower limit. A Management Licence may be any size from a farmer's woodlot of one hundred acres up. The small operator is not shut out in the Management Licence scheme, though he may refuse to take advantage of his opportunities because it means accepting responsibilities for the crop he hopes to harvest.

2. It is true that Management Licences will withdraw acres of timber from public competition, but we can have little or no sound forestry practice, and little or no assurance of a stable forest industry, in an unlimited competitive scheme; and, in any event, we have always had some millions of acres tied up under private contract.

3. Whether we plan specifically for the small operator or not, topographic features in British Columbia will force the Government to keep large areas in Government management, the product from which will have to be disposed of as heretofore by competitive sale to the highest bidder.

4. The Government is determined to keep ample areas in reserve to supply local needs and small operations . A progressive effort will be made to insure that these areas are logged according to principles of good forestry practice, but the timber will be obtainable by much the same procedure as heretofore.

5. Any advance disrupts previously existing conditions. The pit sawyers fought the sawmill and tore down and burned the first mills erected. Teamsters fought the first oil pipelines and at night tore up and destroyed lines already laid. The motor car displaced the horse. The worst the forest management licence system can do to the small operator who does not want, himself, to accept some responsibility for his future livelihood, will be to force him in some cases to transfer his operation to another location.

All the principles incorporated in this legislation are specifically recommended by the Royal Commission, and these findings are confirmed by long years of experience. I believe we have in this legislation the best principles of forest management reasonably adapted to our peculiar British Columbia conditions; that we are taking a long step to insure the future of the forest industry and our livelihood; and that without legislation along these lines resolutely applied industry and livelihood will progressively fail.

Cache Creek Billboard Fund

Following is a complete list to date of all cash donations, and of all money guaranteed towards the Cache Creek and Prince George Billboard Fund.

Cash	
Evergreen Fishing Camp	$ 5.00
Twilight Lodge	5.00
R.W. Calderwood	5.00
I.B. Guest	5.00
Bryant Motors	10.00
Smithers Garage	10.00
Muirhead Brothers	2.00
Eby's Hardware	5.00
Hoskin's Garage	10.00
W.T. Wark	5.00
Telkwa Garage	5.00
V.A. Taylor	5.00
Ken McKenzie	5.00
Quesnel Brothers Garage	5.00
150 Mile Hotel	5.00
Cariboo Cold Storage	5.00
Annonymous	10.00
Ben Baird	5.00
Fort Fraser Hotel	5.00
Olsen's Furniture Store	5.00
Total	**$117.00**
Money Guaranteed	
Dougherty's Fishing Camp	5.00
Maple Leaf Hotel	5.00
Beath Motors Ltd.	5.00
Bell & Richardson	5.00
Ernie's Garage	5.00
C.W. (Bud) Dawson	5.00
Bob Parker Ltd.	5.00
Long Motors Ltd.	5.00
Smedley & Sharpe Ltd.	10.00
Bulkley Hotel	10.00
Hazelton Chamber of Com.	50.00
Pr. Rupert P.R. Council	50.00
Burns Lake B'd. of Trade	50.00
Clinton Board of Trade	50.00
Quesnel Board of Trade	50.00
Associated Boards of Trade of Central B.C.	150.00
Total Guaranteed	**460.00**
Cash	**117.00**
Grand Total to Date	**577.00**

It is hoped that ALL Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce from Clinton to Prince Rupert will do their share, so that construction may start before the end of April and the signs completed before the start of the tourist season.

Arrangements have been made for the sight upon which the Cache Creek sign is to be erected Mr. H.A. Brooks, proprietor of the T.U. Auto Camp has guaranteed space on the south end of his property approaching the forks in the road, and electric power for illuminating the sign will be available (through separate meter) from the auto camp.

As the objective is $900.00, there is still $323.00 to be subscribed before sufficient funds are available to cover the estimated cost of both billboards as submitted by Nova-Lite Signs Ltd., of Prince George, B.C..

If you are interested in the future of the tourist business in Cariboo and North-Central B.C., SIT DOWN NOW — AND MAIL IN YOUR CONTRIBUTION to Cariboo & Northern B.C. Digest, Quesnel, B.C.

EARLY DAYS AT THE FORT

continued from page 11

down to the Fort in the schooner which could carry 35000 lbs. of freight. The village between the Lakes is still known as the Portage and the distance is fourteen miles. One of the anchors in still in use on the lake and weighs about 150 lbs. Bales or fur were taken on the return trip.

The lighting at the Fort was by candles which were imported from England. My people had no lights, except the fire in their lodges, but made "candles" by rolling birch bark into cylinders 1 inch at the top and a half inch at the bottom. When a bright light was needed around camp a pointed stick was thrust into the thin end of the candle and the other end lighted and held high above the head. A candle is about eighteen inches long and burns brightly for a long time. When burnt out another is fitted to the stick. Rope was made by crushing the grey willow and twisting the strands.

There were no police or judges in those days, the Hudson Bay Company was government at that time. They brought in rum in ten gallon kegs which was twenty years old and very good. Later the Company stopped selling rum to the Indians. The old men used to teach the young people the right way to do things. Also gave them advice when asked for it, such advice was often illustrated by a parable. When I was a young man I went to Old Jacques of Dog Creek and asked him, 'How is it you live so long to be one hundred and one years old?" He said, "If you want to cross the river, you look at the ice blocks and choose a good solid one and you jump onto it, then you look again and find another good block and jump. If you choose your blocks properly you will cross the river and live a long time.

Gavin Hamilton brought in a teacher for his children, but there were no schools then.

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When I was about eight years old I saw the big steam boat come up the river and anchor in the bay opposite Kwas' grave. The lake was rough that afternoon and the steamer stayed overnight, and proceeded up the lake to Tatchi the next morning. It had had a very difficult time navigating the Stuart River. A man named Murdoch, who had been with the Hudson Bay a long time, and knew the river well stood on the bow with a sounding pole and directed the Captain where to go. The ship struck a rock at Birch Island by Chinlac about 60 miles below the Fort and sank in shallow water. The crew built a scaffold and raised the ship above water with two great jacks and repaired the damage. The scaffold could be seen in the river a long time after.

When the ship arrived at the first rapid below the Fort about 30 Indians went down river in canoes to meet it, they helped to line the boat up. This was accomplished with the assistance of the engine and capstan. Special harness was used by the Indians on the lines. After the ship anchored

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the Captian gave a big potlach and a splendid feast on board to the Indians who had helped, but he gave no pay. Such food had never been eaten by them before. When leaving, they went to the Captain and said "Merci". The people had never seen anything like the ship, and were so excited that they could not sleep that night. The ship was light and had no cargo on board when it arrived at the Fort.

A difficult time was experienced in ascending the Tatchi river into the Tremblur Lake. It was the intention to take the ship to Takla Lake, but the season was getting late and the water shallow at the Middle River bar. So they took the ship and hauled her out of water on the beach at the West end of Tremblur Lake and jacked her up off the ground, and a caretaker left for the winter. A trail was built from the North arm of Stuart Lake to the steamer at Tremblur a comparatively short distance, so that supplies could be portaged across and thus avoide the Tatchi River Rapids. But this trail was never used as the Owner did not return in the Spring. Later the ship was bought by the Hudson Bay and dismantled. Some of the material such as metal, was sold at the Fort, and some shipped to Fort Vancouver. (Perhaps the missing Log Book went there too.) After that the hull was abandoned and the Indians took what was left.

In 1937 two Government men came to me and said, "You are now getting very old and can not go trapping or do hard work any more. Give your trap line to the boys for the Goverment will look after all your needs from now on." So I sold my fine team of horses and farm machinery, and gave my trapline to the boys, as they told me to do; and took a paper from the Government to th estore to get my supplies. The only good for $4.00 a month, and storekeeper said the order was that is all the Government allowes me to live on ever since. I protested, and the reply was that they will see about it; which means they do nothing at all.

So I had to go back to my trap line, and am doing what I can to make a living. Being 83 years old, I can not do much more now.

Above: The old Hudson's Bay Co. buildings at Fort St. James. The central building is said to have been built in 1806.

Left: Chief Louis B. Prince and his granddaughter Lillian.

The BUCKSKIN BAG OF GOLD

By R. D. Cumming

The Pioneer Cariboo gold miners of Barkerville and surrounding district, are said to have carried about with them for safekeeping, the gold dust they mined from day to day. The following poem is based on that theory.

THE BUCKSKIN BAG OF GOLD

We knew the fame of Cariboo
In stories we were told;
We heard about the miner and
His buckskin bag of gold.

We knew the fame of Barkerville—
Its streets an envied mine—
We heard of rich deposits there
In 'fifty-eight" and "nine."

And so we went to Cariboo
To seek the truth of those,
But did not meet a miner with
His pack of "grub" and clothes.

We tramped the street
of Barkerville
In nineteen-forty-two,
But only saw the ghost of things
The early miners knew.

We saw the creeks and pay-dirt as
They did in days of old,
But not a single miner with
A buckskin bag of gold.

We saw the old historic town
All clothed in weed and vine,
But failed to see a miner as
He was in fifty-nine.

We panned the dirt of Williams
Creek
And turned it o'er and o'er,
But did not fine the "colors" that
They did in days of yore.

We searched among the tailings that
Were washed in "sixty-three,"
But did not turn a color up
The miners failed to see.

We saw the ancient graveyard with
Its rows of Pioneers,
But rarely saw the grave of one
But died in minor years;

They were the final foot prints of
The youthful and the brave
Who died of hardships, injuries,
And found an early grave.

Addressing one survivor of
The early days, we found
His spirit optimistic still
Of rich "uncovered" ground.

We held a nugget in our hand,
(The touch of gold entranced),
Found in a long depleted claim
By one in years advanced.

We saw the mines in many creeks,
But still with grief untold;
We had not seen a miner with
A buckskin bag of gold.

We moved about and sat beside
Old diggings there and here,
The golden song of many creeks
Resounding in our ear.

We slept the night in Barkerville
In quarters famed as few
And dreamed of claims and
prospects in
The days of "sixty-two."

We dreamed of ancient Barkerville,
Its golden days, and then
We saw a tented city with
Its crowds of mining men.

For up the phantom miners rose
In costumes quaint and old,
With pick and shovel, pack and pan
And buckskin bags of gold.

Yes up the busy miners rose
From every creek and claim;
We saw them by the thousand come
To prove their gold-dust fame.

They sluiced and shoveled,
picked and panned,
In mines with gold . . . without;
Some faces spoke of men assured,
While others spoke in doubt.

We questioned one; he answered
not,
But panned the gravel still;
When re-addressed he turned
his head
And pointed up the hill.

We looked. The graveyard faced
the creek
With headboards of the day;
We knew that underneith a mound
Our dream prospector lay.

We asked another what the wealth
He hoarded up . . behold!
He did not speak but handed us
His buckskin bag of gold.

We seized the treasure, justified . .
He has no need for hire
Whose body lies beneath the clay
Whose soul beyond desire.

We hugged the nuggets to
our breast,
In rapture seized the gold;
Bewildered, wondered at the wealth
The buckskin might unfold.

Awaking, back to earth we came
Out of the vanished years,
The golden song of Williams Creek
Still ringing in our ears.

Farewell the mines of Cariboo,
Farewell with joys untold,
For we had found a miner with
His buckskin bag of gold.

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Trouble In Cariboo

by W. D. M.

It happened in a little town in Cariboo. No real names will be mentioned for obvious reasons, but this true tale is being told to prove how a series of circumstances can sometimes be fatal to a respectable man's tolerance and approval of law and order.

Everyone in Cariboo knows that the snowfall of the past winter has been far above average. When February rolled around, it found many ranches and farmsteads snowbound. Side roads were blocked and snowdrifts in many cases six and seven feet deep blocked egress from many isolated pinoeer homes.

Such was the case of the young fellow whose real name is not Ebezekiah Poopshnick, but who, for the purposes of this tale will be known as 'Zeke'. After working industriously all winter long, hauling wood to the not too distant town of . . 'er, 'Centerville', he awoke one morning to find another foot or so of that white stuff they have in Cariboo (and other unfortunate parts of this fair land of ours) — commonly called 'snow'. But that isn't what Zeke called it that morning. Feeling disgusted but in no way deterred, he ate a huge breakfast, one would floor anything but a horse - or a Cariboo-ian, and then started outdoors to find his truck.

A wind had risen up out of nowhere in particular, as they usually do, and swirls of snow bit into his face as he peered to were he had left his trusty old heap parked. The contraption was nowhere to be seen. And then a charitable (?) breeze uncovered the top of one of the six-foot stakes he had fixed on his truck to hold the cordwood in place. At last he knew where his machine stood. As too much snow was blowing around Zeke decided to wait until it had quit drifting and the weather was more favourable before digging his way out to the highway.

It proved to be a long wait, for the wind continued to blow and the snow kept drifting for another week. But Zeke wasn't worrying for he had plenty of grub and lots of wood. True, February had disappeared into March — the time of the year when all goed truck drivers had new lic-chance to run over someone's pet enses and another twelve-month steer, but Zeke didn't mind. He would get his license the next time he went to town.

Finally, towrads the middle of the month Zeke reached the main highway and continued townward to get the license plates for his old but faithful jalopy. The sun was becoming warmer and Zeke didn't notice the slippery condition of the highway until he was going down the big hill halfway to town. He saw a fine new-looking car coming up the hill, and as the road was narrow stepped on the brakes. Instead of slowing down as a driver would logically expect under the circumstancse, the truck became a toboggan and . . . Poor Zeke! He sure made a helluva mess of that lovely car.

Strange to say, the driver of the car was a very nice man, and after listening to everything that Zeke had to say, calmly admitted that it was most unfortunate, but still only an accident ,unavoidable by either party concerned. Both vehicles were insured, so it could have been worse — much worse indeed.

Of course the accident would have to be reported to the police they agreed, and then Zeke suddenly remembered the object of his errand. He explained to the man his predicament, and the man very kindly consented to stay at the scene of the accident until Zeke procured the necessary licenses after which they would go together to the police to report the accident.

Zeke extricated his truck from the entrails of the (no longer quite so fine) automobile and sped into town. Upon entering the hamlet he scorched up the main street toward the police station when a whistle shrilled at him and the strong arm of the law appeaerd out of nowhere.

"Hey, you! Where dya think you're going? We're getting sick of all this speeding through town and I'm going to make an example of you."

Zeke gulped a couple of times, and stared.

"Where's your driver's license? C'mon, hand it over," demanded the policeman.

Poor Zeke was nonplussed. "I - I . . er. ,. You see officer. . "

"Come on quit stalling," roared the officer. "I want to see your license."

At last Zeke found his tongue and explained that he didn't have a driver's license, and that his truck also was unlicensed, and that he had been snowed in and was just then coming to town to get the licenses.

" Hah!" snorted the officer, "I hear that one every spring. You fellows back in the bush think you can run all summer without

Streamlining an old Industry

continued from page 9

row so that the sow cannot turn around, and they have a lean-to on each side with space for the small pigs to pass through from the main pen. This prevents the mother from lying on the young and it is not necessary for anyone to be in attendance during farrowing.

In summer the pigs are kept on pasture till farrowing time. The pasture consists of 130 acres of alfalfa with lots of poplar bush for shade .It is fenced and cross-fenced with over five miles of electric fencing. Water is supplied by eight shallow wells and three scoop - outs conveniently placed. A light grain ration is given once daily to the pigs in the pasture.

Although sows are in the farrowing pens from ten days to two weeks, they do not appear to suffer from lack of exercise. The healthy appearance of both sows and litters, and the complete absence of sickness proves Mr. Hawley's contention that confinement for this period is not prejudicial to their health. If any one of the little fellows is undersized or apperas to be dull, he is taken upstairs to the hospital where he receives special care and on warm days can get out on to the sun porch. This hospital, and also the farrowing pens, have wood burning stoves but they are used only in the extremely cold weather as the log buildings and farrowing pens are so constructed as to prevent loss of heat .

Ted Hawley and the pilot of the plane confer before taking off.

Orders for weanlings are booked months ahead. A farmer who finds that the weather has handed him a lot of feed grain instead of the expected No. 1, can purchase enough hogs to eat it and by so doing probably avoid a heavy loss. The demand shows that the "Pig Hatchery" is filling a definite need. The largest single shipment was four hundred shipped to P. Chatenay, Red Deer, Alberta, but the most spectacular shipment was in July 1947, when two hundred were sent by air to the Anchorage Livestock Company in Alaska.

That the fame of this establishment is spreading is evident by a glance at the visitors' book. Names and addresses in it are from all over Canada, the U.S.A. and there are even some from Europe.

The farm is about twenty miles west of Dawson Creek and a mile off the John Hart Highway. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley will always make visitors welcome.

The $64 question is: "If bacon is $1.00 per pound, who is making the money?"

---

any licenses at all. I know your kind. Well, you're under arrest. Drive that thing over to the jail."

Poor Zeke was in an awful predicament. He was put in jail to wait until the magistrate could hear his case the next morning. However, he had been sitting on his cot little more than an hour when the heavy tread of the law once more approached and a steely voice asked, "By the way, let me see your pink card."

Zeke was plainly startled as he looked up. "Huh? Me, d'you mean? I haven't got any pink card. What kind of card is that?"

For a long minute there was an icy silence, then the policeman snapped, "Your insurance card. Come on, hand it over. Every driver has one if his vehicle is insured."

" I haven't got one. . . Where d'ya get them I - I -" whispered the now terrified Zeke.

" I thought so. . . Boy, are you ever going to catch H---. Driving a truck without a license. Driving without a driver's license. Driving to the common danger. Driving forty miles per hour through a twenty mile per hour zone. You were in an accident and didn't report it. You are just the same as a hit-and-run driver. You left the scene of the accident and didn't return. You were disrespectful to an officer and you look as though you are drunk. We're going to throw the whole book at you."

Poor Zeke! I don't know what happened after that. Perhaps after the police learned the true facts he was released. Perhaps, on the other hand ,they took him out and shot him — and all because of a God-sent overdose of that white stuff they call snow.

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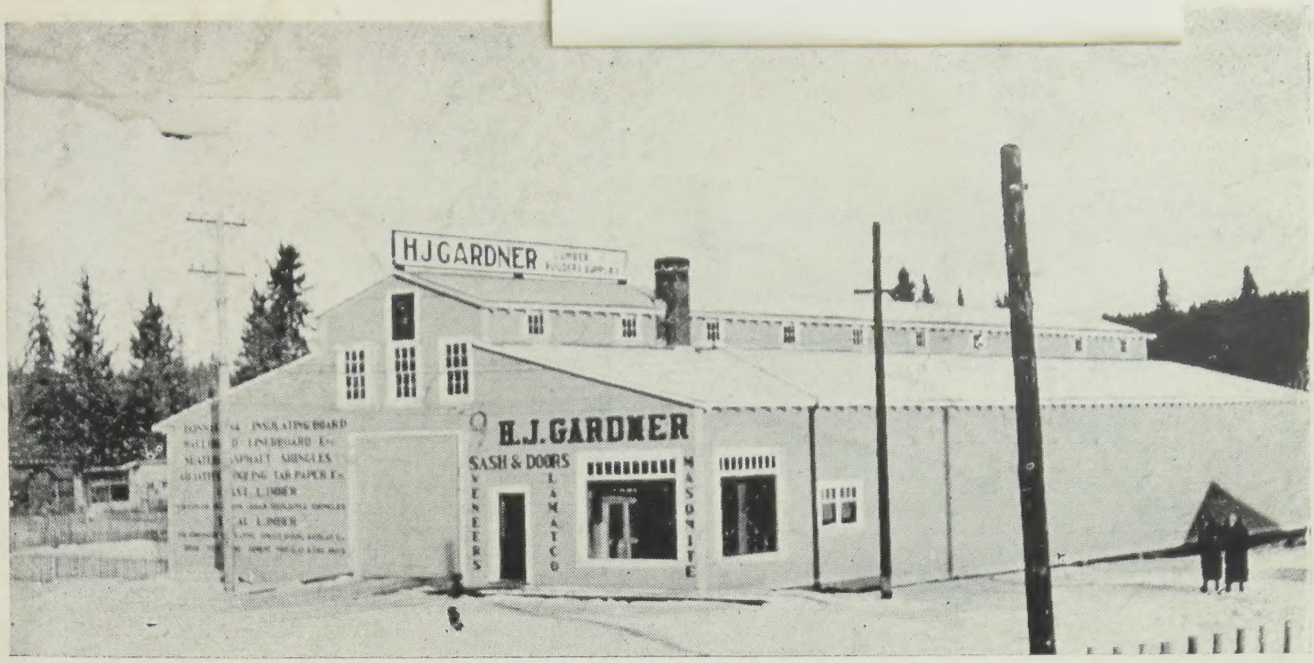

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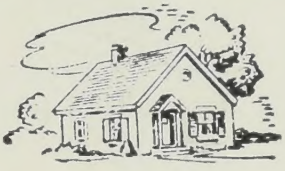

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